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ATHLETICS AND MORALS

AMONG the impersonal forces which mould the character of boys at boarding-school athletics takes first rank. At college this dominance, although less complete, still persists. Yet it is not too much to say that, if the current standard of athletic honor were applied to other undergraduate interests, the training of American youth would border on demoralization. Sit among the college 'rooters' and listen to the running comments on a game; join a gymnasium group of schoolboy coaches, and you will gauge the influences at work. In many schools and colleges, particularly in the East, there has been of late years intermittent but decided improvement. Certain brutalities of football have been expunged or modified. The personnel of baseball teams has been confined more closely to the body of genuine students. But it can be soberly stated that underhand, perverted, and dishonest practices are, with honorable exceptions, still part and parcel of undergraduate athletics.

School and college are not mere tiny subdivisions of society. They bear no relation to the natural universe. They are separate worlds, as artificially administered as any laboratory. Outside the barriers of youth we are accustomed to base the laws we make on public opinion; within them the community is compelled to accept an alien code, but its opinion remains its own and the two are in sharp contrast. Nor does public

opinion within school or college bear any real relation to opinion in the world at large. The product of an artificial system, it is wholly artificial in itself, based on a curious medley of prejudice and idealism, of romantic honor and highly technical discrimination. Of schools it may be said, with no disrespect to teachers, that the body of boyish opinion teaches lessons beyond their power to impart. And of colleges a similar statement would not be far from accurate. To shape this opinion, or rather, to use it wisely and with discretion, is, I believe, the larger part of the unsolved problem of education.

Youth is radical, and, at the same time, it is conservative beyond the furthest reach of Toryism. Was there ever a collegian who turned his hat up and his trousers down when custom prescribed a contrary procedure? It is hard to realize the fixity of student opinion once it has run into the mould. A code of behavior may be established in a year; in two it becomes a mark of caste; in four it is immemorial precedent. And, yet, a sudden shaft of idealism will transfix a school or college and alter opinion over night. The tonic effect of an honest captaincy upon a school team is one of the most exhilarating phenomena of school life.

So much is familiar to those who have kept young by knowing youth. It is in the light of these conditions that I should like to consider the question

of athletics and morals in a brief introduction to the more deserving papers by the headmaster of Phillips Academy at Andover, and by Professor Stewart at Idaho, which follow in this number.

It is a rule with few exceptions, that the standard of school and college athletics runs level with the standard of public opinion in school and college. Coaches may introduce dirty tricks; an occasional team may be willing to buy a victory at any price; but, in the last analysis, undergraduate policy and action are determined by social rewards and social penalties. If the feeling once gets abroad that a championship has been too dearly bought, the high price will not be paid a second time.

Not many years ago standards of honor in the classroom were not much higher than those on the athletic field to-day. The problem then was much like the problem now. It was solved, not by imposing additional regulations upon the students, but by allowing them to regulate themselves. The tone of student honesty conforms to the public opinion set in the last analysis by a small group of the older and abler boys. If you subject that group to the influences of the larger body, you will have a public opinion less strained and more responsive to the healthy reaction of the normal mind. Thanks to social discipline the Honor System has triumphed in the examination room: if athletics was generally under the supervision of student councils, directly responsible to the student body, discussion would take a different turn and honesty would follow fast. Dishonesty never thrives on publicity, and never will.

Consider for a moment the condition of the student mind regarding athletics. If a boy moves his golf-ball ever so gently and thereby improves its lie, detection in the act means social annihilation. But note the delicate gradua-

tion of the criminal code. If the same boy habitually plays off-side at hockey, he incurs dislike. But if he trips his opponent at football, or saves a run at baseball by unfair blocking, why, then it is merely a question for the umpire to decide.

The memory of men still young is not taxed to recall the time when technical distinctions of like nicety generally prevailed in college tests. To cheat for a 'gentleman's pass' was one thing; to cheat for honors quite another. In the latter instance you might be defrauding a competitor; in the former you were simply justifying your right to live. To lie to the Dean seemed about as reprehensible as thanking your hostess for a dull party.

Much blame to-day is showered on professional coaches.¹ Statistics in such matters are naturally not available, but I gravely question whether, when a man's professional career is involved, there is not less danger of dishonest instruction than when a graduate is called upon to pull a team together for a single season. Again, when popular indignation does pursue an infringement of athletic integrity, it commonly concerns itself with the academic status of the players. If a college athlete uses his single talent and plays ball for a living during the summer vacation, then the amateur spirit is troubled as tricking the umpire never troubles it. I do not defend the encroachment of the professional into the amateur field; I deplore it; but I maintain that our American spirit of sport concerns itself more with technicalities than with that single-minded devotion which gives to the word *amateur* the full significance of the lover who follows sports for sport's own sake.

I have spoken of the moral technicalities of athletics. Even persons with

¹ Professor Stewart treats this subject at greater length in his paper in this number.

a maturer moral code than student honor may well be puzzled by them. In one of his admirable essays on athletics and decency, Dean Briggs gives an amusing instance of a Harvard end-rush, in the pink of condition, who limped through a hard game, allowing his knee to impersonate, so to speak, the injured joint of the other end, whose weakness had been heralded in the enemy's camp, and, by his acting, deduced his adversaries into attacking his line at its strongest instead of its weakest point. A stratagem, not dissimilar, won eternal renown for the last of the Horatii some twenty-five hundred years before. But, against the deceitful end, it can now be argued that sport is not war, whether it seems like it or not; and that the kind of strategy he practiced is as far outside the proper domain of football as would be the screech of a tennis-player calculated to distract his adversary at a critical moment.

It is not alleged, but I believe it to be felt, by young men and boys, that when a member of a team breaks a rule or otherwise takes an unfair advantage in a game, he does so for the sake of his school or college and with no personal end in view, thus placing himself on a moral height infinitely above that of a player who cheats for his own advantage. The fallacy involved seems to us too ludicrous to require comment; one must be a boy again to realize the intensity of the tradition that demands victory for the 'honor' of the school.

In all the questioning regarding athletics, one thing must never be forgotten, and that is its great, its almost essential importance in education. The progress of civilization means many good things, but it also means that luxuries are sinking into comforts and comforts into necessities. What Miss Repplier says is true: we are losing our nerve. It is a process more widespread,

more insidious, than most of us like to believe, and the forces which battle against it are for the most part sporadic and desultory. Among boys to-day athletics is the only systematic training for the sterner life, the only organized 'moral equivalent of war.' As every good schoolmaster knows, there is no other substitute for the ancient austerities. No other artificial discipline is so efficient, no vent so wholesome, for the turbulent energies of youth. Athletics must be purified, for athletics must stay. The boy must still obey the expectation of his mates and play; he must not misinterpret the perilous command, 'Play to win.'

We seem very far away from a generous rivalry of noble sport. Forgetting that the world is growing better, we like to hark back to the Golden Age which never was, and recall some heroic incident which shows the possibilities that lie ahead. Years ago two college teams, intensest of rivals, were playing the decisive game of a baseball series. It was the end of the ninth. One team led by a single run, but the other, with two men out, had two men on bases. Then the batter knocked a Homeric fly to the remotest field. The two runners dashed home. Far to the right, close to the outer fence, a fielder, still famous in song and legend, flew toward the ball. Could he reach it? Not a groan broke the stillness. He is close to it! He is under it! Ye Gods of the Nine Innings, he's got it! No! He's down! His cleat has tripped him. Over and over again he rolls. Now he's up, and there, clutched in his right hand, is the ball.

Did he catch it? Did he hold it? No mortal umpire could ever tell. A roar of protest went up from the benches on the left. With all the dignity of the National League upon him, the umpire waved to the rocking bleachers to be quiet, so that his decision might be

heard. But that decision was never given. Sullivan, captain of the team at the bat, — Sullivan, who was a mill-hand before he climbed the heights of Olympus, — understood the amateur spirit. Disregarding the umpire he ran toward the incoming fielder, and, in

the agony of prolonged suspense, cried aloud, 'Honest to God, Chick, did you catch it?'

And Chick, the hero, answered, 'Honest to God, Sully, I did.'

And so the game was won in the days before coaching was made perfect.

ATHLETICS AND THE SCHOOL

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

No schoolmaster who is sincerely interested in the vital problems he is called upon to face and solve can ignore the influence exerted on the student body by athletics. The absorbing and abnormal interest aroused by this phase of student activities is generally deplored. Many look upon athletics as a curse to be eliminated if possible from the sphere of student life. Others regard it as a necessary evil to be tolerated or ignored. Still others see in athletics a natural vent for healthy enthusiasm, a counter influence to injurious and dangerous tendencies, a factor to be reckoned with, curbed, and controlled, that its influence may be made uplifting and wholesome.

Those who appreciate most truly the many-sided nature of their responsibilities to the youth committed to their charge are most keenly aware of the great value of athletics in their important work. And yet these same men, just because of their close and intimate contact with their students, outside of the class-room as well as within, see most clearly the lurking dangers which beset this phase of student life where enthusiasm and interest so largely cen-

tre, and where the appeal to youth of all temperaments and kinds finds a ready response.

In these days of increasing luxury, ease, and softness, the influence of wholesome athletics in developing character and toughening the moral fibre must not be ignored. Many a weakness is made strong through the lessons he masters on the football field. Here are taught and developed self-control and self-surrender, alertness of mind and body, courage, and the ability to think and act quickly for one's self. The meaning of democracy in its best sense is here driven home with compelling force. Self-restraint is in the very air, and self-denial for the benefit of all is a daily necessity. And the influence of these lessons is not lost on the student body as a whole. It permeates the very atmosphere of the school-community, restraining the weak, inspiring cleaner standards of life, and lifting to distinctly higher levels the student conception of physical fitness and moral worth. No arguments in defense of these contentions are needed by those schoolmasters who make their chief concern the

development of the character of their pupils.

Were athletics, and especially football, taken out of the life of our schools we should search long, and probably in vain, for a suitable substitute. And yet those schoolmasters who are so deeply and sincerely devoted to the development of the whole boy—mind, morals, and body—are the ones who most clearly recognize in our athletics to-day a very real danger and a growing menace which demands immediate and relentless extinction. Professor Briggs of Harvard has set forth clearly in recently published articles this menace as it is found in college baseball. My purpose is to deal with it as it manifests itself in football as played to-day throughout our American schools.

For some unexplained reason, football seems to have developed a code of ethics of its own. Under this strange code, practices which in plain language can be called nothing less than base, deceitful, and dishonorable, have been born, and have grown with mushroom-like rapidity. Like the unscrupulous lawyer, the football player has seemingly come to believe that his business is to circumvent the laws of the game, not to obey them. And with all the natural cleverness and resourcefulness of youth he has made wonderful progress. To outwit the umpire; to gain his point and further the success of his team by foul means if necessary; even to accomplish his purpose by disabling an opponent,—these are the daily accompaniments of our football games.

I am not here referring to those frequent infringements of the playing rules which are constantly penalized and which yet are so often the result of mere thoughtlessness or hotheadedness. These can be explained and generally corrected. But the evils of which I speak are clearly defined. They are planned deliberately, studied carefully,

and practiced to just that extent that the laxity of umpires and the difficulty of detection render possible.

These practices are well known to all close followers of the game. They include tripping, momentary holding, unfair use of arms in blocking, and needless roughness of various kinds. And these practices, forbidden by the rules, injurious to wholesome sport and clean sportsmanship, and utterly mean and contemptible in themselves, flourish and are generally encouraged wherever rival school and college elevens meet to test their skill. This is not a theory, but a fact,—a fact recognized by every close student of the game.

For many years I have been closely in touch with school and college athletics. As player, coach, and headmaster my opportunities of observing athletics from the inside have been ample to supply me with first-hand evidence to substantiate my contention. Dozens of cases occur to me as I write, which testify all too strongly to the truth of my assertions, and which reveal clearly the wide extent of the deplorable practices of which I speak. Let me cite two.

Only recently, during the progress of an interclass game, a boy who had entered the school from a large city high school, was several times detected by a watchful umpire, 'holding.' His side was promptly penalized, and the culprit was called to the side lines and taken to task for his conduct. He had been guilty of a practice freely indulged in by football players, and consisting of seizing and holding momentarily the ankle of an opposing player, thereby preventing his opponent from exercising the freedom to tackle very definitely allowed him by the rules. The offender expressed his regret at being so clumsy as to invite detection, but appeared utterly oblivious of the plain deceit and rank

dishonesty involved in his act. 'Why,' he exclaimed a bit indignantly, 'all the college elevens are coached to play the game that way; college coaches always teach that trick.' And yet, of this same boy, his former principal had testified, only a few weeks before, that in twenty-nine years of teaching he had never met a finer boy, 'absolutely honest, reliable, and at all times worthy of confidence.'

Not long ago the freshman elevens of two of our leading universities met for their annual contest. On the opposing teams were two boys who had formerly played side by side on their preparatory school eleven. During the contest even impartial observers were aware that concerted efforts were being put forth by one of these teams to disable its opponent, whose reputation had preceded him and who was regarded as 'dangerous.' No one was more prominent in this 'dirty work' than the friend of former years. Not long after the contest these two boys met. Battered and bruised, the victim of the unfair assault said to his former team-mate, 'You never played like that at school.' 'No,' replied the other in evident embarrassment, 'but we are taught to play that way here.'

In neither of these cases am I disposed to blame unduly the offending boy. Rather is he to be pitied as the victim of conditions and influences under which even strong natures frequently break down and good intentions and purposes are wrecked. It is easy enough for an outsider to criticize and condemn. It is easy enough to argue that a boy who indulges in such reprehensible practices is inherently weak in character and unworthy of all confidence and respect. But only those who as players have felt the goad of an unscrupulous coach with his unlimited authority and power, only those who as representatives of their schools or

colleges have been swayed by that mighty force known as school or college 'spirit,' which, echoing from hundreds of throats, calls for victory, — only those are competent to testify to the overwhelming strength of the forces arrayed against them in their struggle to be honest and play fair. And after all they are only boys. Can we wonder that they so generally yield? Is it really surprising that they fall into the common practice and do what they are asked to do, what their mates do, and what they know their opponents will do?

The underlying causes of these sordid evils should claim our immediate and our most thoughtful attention. They are easily found. Two of the most conspicuous have already been referred to. In a sense they react on each other. The coach will tell you that he does only what is expected of him. Student sentiment will defend itself on the ground that what is universally practiced must be largely right. From experience I know that student sentiment is susceptible to influence, and that it responds most readily and swiftly to that influence which directs it toward high ideals of honesty and honor and justice.

Not so the coach. Almost without exception the coach is actuated primarily, if not solely, by the desire to win. And in my experience it makes little difference whether he be an amateur or a professional. His power on the field is unlimited. His influence over the boys he instructs is tremendous. His word is law. To disobey him is to invite ostracism or dismissal from the squad. Often he is vulgar and profane. Sometimes he is brutal. Seldom does he exhibit, on the football field at least, those qualities which are demanded of a gentleman. And yet, with all these deadly influences at his command, he is allowed the utmost liberty to work

upon the plastic characters of our youth. With freedom from all wholesome restraint, he is permitted to sow in fertile soil those tares which in their later growth are bound to choke the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of our boys and ruin in advance the expected harvest.

With the clear knowledge before us of the double standard of honesty so disgustingly prevalent in our business, professional, and political life to-day, can we longer tolerate conditions which reflect that national disgrace, and at the same time provide unlimited material for its continuance? And are we blind and foolish enough to sit idly by and allow irresponsible coaches, bereft of all high ideals and governed by the lowest motives, to deprive us of that which can be, and ought to be, one of the most helpful and wholesome influences in the life of our schools? And are we not also aware that a clean and high-minded coach may exert on our boys a more uplifting and permanent influence than that perhaps of preachers and lecturers combined?

Where then does the responsibility for this deplorable state of affairs rest? I answer without hesitation that it rests with the responsible heads of our schools and colleges. They, and they alone, have the power to eliminate this crying evil. So long as athletics occupies a position in our school and college life; so long as it exerts its influence, be that influence good or bad, on the youth committed to our charge, — just so long is it our duty, yes, and our privilege, to see that it is supervised and controlled and made to exercise its influence for the general good. If we ignore this responsibility we are merely confirming the all too prevalent opinion that athletics belongs in a sphere by itself and is entitled to its own individual code of ethics and morals. And in what bet-

ter way can we develop in the minds of our youth the conception that in life itself two standards of conduct and honor are permissible? We expel a boy for cheating in his studies; we reprimand or ignore him if he cheats in his games. Can we justify to our consciences or to our boys this arbitrary distinction? Only by recognizing our full responsibilities to our pupils shall we succeed in eliminating a deadly evil.

It may not be within our ability or power to supervise in person the athletic activities of our boys; but we can appoint and hold to strict accountability those who can do this for us. Not even the college can escape this heavy obligation. Some schools have sought for years to ward off these dangers from their boys. Here and there conscientious and high-minded teachers have unselfishly given their time and thought to the athletic activities of their pupils. But even in these cases their splendid work has been largely nullified, or worse, by the callous indifference of the authorities of those colleges at which these well-meaning boys have later appeared. Many a case has come under my own personal observation where this has been sadly true.

When will our modern educators come to realize that true education cannot limit itself to the mental life alone? Our forefathers who founded our early institutions of learning were influenced by no uncertain motives. The present materialistic conception of life did not hold them in its deadly grasp as it holds so many of our educators and philanthropists to-day. They recognized that the human being, God's highest creation, is not composed of mind alone. To them character was the paramount issue. To them character, combining in just proportion mental and moral strength, was the surest foundation of true citizenship and of those successes upon which

alone national life can with safety be built. 'Above all, it is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the Minds and Morals of the youth under his charge will exceed every other care.' So wrote the founder of Phillips Academy one hundred and thirty-five years ago, echoing in his words the ideals of the intelligent and patriotic philanthropists of his time. And later he adds these significant words: 'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.' There speaks the seer with the clear vision before him of the true meaning and significance of education, — 'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.'

Is the realization of that plain truth before us as we pursue our all-important work as educators to-day? Frankly, I believe it is not. Satisfied with our striking accomplishments along intellectual, and especially applied scientific lines, we are prone to forget that, after all, the stability and permanency of the nation must eventually rest on the character of the individual citizen. And yet he must be blind indeed who can soberly face the great problems which confront our nation, and seriously consider the underlying weakness which threatens our national life, and yet fail to understand how vitally the application or rejection of that self-evident truth concerns our welfare. The real menace lies not in the ignorant and uneducated member of society, but in the intelligent and clever crook; not in the illiterate masses, but in the shrewd and unscrupulous leader who can play upon their emotions and mould them to his will. The rank dishonesty so widely prevalent in our business life in recent years has been possible only because of the mental ability and shrewd intelli-

gence of those who have practiced and furthered it. The growing contempt of law is largely based on the knowledge that applause and rewards are too often bestowed on him who by reason of an acute and well-trained mind is able to circumvent the laws, rather than on him who honorably fights for justice. And even in the sacred halls of our legislative assemblies we know too well that selfish interests and dishonorable practices with startling frequency beget and shape our statutes.

In the face of these unpleasant truths, can the educator fold his hands in intellectual complacency and announce to the world that his business is to train the minds, and only the minds, of the youth committed to his charge? Perhaps this would assure us of an easier life, a life less burdened with harassing cares. But if that is our only aim, if that is the ideal which inspires us in our work, then the sooner we seek other fields and other kinds of labor, the better for our youth, the better for our coming citizens, the better for our country and the world.

'Knowledge without goodness is dangerous.' In every sphere of life the truth of that clear statement is abundantly evidenced. If we cannot put knowledge into the minds of our coming citizens while fortifying that knowledge with rugged honesty and sound morals, it will be better for our country, and better for the world, that we close altogether the doors of our institutions of learning. Our student life to-day is many-sided and complex. But in whatever sphere of that student life character is at stake, there our duty calls us to go; and we shall not be true to the great trust reposed in us if we fail to heed and answer that call.

ATHLETICS AND THE COLLEGE

BY C. A. STEWART

THE abolition of all intercollegiate athletic contests involves the destruction of many phases of undergraduate life very dear to the college man. To mention the subject seriously is to brave the epithet 'old fogey,' and to hear the scornful laugh of those who believe that nothing can successfully assail the position of intercollegiate athletics as one of the most valuable features of college life. It is a fact, however, that many thoughtful men, occupying positions of influence in college administration, are at present contemplating with alarm abuses which have crept into this phase of undergraduate activity, — abuses which to them seem so serious and so deeply rooted as to justify the abolition of the whole system of intercollegiate contests.

These abuses have nothing to do with the roughness of some of the games, or with the conflict between play and work; they have to do with the pernicious influence of athletics upon the moral life of the whole undergraduate body. Participation in college athletics may indeed teach control of temper, abstinence from dissipation, and willingness to subordinate one's self to the efficient working of an organization; but it also teaches trickery and deceit. Training for a college team in these days furnishes a Fagin-like drill in complex dishonesty which far overbalances any benefits. At least that is the belief of many careful observers, — and it is a belief which experience as a student and a teacher in three universities, and an intimate acquaintanceship with

athletics in a score of others have convinced me to be well-founded.

In competition among gentlemen there is no place for the man who 'stacks' the cards and signals his partner across the table; who deliberately miscalls the score at tennis, or who picks his ball out of a bad lie on the golf links. He is barred from reputable clubs, and is not welcomed in respectable society. Even the professional gambler respects fair play, and repudiates the 'crooked game.' Yet college men, so often the soul of honor in all their other activities, see no wrong in deliberately and slyly violating in football, baseball, and kindred sports any rule which may diminish their chances of victory. A few illustrations will make this clearer.

To weaken the opposing side by 'putting out' its strongest players is a common practice in football. It may be done legitimately by concentrating the attack upon one man until exhaustion forces him to give way to a substitute; but in actual fact few strong players leave the game for this reason; they are more often temporarily disabled by a kick in the ribs, a knee thrust into the stomach, or a twist of the neck slyly given under cover of the play. Gleeeful discussion of the success of such tactics can be heard among the players after many intercollegiate contests. The progress of every football game is interrupted by the referee's penalizing first one side, then the other for 'holding,' — an unfair use of the hands and arms. Every such penalty

means that some one has cheated, whether involuntarily or with deliberation, yet the spectators make no comment, and in college circles the guilty players lose standing only in so far as the coach scolds them for being caught.

Not many years ago I was watching the football practice at a well-known eastern university. The coach was a graduate of the university, and a mature business man of good repute, and I had heard members of the faculty express satisfaction that the students were going to be in the hands of so reliable a man. I saw this coach drilling the linemen in an illegal play, the essence of which was to swing the fist violently into the opponent's face. After some minutes he vented his disgust with an awkward pupil in these words:—

'Not that way, not that way, you dub! You have got to be nifty to get away with that play.'

I see no objection to one man's using his fist upon another, provided that it be part of the game. I see every objection to teaching a boy to 'be nifty and get away with it.'

In a basket-ball game it sometimes happens that a player gets the ball close to the basket. None of his opponents is between him and the goal, and there is no chance for any one to get in front of him to block his throw in a legitimate way. The only defense is to rush at him from behind, and to shove him violently enough to spoil his aim. Such a play is a foul under the rules, but it is made time and again, because the well-trained player reasons thus:—

'If I do not shove this man, he will almost certainly shoot a goal. If I do, he will not get the goal, and there is a chance that the referee will not see me; and even if I am caught, the penalty for the foul counts less for the other side than the goal which I am going to prevent.'

No account is taken of the fact that the man has won this favorable position by skill and quickness, and is entitled by the rules to what he can make of it. The same tactics are followed in regard to certain rules forbidding the blocking of opponents, for these rules are particularly hard to enforce. It is no uncommon thing to hear players explaining after a game, that they missed this or that play because they were blocked; and seldom is there any expression of resentment at the unfairness. It was forbidden by the rules, but the opponent 'got away with it' and was entitled to the fruits.

The same principle is at the bottom of 'cutting the bases' in baseball. A man knows when he has failed to touch a base, yet time after time we see a runner cut wide of a base, and his opponents protest in vain, because the umpire has not seen the play. Meanwhile the man who by violation of a rule has shortened the distance he has had to run, grins complacently because he 'got away with it,' and his college mates among the spectators applaud him as heartily as if he had scored by skill instead of trickery. In the few foregoing illustrations no reference is made to the faults committed in the heat of the contest. A man may lose his temper and break his opponent's nose, and still be honest; he may get over-anxious and start play before the signal, and yet not be a cheat; he cannot strengthen his playing by an assortment of intentional tricks that are expressly forbidden by the rules, and still be entitled to the respect of good sportsmen.

The question of the eligibility of men to represent their colleges in inter-collegiate contests calls forth tactics similar to those in vogue in the actual conduct of the games. There is a rule providing that no man who has competed in athletics for money shall play

on a college team, and every candidate is required to give a signed statement that he has not violated this rule. In spite of this requirement there are constantly charges and countercharges of professionalism made by one college against another. It appears that the college athlete does not think highly of the word of honor of his fellows. Every charge of professionalism is an accusation of lying against the man involved. The fact that the implied falsehood is ignored, and that attention is given only to investigating the man's amateur standing, shows clearly that prevarication in this matter is not considered a grievous fault.

As a matter of fact, every man who has lived among college athletes knows that many of them have at some time received money, directly or indirectly, for athletic competition. Actual proof of professionalism in any one case is as difficult as proof of bribe-taking among aldermen. Payments are not made by check, and are often disguised in more or less clever ways. I know of one athlete who received a goodly sum for acting as watchman of a building. His duty was to sleep in the building every night. In the day-time he played baseball with a professional team. I know of another who played a game with a professional team, — for which he was not paid. But after the game the manager went to his room and said, —

'I'll bet you twenty dollars that you can't jump over that suit-case.'

The bet was taken, and the jump was successfully made. Both of these men afterwards went to college and signed a statement that they had not 'competed in athletics for money, directly or indirectly.' I believe that a large percentage of the men playing college baseball are guilty of dishonesty of this kind. The evil, of course, rests not in the playing for money, but in the cool denial of the fact.

Another eligibility rule in effect in most colleges is that no man shall compete in college athletics more than four years, yet I have learned of many cases in which men, after representing a small western college for a year or more, have entered a large eastern university and played under its colors for a full four years. To do this they had to deny their participation in athletics at the first school.

If practices like the above involved only the guilty players, they could be attributed to the 'black sheep' sure to be found in every group of men, and would not be ground for the arraignment of college athletics in general. They are, however, known to the other players, and in some degree to the whole body of undergraduates, which becomes so imbued with the spirit of 'anything to win' that it supports them, and is therefore equally guilty. At every big intercollegiate contest you will hear among the spectators denunciation of the 'dirty play' of the visiting team, when similar play by members of the home team has passed uncondemned, or mayhap has been praised in a gleeful, 'Did you see Jack "get" that fellow? He's a slick one.'

Except at a few institutions of notoriously low standards, college men are of very much the same type, and, on the average, one college team is no better or no worse than another. Why then do undergraduates so seldom rise up and denounce the tactics of their own representatives, but so frequently demand the ruling-out of this or that player from a rival school?

At my own college we learned, one autumn, that our baseball captain had played as a professional all summer. Our concern was not in regard to his successor, now that he had made himself ineligible, but about the chance of the discovery of the conditions by the faculty. It happened in this case

that the faculty did learn the truth, and debar the man from further competition; but if they had not, the entire undergraduate body would have cheered that man madly at the baseball games the following spring, and would have rejoiced boastfully over the victories made possible by his deceit.

There is at large in the East at the present day a football coach who some years ago was involved in a notorious scandal concerning the eligibility of several members of a team under his charge. Many years ago his mastery of the details of football crookedness earned him the familiar sobriquet of 'Mucker,' but last year he acted as coach for one of the best-known colleges in the United States. His tactics are a by-word among men connected with athletic history, yet his retention is tolerated by alumni and undergraduates, — for he is a successful coach.

These last two cases do not involve a few men, they speak for the attitude of the great majority of the alumni of two large universities. In fact the stories told in the foregoing pages are not taken from the athletic history of obscure colleges of uncertain standing. Yale, Columbia, and Cornell figure in them, and I could give others involving Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and universities of equal prominence and solidity. My quarrel, however, is not with any specific colleges, or with specific instances of unsportsmanlike conduct; it is with the lax moral spirit which rules college athletics everywhere; and the stories are only illustrations in point. To prove that these illustrations are indeed typical of conditions in general is difficult, but if you are skeptical,¹ let your mind run back over the intercollegiate contests

you have witnessed, or watch keenly those which you see next spring and autumn; note the number of fouls called, and the penalties inflicted for offenses such as I have mentioned, — offenses not chargeable to loss of temper but to deliberate breaking of rules, — and see the matter-of-course way in which the cheating is passed over by both players and spectators; recall the instances in which athletes have been declared ineligible after having competed part of a season, and yet have remained in good standing among their college-mates in spite of the fact that *they must have falsified to have competed at all*, and you will see that the college man does expect these things, and that fair play in college athletics and fair play between gentlemen out of college are two different things.

Count the number of officials required to supervise a football game, and read the special rules designed to let them watch the movements of every man; investigate the complex systems which college athletic associations have instituted for deciding upon the eligibility of competitors who have already given their 'word of honor' that their records are clear; read the stories of some of the disputes, — as full of affidavits and canceled checks as a New York State impeachment proceeding, — and then picture the analogue outside of college: two country clubs engaging in a team match at golf, each competitor required to show a signed statement outlining all of his past athletic history, and reiterating in half a dozen places his good standing in his club, and nevertheless being followed all through the match by a carefully selected official who keeps a cat-like watch on his every move. The absurdity of it will emphasize the true meaning of the everyday occurrences in college athletics.

In short, college men have in regard

¹ Undergraduate readers of this article are advised, in considering its accuracy, to keep their opponents' colleges in mind as well as their own. — THE EDITORS.

to their sports a standard of honor — if we may call it such — which permits practices not tolerated in any other walk of life. These men would not cheat in their private games; as a class they are honorable and courageously truthful in all the other relationships of life; but in athletics they tolerate trickery and deceit, and rejoice in the victories gained thereby.

This is not merely a question of the conduct of college sports; it is a question concerning the moral training of future citizens. We are dealing on a small scale with that vicious philosophy of 'get away with it,' that has been at the root of dishonest 'big business.' Men, not content to make their fortunes in a lawful way, have contrived to circumvent interfering laws, — to violate them without paying the penalty, or so to violate that the penalty evoked will be small compared with the resulting gain. The heads of dishonest corporations and the participants in the profits of public graft are often men with a keen sense of honor in their personal relationships, strong supporters of philanthropies, and sincere worshipers in the churches, but they lack the complete moral sense necessary to enable them to apply one standard of right and wrong to all of their acts. In the same way college students are failing to carry their ideals upon the athletic field, and are allowing themselves to be governed in this one respect by a standard that is essentially immoral.

When we reflect upon the prominence given athletics by undergraduates, and consider the hero-worship accorded the successful athlete both in college and by the general public, the deep import of the matter becomes evident. The undergraduate loves to say that every college community is in a sense a toy world wherein the struggle for fame and influential position is waged in minia-

ture, — the scene of a sham battle fought under the same conditions and with the same weapons as in the world at large, and fought as a preparation for that real battle. If this mock world is to train good citizens it should be so governed that honor and truth are first in popular esteem, and trickery and deceit are outlawed.

How to infuse into college athletics a spirit of fair play and truthfulness comparable to that ruling other undergraduate activities is a difficult problem, and some of the methods suggested are based upon a superficial study of the conditions. The abolition of the professional coach, for instance, is not a solution of the question. We are told that when a man's livelihood is dependent upon the success of his coaching he will stoop to any tactics to insure victorious teams, and that if athletic coaches were chosen from alumni, moved solely by love for their college and having no financial interests involved in victory, there would be less of the 'win-at-any-cost' spirit inculcated. It must be remembered, however, that all graduates are the product of the evil system that we are discussing. We have seen that the college man does not regard the tactics we have mentioned as wrong, or that if he does, he tolerates, even supports them. His policy is not likely to change on graduation. The desire to *win* is as keen among men who have gone through four years of intercollegiate athletics as is the desire to make a living. A careful comparison fails to show that colleges boasting of a 'graduate coaching system' are at all superior in athletic ethics to those employing professionals. The practices prevailing in athletics at present may indeed have been first introduced by professional coaches; they flourish now, not because certain men teach them, but because undergraduates and faculties lack the

logic to analyze them properly, or the courage to cope with them.

A most certain cure for the evils mentioned, and one often suggested by those college administrators who give thought to this subject, is the total abolition of intercollegiate athletics. Such a policy is yielding to an evil rather than overcoming it. If it be true that a keen desire to win will drive the modern college student into unfairness and cheating, there is some weak spot in his moral fibre, and it would seem to be the business of the college, not to remove the temptation, but to make the man conquer it. Sooner or later every one must choose between losing fairly and winning unfairly. A boy who is made to face this problem in college, and made to solve it rightly, is better equipped to repeat the victory in the larger issues of life. Any one who has spent four years of his life working for the popularity and renown of a successful college athlete, and who has through it all resolutely refused to do anything but the fair and honest thing, is sure to come out of the experience very much a man.

I believe such a solution is possible. The conditions existing in college athletics to-day are the result of gradual and insidious growth. The rottenness prevails largely because the men do not realize that it is rotten. The sanction of general custom is given to practices which, viewed as isolated acts, are manifestly wrong, and the average college man accepts the conditions as he finds them simply because he has never stopped to analyze them. He lies about his eligibility and develops his dishonest tactics, not because he has deliberately chosen between honesty and dishonesty, but because it is the thing expected of him, — the thing that everybody does as a matter of course.

Faculties should undertake a vigorous campaign of education, designed

to show these matters in their true light. Most college men are essentially honest, and the chief need is to make them realize the true significance of what they are doing in athletics under the present system. Arouse the boys to the facts; make them see that cheating in football is the same as cheating at cards or as stealing money; foster a college sentiment that says fairness first and victory second; and attach the same obloquy to lying about eligibility that is attached to any lying. Do this, and you have gone to the root of the evil, and laid the foundation for lasting reform. This basic campaign for moral acumen should, however, be reinforced by two supplementary measures. First, make no rules, either of play or of eligibility, which are not strictly just, and which cannot be entirely enforced; and secondly, subject all dishonesty to severe punishment.

The first measure is in accord with the belief that legislation which the majority of the people does not consider just, or which cannot be enforced, makes for disrespect of the law in general. Many of the rules in regard to eligibility for college athletic teams are neither fair nor enforceable, and should therefore be eliminated if we are to have respect paid to those which are based on justice. The only condition which we have a right to impose in limiting the personnel of a college team is that all members shall be *bona fide* students in good standing, and not brought to the institution by special inducements offered because of athletic prowess. Because some colleges do violate this essential, a number of rules have been made which aim indirectly to prevent this violation, — rules which in themselves are unjust. The practice which obtains in larger colleges of recruiting athletics from smaller schools is guarded against by the rule forbidding a man who has transferred from one in-

stitution to another to compete in athletics until after a year's residence at the second school. This restriction works a real hardship by prohibiting from engaging in any sports men who are in actual fact members of the student body, but who have, for some good reason not connected with athletics, changed their choice of colleges; and the manifest injustice often makes evasion of the rule seem less reprehensible.

Particularly vicious is the custom of denying the right to engage in college athletics to all men who have previously competed for money, and adherence to it is monumental hypocrisy. There is hardly a poor country boy with fleetness of foot or skill of arm who has not at some time in his life received a cash prize for winning a race at a village picnic, or who has not played on a country-town baseball team for a share of the gate-receipts. Such an indiscretion, committed long before he enters college, debars him forever from athletic competition. Moreover, men who attend college primarily for intellectual purposes often find that playing professional baseball during the summer offers the easiest and most healthful method of solving their financial problems; yet they must not depend upon this one resource if they wish to play with their fellow-students during the academic year. Here again the unfairness of the rule makes evasion of it seem, not a wrong, but the only way to obtain justice.

To my mind there is no place in college athletics for the distinction between amateur and professional; that a man be a *bona fide* student of the institution he represents is all we have a right to ask. Carried to its logical conclusion, the rule against professionalism is held in some countries to forbid any man who makes a living with his hands from calling himself an amateur ath-

lete. A carpenter, for instance, cannot be an amateur oarsman. If there persists in colleges a vestige of this snobbery, — if we are not yet ready to abolish all distinction between amateur and professional, — we must at least so revise the present rule that it will work less hardship. A few colleges have been courageous enough to do this, and now permit summer baseball, but most institutions still persist in a pretense of strict enforcement of the amateur rule, knowing full well that it makes many students either lie or submit to an injustice. Most of them lie, and feel that the means is condoned if not justified by the end.

The second measure supplementary to education in right athletic ideals, is a firm stand by the faculties in all matters of athletic honor. All opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, undergraduates are influenced in their views of right and wrong by the general attitude of the faculty. Knowing that their teachers are interested in their moral welfare, they conclude, naturally enough, that anything these teachers do not oppose and punish is not so very wrong. This is well illustrated by a consideration of cheating in examinations. In those colleges in which the instructors are lax in the conduct of examinations, seeming to care little whether or not cheating is done, and punishing it when detected only by a reprimand and a mark of failure, there is always a feeling among the students that 'cribbing' is a part of the game, and not a matter of honor. On the other hand, when every possible means is taken to prevent cheating, and when it is punished by expulsion, there is usually an undergraduate sentiment which puts the cribber in his proper place. I have seen in one college the whole student attitude upon cheating in examinations changed from indifference to stern disapproval by an

improvement in the conduct of examinations on the part of the faculty. No change in the spirit of college athletics can be expected until faculties array themselves firmly on the right side, and refuse to tolerate dishonest practices. A few men expelled for lying about eligibility, and a few teams disbanded because of unfair play, would arouse undergraduates with a wholesome jolt.

A forceful presentation of the facts of the situation with an appeal to the innate sense of honor of the undergraduates; such a revision of the rules as will retain only those based upon essential fairness; and a strict supervision by the faculty, — upon the success of these three measures rests the hope that college athletics may be purged of trickery and the spirit of 'get away with it.' It will be a struggle of some duration, for it involves the remoulding of the undergraduate point of view, — something akin to the making of public opinion, and not to be done in a day. I believe it can be done.

In fact there is some basis for asserting that conditions in the larger Eastern institutions have greatly improved during the past few years, — a contention which finds support in the lack of scandal and recrimination connected with the big football games of last autumn as compared with the days of the Cutts and Hinkey disputes. This improvement is not, however, fundamental. Disputes as to eligibility are prevented, not because the spirit of the undergraduates or of the coaches is above reproach, but because faculty committees maintain strict supervision over this matter, and allow no doubtful case to pass without investigation.

More rigid enforcement of the rules has indeed made it harder to 'get away with it,' but that there is still a desire to do so whenever possible, is shown by the continuous need for these very faculty committees, and by the ever-increasing mass of complex legislation designed to prevent or punish unfair play.

If an honorable spirit of sportsmanship ruled college athletics, why need there be severe penalties threatened for coaching from the side-lines in football, and special precautions exercised by the officials to detect it? Should not merely forbidding it be sufficient? Why should it be necessary in basketball to provide that after four personal fouls a player must be removed from the game? I do not contend that every play, or even that the majority of plays, in intercollegiate games involves trickery, for I know that faculty supervision and vigilant umpiring have greatly reduced the more obvious forms of cheating in the games between the larger eastern institutions. I do contend, however, that even this veneer of fairness is lacking in most colleges; that college athletics are still ruled by the spirit of 'get away with it'; and that merely preventing the actual success of fraud is but a superficial reform. Men interested in the ethical aspects of college life should not rest until college men meet in sports as do other gentlemen, — relying upon officials merely to aid in the administration of the games, and trusting to their own integrity to prevent intentional unfairness, and to their collective sense of honor to deal summarily with the occasional intruder who may refuse to accept their own high code.

THE ECONOMIC NECESSITY OF TRADE-UNIONISM

BY JOHN MITCHELL

IN discussing the economic necessity of trade-unionism I shall be obliged to take issue with the criticisms, deductions, and proposals contained in the article under the caption 'Monopoly of Labor,' contributed to the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin. It is not my purpose to indulge in abstruse theories; on the contrary, I shall undertake to demonstrate by the results of experience, and by concrete example, the legality, the wisdom, and the morality of trade-unionism and trade-union policy.

Those who declare themselves to be in favor of trade-unionism in the abstract but opposed to it in the concrete, are not unlike the western farmer who announced that he was unreservedly in favor of the construction of railroads but unalterably opposed to the running of trains. Trade-unions were formed for a definite purpose; they have well-defined policies and methods of procedure; they are great, democratic institutions administered by practical men who are earnestly and successfully striving for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor.

In its fundamental principle, trade-unionism is a recognition of the fact that under modern industrial conditions the individual unorganized workman cannot bargain advantageously with the employer for the sale of his labor. Since the workingman has little or no money in reserve and must sell his labor immediately; since, moreover, he has no knowledge of the market and

no skill in bargaining; since, finally, he has only his own labor to sell while the employer engages hundreds or even thousands of men and can easily do without the services of any one of them, the workingman, if bargaining on his own account and for himself alone, is at an enormous disadvantage. Trade-unionism recognizes the fact that under such conditions the workman becomes more and more helpless, because the labor which he sells, unlike other commodities, is a thing which is of his very life and soul and being.

In the individual contract between a powerful employer and a single workman the laborer secures the worst of the bargain. He is progressively debased because of wages insufficient to buy nourishing food, because of hours of labor too long to permit of sufficient rest, because of conditions of work destructive of moral, mental, and physical health; and, finally, because of danger from accident and disease, which kill off the workingman or prematurely age him. The individual bargain or individual contract between employers and workmen means that the condition of the economically weakest man in the industry is often that which the average man must accept. Therefore, there can be no permanent prosperity to the wage-earners, no real, lasting progress, no consecutive improvement in conditions until the principle is firmly and fully established that in industrial life, especially in enterprises on a large scale, the settlement of wages, hours of labor, and all essen-

tial conditions of work, shall be made between employers and workingmen collectively, and not between employers and workingmen individually. It will thus be seen that the philosophy of trade-unionism is the very antithesis of Professor Laughlin's scheme of individual bargaining or unrestricted competition among wage-earners.

The policy of collective bargaining as advocated by the unions recognizes and teaches the interdependence of labor and capital. It is the bridge that spans the gulf which modern industrialism has created between the workman and the employer. It is only necessary to attend a joint conference between the representatives of any of the great trade-unions and the representatives of employers or employers' associations, when wage-agreements are under discussion, to be convinced that there are no more antagonisms engendered, and no more ill feeling displayed, than there are between any other groups of men meeting in conference for the purpose of buying and disposing of a commodity which one must have and the other must sell.

The organized workingman, as a rule, is not hostile to the employer of labor; he does not entertain any feelings of hatred against the man who has honorably acquired wealth. The workingman understands full well that his wages must come from the earnings of industry, therefore he is interested in the successful conduct of industry. In common with many other good citizens he may fear that there is some danger to society, and to the institutions of our country, in the possession of enormous wealth by a few men, and he regards as immoral the acquirement of wealth through the payment of less than living wages and the imposition of unjust conditions of employment.

It is true that in their wage-conferences the employers and the organized

workmen are not always able to agree, and that strikes or lockouts occur. It is equally true that strikes and lockouts occur in trades and industries in which the workers are not organized. Indeed, many of the most bitterly contested strikes of which we have any record have been inaugurated and conducted by non-union men. Fresh in the memories of all are the reports of the scenes attending strikes of non-unionists at McKees Rocks and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, at Paterson, New Jersey, and at Lawrence, Massachusetts. If one desires to learn the truth in regard to the causes which make for class hatreds, let him mingle with the non-union workmen employed in some of our great industries. These workmen, denied by their employers the right of organization, compelled to work long hours for low wages, frequently hate their employers with an intensity which results in scenes of turmoil and disorder when strikes take place.

Trade-unions strive for peace based upon industrial righteousness. A strike, nevertheless, is of itself neither illegal nor immoral. On the contrary, a strike may be and often is a manifestation of a wholesome, yea, even a divine, discontent. Said Abraham Lincoln, in a speech delivered at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860, 'Thank God, we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workingman may stop.'

Our courts have declared repeatedly that workingmen have a legal right to organize in trade-unions, that they have a legal right to strike for higher wages, for shorter hours, for better conditions of life and labor, indeed, for any reason that seems sufficient to them. It has been held by the courts that union workingmen have a legal right to refuse to work with non-

union men. There has been no decision in any suit instituted under the Sherman Anti-Trust law which would justify the opinion that an organization of workingmen, even if it embrace every man employed at the trade, is an unlawful monopoly. It is true that the United States Supreme Court has decided, in the *Danbury Hatters' case*, that labor-unions are not exempt from the provisions of this law. It is also true that, in a suit for damages instituted under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, judgment was rendered against certain members of the Hatters' Union by a court in Connecticut. This case, however, is still in the courts, and even should the United States Supreme Court sustain the decision of the trial court, that action would not, by any process of reasoning, justify the contention that a labor-union is a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade. The issue involved in this particular case is not the right of men to organize in trade-unions or to strike for higher wages. The allegation of the plaintiff, one Loewe, a hat manufacturer, was that through the instrumentality of a secondary boycott, he had suffered large losses, and the claim was that he was entitled to damages.

It is not the purpose of this article to criticize the conclusions of the Supreme Court, nevertheless there exists in the minds of many an opinion that the Sherman Anti-Trust law was never intended to apply to organizations of labor or to other associations having no capital stock, not dealing in the products of labor, and not organized for profit. Moreover, there is much substantial evidence to justify the opinion that members of Congress in voting for the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust law did so with the understanding that labor organizations formed for the purpose of improving the condi-

tions of employment were exempt from its provisions and its penalties.

When this statute was under consideration in Congress, in 1890, it contained a section declaring that the organizations of working people instituted for the purpose of regulating wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment should not come under the operation of the proposed law. This section was afterwards eliminated by a committee of Congress, and when the bill was reported back and was again being considered by the Senate, Senators Hoar, George, Blair, Sherman, and others gave assurances to the representatives of labor that it was not necessary specifically to except labor organizations, as they were not intended to come under the provisions of the law and were not included in them. In view of these assurances, it is not difficult to understand that many were surprised and disappointed when, twenty years later, the Supreme Court decided that labor-unions might be sued under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. If it eventually should be held that labor-unions, as such, are monopolies in restraint of trade and thus subject to dissolution by order of the court, no greater disaster to the orderly, rational, and constructive development and progress of the wage-earning masses will have occurred.

It is not contended by trade-unionists that they should be immune from prosecution for the commission of unlawful acts. They recognize, of course, that they stand before the law with exactly the same responsibilities that attach to all citizens. What they contend is that the voluntary associations of labor, formed for the sole purpose of protecting the wage-earning toilers, shall not be legally designated as monopolies in restraint of trade, and thus be made liable to the penalty of dissolution. That the possibility of such an

interpretation of the law has presented itself to the organized wage-earners, there can be no doubt.

That statesmen of the highest standing, in harmony with and responding to the humanitarian sentiment prevailing among men and women in every walk of life, recognize the necessity of differentiating between combinations organized to control the necessities of life and organizations formed for the purpose of defending and promoting the interests of the wage-earners, is evidenced by the fact that, in the closing days of the Sixty-second Congress, a Democratic House of Representatives and a Republican Senate inserted in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill a proviso that no part of the money appropriated by a certain section of that bill should be expended by the government in prosecuting any organization or individual for entering into a combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act not in itself unlawful done in furtherance thereof. True, this appropriation bill was vetoed by President Taft, but it was again enacted by an overwhelming majority in both houses of the present Congress, and it has been signed by President Wilson.

As further evidence of the justice of labor's claim that trade-unions should not be regarded as monopolies in restraint of trade, the Democratic platforms of 1908 and 1912 declared:—

'The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.'

In the platform of the National Progressive Party (1912) we find these words:—

'We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and of promoting their progress.'

It will thus be seen that two of the great political organizations have recognized the importance and the necessity of differentiating between organizations of labor formed for the purpose of improving the conditions of the toilers, and combinations of capital formed for the purpose of making profit. The Democratic and Progressive parties combined polled 10,486,600 votes; the Republican Party, which made no favorable declaration on this subject, polled 3,484,980 votes. In other words, 75 per cent of the voters registered their approval of labor's position — that labor unions should not be legally proscribed as monopolies or combinations in restraint of trade. Any failure on the part of the present Federal administration and Congress specifically to except labor-unions from the provisions and penalties of the Sherman Anti-Trust law will be a repudiation of a solemn pledge contained in these platform declarations.

But it is suggested by Professor Laughlin that, 'Any law which would except labor-unions from the provisions of the act would be unconstitutional, and could not stand.' This statement belongs in the category of things that are important if true. It is based upon the assumption that an anti-trust law which excepted labor organizations from its provisions would be class legislation. However, the history of legislation does not sustain this contention. Congress and the State legislatures frequently have enacted special legislation. There is, of course, a difference between class legislation and special legislation. If a law were to provide

that some labor-unions should be excluded from its operation and others included in it, that would probably be class legislation and therefore unconstitutional. If, however, a law should provide that all labor-unions or other associations organized not for profit, and not dealing in the products of labor, should be exempt from its operation, there would be no doubt of its constitutionality.

As a case in point, it will be remembered that the Payne Tariff bill of 1909, which imposed a tax on corporations, contained the following provision:—

‘Provided, however, that nothing in this section contained shall apply to labor, agricultural, or horticultural organizations, or to fraternal beneficiary societies, orders, or associations operating under the lodge system, and providing for the payment of life, sick, accident, and other benefits to the members of such societies, orders, or associations, and dependents of such members, nor to domestic building and loan associations, organized and operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members, no part of the net income of which inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual.’

When, in the case of *Flint vs. Stone, Tracy & Co.*, the question of the constitutionality of this law was carried to the Supreme Court on the issue of the validity of the provision excluding labor and other organizations from the corporation tax, the court upheld the constitutionality of the measure.

If further argument were necessary to sustain the opinion of those who hold that there are no constitutional difficulties in the way of legislation excepting labor organizations and associations of farmers from the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, attention could be called to the fact that the Underwood Tariff act with its

income-tax provisions, enacted by the present Congress, contains exceptions in exactly the same language and referring to the same organizations as the corporation-tax act of 1909.

On the ground that it relates to the subject of taxation and therefore has little bearing upon the question at issue, namely the exemption of voluntary associations of labor from the provisions of the Anti-Trust law, it may be suggested that the precedent set by this Federal legislation is not conclusive. However, there are many state laws and court decisions which support the contention that laws need not, in order to be constitutional, apply alike to all citizens or to all associations of citizens. In the case of *Holden vs. Hardy* the Supreme Court of the United States sustained a law enacted by the legislature of Utah prohibiting the employment of miners for more than eight hours in any one day. This statute applied exclusively to men working in the mines, no other workmen being included in its provisions. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the law enacted in Oregon prohibiting the employment of women for more than ten hours in any one day. This statute does not apply to all women-workers. The highest court of the State of Massachusetts and the highest courts in several other states have sustained laws providing compensation for workmen who are injured in the course of their employment, even when these laws exclude specifically from their provisions agricultural laborers and domestic servants.

Quite apart, however, from constitutional and legal considerations, it must be obvious to all thoughtful men and women, especially those who are familiar with the struggles of the wage-earning masses for more humane conditions of employment, for better living opportunities, that it would be

ethically wrong to consider labor and the products of labor as though they were one and the same thing. It must be clear that associations formed for the sole purpose of protecting and promoting the welfare of the men and women and children who labor should not be placed by the law in the same category with monopolies or combinations organized for profit, and be condemned as unlawful conspiracies in restraint of trade.

'Organizations of labor,' says Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, 'have their origin in human need, they seek human welfare and betterment, they have to do with human labor-power. Capitalistic monopolies have their origin in desire for great profit, they seek economic control and the elimination of competitive rivals, they deal in material things — the products of labor, wealth. Between wealth and labor there is a vital and fundamental difference, an understanding of which is essential to those upon whom falls the responsibility of dealing with matters influencing the freedom of men. Wealth consists in material things which are external, useful, and appropriable. Wealth is that which a man has — not what he is. To classify skill, knowledge, labor-power as wealth is an error that has crept into the thinking of some economists and political scientists. It is an error conducive to grave injury to the working people. These attainments or attributes are not possessions of the individual, they are the individual and cannot be separated from personality. Cultivation of powers and ability increases and enriches the resourcefulness and efficiency of the individual; but these things are subjective and immaterial and are not in themselves wealth. The individual may be able and powerful, and therefore fortunate, but it does not necessarily follow there-

from that he is wealthy. The wealth which he may produce is separate and distinct from himself. It follows then that to apply to voluntary associations of working people (commonly called labor organizations), which are concerned with individuals and their powers, the same regulations that are applied to organizations manipulating the products of labor, would lead to mischievous results and perversion of justice.'

Perhaps the most serious charge brought against the voluntary associations of labor by Professor Laughlin is that higher wages are responsible largely for the high prices which consumers are now required to pay for what they buy. He says, 'There is no question whatever in my mind that the rise of prices of almost all articles of general consumption during the last decade or two has been due, as much as to any one thing else, to the rise in money wages paid for the same, or even less, labor effort.' This is a strange and unusual contradiction of what is almost uniformly asserted by leading economists, nearly all of whom hold that the world-wide movement of increased prices is due primarily and principally to the increase in the quantity of money which has followed the extraordinary production of gold during the past sixteen years. No doubt the increase in the cost of food-products in the United States is additionally accounted for by the fact that the growth of city population, both in the aggregate and in proportion, has been much greater than the growth of agricultural population. It is not denied that increased wages may and often do add to the cost of production, but that the world-wide movement of increased prices and higher cost of living is chargeable in any considerable degree to higher wages and 'less labor effort' is unthinkable and unbelievable.

It is a matter of common knowledge that prices of practically all articles generally used have risen in every country in the world. They have risen in countries in which there are no organizations of labor; they have risen in countries in which there are no organizations of labor having sufficient numbers or strength to influence wages or increase the cost of production. Prices have risen in every part of the United States and have affected commodities in the production of which union labor is not engaged and in which wages have not been advanced. As a matter of fact, the articles of general consumption which are shown by the reports of the United States government to have increased in price to the greatest extent — such as flour, meats, potatoes, butter, eggs — are all commodities in the production of which union labor has little or no part, and therefore the organizations of labor can have no direct influence upon the wages of workers employed in the production or distribution (except in respect to railway transportation, which I shall touch upon later) of such articles.

For illustration, let us consider meats. From the time the animal is born, through all the processes, until it is delivered, ready for use, at the kitchen door, not a hand touches it or influences its cost that is controlled by an organized workman. Again, follow a sack of flour from the wheatfields of the northwest to the rolling-pin of the housewife — no organized workman 'levies tribute' upon it as it proceeds from the farmer to the consumer. And so it is with practically all food-products; from the very beginning, as they find their devious ways from the farm through the factory to the merchant and to the home of the consumer, no organization of labor affects their cost or controls the price at which they shall be sold.

But even if it were true that the higher wages secured for labor through the instrumentality of the trade-unions is responsible for the increase in the cost of living, that fact would not justify their condemnation, nor would it sustain the claim that from an economic standpoint the increased wages secured during the past two decades have not benefited the recipients of these increased wages because there has been a corresponding increase in the cost of living. If workingmen are not benefited by increased wages because there is a corresponding increase in the cost of living, then it must follow as a matter of course that workingmen would suffer no injury, that there would be no lowering of their standard of living, if wages were reduced. The fallacy of this reasoning is that it fails to take into account the fact that to increase wages does not always increase the cost of production, since, among other reasons, the workingman becomes more efficient when he is better paid, better fed, better clothed, and better housed.

In many industries, prices have little to do with wages, but are arbitrarily fixed at a monopoly figure and remain the same whether wages are high or low. For illustration, steel rails are quoted at the same price per ton now as when the employees of the steel companies received ten per cent less wages; newspapers and magazines are cheaper now than they were when employees in the printing trades received much lower wages than they do to-day. In the matter of the number of persons employed, railroading is the greatest industry in the United States. Practically all men engaged in the transportation service, and a majority of those engaged in the shops of railroads, are members of trade-unions. The wages of all railway employees have advanced substantially and repeatedly during the past twenty years, yet during this

period the charge to shippers for hauling freight has been reduced 17.5 per cent per ton per mile. Passenger rates are 6.3 per cent less now than they were twenty years ago. Therefore, while the cost of transportation is a vitally important element in fixing the value of every commodity purchased or used by the people, yet this cost has not been increased — on the contrary it has been reduced — notwithstanding the fact that during the past twenty years the average wages of railway employees have advanced 28.77 per cent.

Moreover, even if we agree that higher wages have increased the cost of production, the fact still remains that the increase in the cost of the articles produced is never in proportion to the rise of wages. The cost of many of the materials, ground-rent, the interest on capital, taxes, royalties, the cost of supervision, are not necessarily affected by an increase in wages to the workmen. Again, if the employer receives, as he often does, exorbitant profits, it would not necessarily increase the cost to the consumer if a part of those exorbitant profits were paid in wages to the workmen. Furthermore, workingmen do not consume all the articles they produce, and an increase in the wages of men making grand pianos, or of weavers of fine carpets, or of fifty-seven other varieties of articles used exclusively by the rich or the well-to-do, does not in any way affect the purchasing power of the money in the ordinary workman's envelope.

In his attempt to demonstrate that an advance in money wages is of no value to the workman and to prove that increased wages paid to labor are responsible for the increase in the cost of products, Professor Laughlin says, 'In the expense of producing raw materials such as coal, ore, wool, and the like, into whose processes labor enters

more largely than machinery, the general rise of wages raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made.' An analysis of this statement will prove interesting and illuminating. In the raising of wool and in the production of ore, except copper and gold, union labor is not employed. There is no union of workingmen engaged in the production of wool, and very few union men are employed in the manufacture of woollen goods; the organization of metalliferous miners is confined largely to the production of copper and gold, therefore wool and ore may be eliminated from consideration. In the production of coal, however, union men are engaged. In fact, in the mines of practically every important coal-producing state, with the exception of West Virginia, Alabama, and Colorado, union labor is employed almost exclusively. This has not always been so. Prior to 1897 unrestricted competition of labor — that is, non-unionism — prevailed in the coal-producing industry. In 1896, when there was little or no organization among the coal-miners, the average market price of bituminous coal loaded on the railway cars at the mines was 83 cents per ton; the average price paid to miners for producing a ton of screened coal was 45 cents. Sixteen years later, — that is, in 1912, — at a time when the miners had become strongly organized, the average market price of bituminous coal loaded on the railway cars at the mines was \$1.15 per ton; the average price paid to miners for producing a tone of screened coal was \$1.00. The significance of these figures is that while wages paid to miners for mining a ton of coal during the period from 1896 to 1912 have advanced 122 per cent, the price received by the mine-owners has advanced only 38.5 per cent. Therefore, it cannot be true that even in an

industry in which wages are the principal element of cost in production, an advance in wages 'raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made.'

Moreover, the material benefits which have come to the miners as a result of trade-union effort are not all represented by the increased wages received for mining a ton of coal. In the year 1896 the average production of the bituminous coal-miners of the United States was 2.94 tons per man per working day; in the year 1912 the average production of the bituminous coal-miners of the United States was 3.68 tons per man per working day. In 1896 ten hours was the length of the workday, whereas in 1912 the eight-hour day prevailed. It will thus be seen that the income of the bituminous coal-miners has increased much more than is represented by the advance in the schedule of rates for mining coal.

But what is more important, these increased wages and shorter hours of labor have wrought a tremendous change in the intellectual and moral as well as in the physical lives of the mine-workers. They are no longer, as they once were, a poverty-stricken, hopeless, despairing people. They are men; men whose outlook upon life is that of hope, of cheer, of intelligent, constructive discontent. And the experience of the miners is typical of that of all workmen. Low wages, long hours, evil conditions of employment—the inevitable results of unrestricted competition of labor—mean the degradation of the workers, the abandonment of hope, a deadening of the finer senses, the survival of the strongest, the destruction of the laboring classes.

Unrestricted competition of labor—that is, non-unionism—finds its natural and inevitable sequence in the sweat-shop and the slum; it finds its logical expression at Lawrence, at Pat-

erson, at McKees Rocks, at Bethlehem, and in the mining fields of West Virginia. Unrestricted competition of labor is portrayed by Millet, and depicted by Markham in 'The Man with the Hoe.'

The suggestion, heard in more than one quarter, that trade-unionism is in conflict with the law and the state, or that trade-unionists wage war on society, has no foundation in fact. Trade-unionism stands for the constructive development of society, it seeks the more equitable distribution of wealth in order that all our people may develop to the extent of their highest and best possibilities. In contradiction to the dire apprehensions sometimes expressed by critics and opponents of trade-unionism, listen to the words of the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone: 'Trade-unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies'; to those of Wendell Phillips: 'I rejoice at every effort workmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement, it is my only hope for democracy. Organize and stand together; let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice!' Again, hear Thorold Rogers, during his life Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford: 'I look to the trade-unions as the principal means for benefiting the working classes'; and Mr. Taft, when President of the United States: 'Time was when everybody who employed labor was opposed to the labor-union; when it was regarded as a menace. That time, I am glad to say, has largely passed away, and the man to-day who objects to the organization of labor should be relegated to the last century.'

Notwithstanding the splendid work and the great achievements of the organized wage-earners in protecting those in our social and industrial life who are least able to protect themselves,

efforts are constantly being made to discredit and destroy the trade-unions. Open foes and professing friends alike have sought their undoing, the former by siege or assault, the latter by insidious attempts to divert them from the course they have pursued so successfully. And yet every year the unions grow in strength, in numbers, and in influence; they grow in the affections of the wage-earners; they grow in the respect of fair-minded employers; they grow in the esteem of right-thinking men and women everywhere.

The critics of trade-union policy have suggested that the employer 'introduce into his shops carefully worked-out plans for helping the operatives to rise in life, to better conditions by welfare work, to encourage savings and thrift, to introduce the stimulus of profit-sharing.' I have no desire or disposition to detract from the value of wel-

fare work; on the contrary, I wish to commend every employer who undertakes *at his own expense* to improve and make more pleasant and wholesome the conditions under which his employees work. Welfare work, however, is not a substitute for wages. If the employer desires to supplement the wages agreed to between himself and the union, such action is not inimical to trade-unionism and may be of great value to all concerned; but the workmen will not be lured by any device from their allegiance to trade-unionism, they will not accept welfare work or profit-sharing in lieu of just wages and the right to organize; they will not and should not depend upon Lords Bountiful and Ladies Charitable; they prefer to depend upon themselves and their trade-unions as the means through which to work out their economic salvation.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER¹

V. HORSE-THIEVES

BURNT FORK, WYO., *January 23.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I am afraid all my friends think I am very forgetful and that you think I am ungrateful as well, but I am going to plead not guilty. Right after Christmas Mr. Stewart came down with la grippe and was so miserable that it kept me busy trying to relieve him.

¹ These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in preceding numbers. — THE EDITORS.

Out here where we can get no physician we have to dope ourselves, so that I had to be housekeeper, nurse, doctor, and general overseer. That explains my long silence.

And now I want to thank you for your kind thought in prolonging our Christmas. The magazines were much appreciated. They relieved some weary night-watches, and the box did Jerrine more good than the medicine I was having to give her for la grippe. She was content to stay in bed and enjoy the contents of her box. . . .

When I read of the hard times among the Denver poor I feel like urging them every one to get out and file on land. I am very enthusiastic about women homesteading. It really requires less strength and labor to raise plenty to satisfy a large family than it does to go out to wash, with the added satisfaction of knowing that their job will not be lost to them if they care to keep it. Even if improving the place does go slowly, it is that much done to stay done. Whatever is raised is the homesteader's own, and there is no house-rent to pay. This year Jerrine cut and dropped enough potatoes to raise a ton of fine potatoes. She wanted to try, so we let her, and you will remember that she is but six years old. We had a man to break the ground and cover the potatoes for her and the man irrigated them once. That was all that was done until digging time, when they were plowed out and Jerrine picked them up. Any woman strong enough to go out by the day could have done every bit of the work and put in two or three times that much, and it would have been so much more pleasant than to work so hard in the city and then be on starvation rations in the winter.

To me, homesteading is the solution of all poverty's problems, but I realize that temperament has much to do with success in any undertaking, and persons afraid of coyotes and work and loneliness had better let ranching alone. At the same time, any woman who can stand her own company, can see the beauty of the sunset, loves growing things, and is willing to put in as much time at careful labor as she does over the washtub, will certainly succeed; will have independence, plenty to eat all the time, and a home of her own in the end.

Experimenting need cost the homesteader no more than the work, be-

cause by applying to the Department of Agriculture at Washington he can get enough of any seed and as many kinds as he wants to make a thorough trial, and it does n't even cost postage. Also one can always get bulletins from there and from the experiment station of one's own state concerning any problem or as many problems as may come up. I would not, for anything, allow Mr. Stewart to do anything toward improving my place for I want the fun and the experience myself. And I want to be able to speak from experience when I tell others what they can do. Theories are very beautiful, but facts are what must be had, and what I intend to give some time.

Here I am boring you to death with things that cannot interest you! You'd think I wanted you to homestead, would n't you? But I am only thinking of the troops of tired, worried women, sometimes even cold and hungry, scared to death of losing their places to work, who could have plenty to eat, who could have good fires by gathering the wood, and comfortable homes of their own, if they but had the courage and determination to get them.

I must stop right now before you get so tired you will not answer. With much love to you from Jerrine and myself, I am

Yours affectionately,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING. [No date.]

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

... I am so afraid that you will get an overdose of culture from your visit to the Hub and am sending you an antidote of our sage, sand and sunshine.

Mrs. Louderer had come over to see our boy. Together we had prepared supper and were waiting for Clyde who had gone to the post-office. Soon he

came, and after the usual friendly wrangling between him and Mrs. Louderer we had supper. Then they began their inevitable game of cribbage while I sat near the fire with baby on my lap. Clyde was telling us of a raid on a ranch about seventy-five miles away, in which the thieves had driven off thirty head of fine horses. There were only two of the thieves, and the sheriff with a large posse was pursuing them and forcing every man they came across into the chase, and a regular man-hunt was on. It was interesting only because one of the thieves was a noted outlaw then out on parole and known to be desperate. We were in no way alarmed, the trouble was all in the next county, and somehow that always seems so far away. We knew if the men ever came together there would be a pitched battle, with bloodshed and death, but there seemed little chance that the sheriff would ever overtake the men.

I remember I was feeling sorry for the poor fellows with a price on their heads, — the little pink man on my lap had softened my heart wonderfully. Jerrine was enjoying the pictures in a paper illustrating early days on the range, wild scenes of roping and branding. I had remarked that I did n't believe there were any more such times, when Mrs. Louderer replied, 'Dot just shows how much it iss you do not know. You shall come to mine house and when away you come it shall be wiser as when you left.' I had kept at home very closely all summer and a little trip seemed the most desirable thing I could think of, particularly as the baby would be in no way endangered. But long ago I learned that the quickest way to get what I want is not to want it, outwardly, at least. So I assumed an indifference that was not very real. The result was that next morning every one was in a hurry

to get me started, — Clyde greasing the little old wagon that looks like a twin to Cora Belle's, and Mrs. Louderer, who thinks no baby can be properly brought up without goose-grease, busy greasing the baby 'so as he shall not some cold take yet.' Mrs. Louderer had ridden over, so her saddle was laid in the wagon and her pony, Bismarck, was hitched in with Chub, the laziest horse in all Wyoming. I knew Clyde could manage very well while I should be gone, and there was n't a worry to interfere with the pleasure of my outing.

We jogged along right merrily, Mrs. Louderer devoting her entire attention to trying to make Chub pull even with Bismarck, Jerrine and myself enjoying the ever-changing views. I wish I could lay it all before you. Summer was departing with reluctant feet, unafraid of Winter's messengers, the chill winds. That day was especially beautiful. The gleaming snow-peaks and heavy forest south and at our back; west, north, and east, long, broken lines of the distant mountains with their blue haze. Pilot Butte to the north, one hundred miles away, stood out clear and distinct as though we could drive there in an hour or two. The dull, neutral-colored 'bad land' hills nearer us are interesting only because we know they are full of the fossil remains of strange creatures, long since extinct.

For a distance our way lay up Henry's Fork valley; prosperous little ranches dotted the view, ripening grain rustled pleasantly in the warm morning sunshine, and closely cut alfalfa fields made bright spots of emerald against the dun landscape. The quaking aspens were just beginning to turn yellow; everywhere purple asters were a blaze of glory except where the rabbit-bush grew in clumps, waving its feathery plumes of gold.

Over it all the sky was so deeply blue, with little, airy, white clouds drifting lazily along. Every breeze brought scents of cedar, pine and sage. At this point the road wound along the base of cedar hills; some magpies were holding a noisy caucus among the trees, a pair of bluebirds twittered excitedly upon a fence, and high overhead a great black eagle soared. All was so peaceful that horse-thieves and desperate men seemed too remote to think about.

Presently we crossed the creek and headed our course due north toward the desert and the buttes. I saw that we were not going right to reach Mrs. Louderer's ranch, so I asked where we were supposed to be going. 'We iss going to the mouth of Dry Creek by, where it goes Black's Fork into. Dere mine punchers holdts five hunttert steers. We shall de camp visit and you shall come back wiser as when you went.'

Well, we both came away wiser. I had thought we were going only to the Louderer ranch, so I put up no lunch, and there was nothing for the horses either. But it was too beautiful a time to let such things annoy us. Anyway, we expected to reach camp just after noon, so a little delay about dinner did n't seem so bad. We had entered the desert by noon; the warm, red sands fell away from the wheels with soft, hissing sounds. Occasionally a little horned toad sped panting along before us, suddenly darting aside to watch with bright, cunning eyes as we passed. Some one had placed a buffalo's skull beside a big bunch of sage and on the sage a splendid pair of elk's antlers. We saw many such scattered over the sands, grim reminders of a past forever gone.

About three o'clock we reached our destination, but no camp was there. We were more disappointed than I can tell you, but Mrs. Louderer merely

went down to the river, a few yards away, and cut an armful of willow sticks wherewith to coax Chub to a little brisker pace, and then we took the trail of the departed mess-wagon. Shortly, we topped a low range of hills and beyond, in a cuplike valley, was the herd of sleek beauties feeding contentedly on the lush green grass. I suppose it sounds odd to hear desert and river in the same breath, but within a few feet of the river the desert begins, where nothing grows but sage and greasewood. In oasis-like spots will be found plenty of grass where the soil is nearer the surface and where sub-irrigation keeps the roots watered. In one of these spots the herd was being held. When the grass became short they would be moved to another such place.

It required, altogether, fifteen men to take care of the herd, because many of the cattle had been bought in different places, some in Utah, and these were always trying to run away and work back toward home, so they required constant herding. Soon we caught the glimmer of white canvas, and knew it was the cover of the mess-wagon, so we headed that way.

The camp was quite near the river so as to be handy to water and to have the willows for wood. Not a soul was at camp. The fire was out, and even the ashes had blown away. The mess-box was locked and Mrs. Louderer's loud calls brought only echoes from the high rock-walls across the river. However, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it, so we tethered the horses and went down to the river to relieve ourselves of the dust that seemed determined to unite with the dust that we were made of. Mrs. Louderer declared she was 'so mat as nodings and would fire dot Herman so soon as she could see him alreaty.'

Presently we saw the most grotesque

figure approaching camp. It was Herman, the fat cook, on Hunks, a gaunt, ugly old horse, whose days of usefulness under the saddle were past and who had degenerated into a work-horse. The disgrace of it seemed to be driving him into a decline, but he stumbled along bravely under his heavy load. A string of a dozen sage chickens swung on one side, and across the saddle in front of Herman lay a young antelope. A volley of German abuse was hurled at poor Herman, wound up in as plain American as Mrs. Louderer could speak: 'And who iss going to pay de game-warden de fine of dot antelope what you haf shot? And how iss it that we haf come de camp by und so starved as we iss hungry, and no cook und no food? Iss dat for why you iss paid?'

Herman was some Dutch himself, however. 'How iss it,' he demanded, 'dat you haf not so much sense as you haf tongue? How haf you lived so long as always in de West und don't know enough to hunt a bean-hole when you reach your own camp. Hey?'

Mrs. Louderer was very properly subdued and I delighted when he removed the stones from where the fire had been, exposing a pit from which, with a pair of pot-hooks, he lifted pots and ovens of the most delicious meat, beans and potatoes. From the mess-box he brought bread and apricot pie. From a near-by spring he brought us a bright, new pail full of clear, sparkling water, but Mrs. Louderer insisted upon tea and in a short time he had it ready for us. The tarpaulin was spread on the ground for us to eat from, and soon we were showing an astonished cook just how much food two women and a child could get away with. I ate a good deal of ashes with my roast beef and we all ate more or less sand, but fastidiousness about food is a good thing to get rid of when you come West to camp.

When the regular supper-time arrived the punchers began to gather in, and the 'boss,' who had been to town about some business, came in and brought back the news of the man-hunt. The punchers sat about the fire, eating hungrily from their tin plates and eagerly listening to the recital. Two of the boys were tenderfeet: one from Tennessee called Daisy Belle, because he whistled that tune so much and because he had nose-bleed so much, — could n't even ride a broncho but his nose would bleed for hours afterwards; and the other, 'N'Yawk,' so called from his native state. N'Yawk was a great boaster; said he was n't afraid of no durned outlaw, — said his father had waded in bloody gore up to his neck and that he was a chip off the old block — rather hoped the chase would come our way so he could try his marksmanship.

The air began to grow chill and the sky was becoming overcast. Preparations for the night busied everybody. Fresh ponies were being saddled for the night relief, the hard-ridden, tired ones that had been used that day being turned loose to graze. Some poles were set up and a tarpaulin arranged for Mrs. Louderer and me to sleep under. Mrs. Louderer and Jerrine lay down on some blankets and I unrolled some more, which I was glad to notice were clean, for baby and myself. I can't remember ever being more tired and sleepy, but I could n't go to sleep. I could hear the boss giving orders in quick, decisive tones. I could hear the punchers discussing the raid, finally each of them telling exploits of his favorite heroes of outlawry. I could hear Herman, busy among his pots and pans. Then he mounted the tongue of the mess-wagon and called out, 'We haf for breakfast cockle-berries, first vot iss come iss served, und those vot iss sleep late gets nodings.'

I had never before heard of cockleberries and asked sleepy Mrs. Louderer what they were. 'Wait until morning and you shall see,' was all the information that I received.

Soon a gentle, drizzling rain began, and the punchers hurriedly made their beds, as they did so twitting N'Yawk about making his between our tent and the fire. 'You're dead right, pard,' I heard one of them say, 'to make your bed there, fer if them outlaws comes this way they'll think you air one of the women and they won't shoot you. Just us *men* air in danger.'

'Confound your fool tongues, how they goin' to know there's any women here? I tell you, fellers, my old man waded in bloody gore up to his neck and I'm just like him.'

They kept up this friendly parleying until I dozed off to sleep, but I could n't stay asleep. I don't think I was afraid but I certainly was nervous. The river was making a sad, moaning sound, the rain fell gently, like tears. All nature seemed to be mourning about something, happened or going to happen. Down by the river an owl hooted dismally. Half a mile away the night-herders were riding round and round the herd. One of them was singing, — faint but distinct came his song: 'Bury me not on the lone prairie.' Over and over again he sang it. After a short interval of silence he began again. This time it was, 'I'm thinking of my dear old Mother, ten thousand miles away.'

Two punchers stirred uneasily and began talking. 'Blast that Tex,' I heard one of them say, 'he certainly has it bad to-night. What the deuce makes him sing so much? I feel like bawling like a kid; I wish he'd shut up.' 'He's homesick; I guess we all are too, but they ain't no use staying awake and letting it soak in. Shake the water off the tarp, you air lettin' water catch on

your side an' it's running into my ear.'

That is the last I heard for a long time. I must have slept. I remember that the baby stirred and I spoke to him. It seemed to me that something struck against the guy-rope that held our tarpaulin taut, but I was n't sure. I was in that dozy state, half asleep, when nothing is quite clear. It seemed as though I had been listening to the tramp of feet for hours and that a whole army must be filing past, when I was brought suddenly into keen consciousness by a loud voice demanding, 'Hello! Whose outfit is this?' 'This is the 7 Up, — Louderer's,' the boss called back; 'what's wanted?' 'Is that you, Mat? This is Ward's posse. We been after Meeks and Murdock all night. It's so durned dark we can't see, but we got to keep going; their horses are about played. We changed at Hadley's, but we ain't had a bite to eat and we got to search your camp.' 'Sure thing,' the boss answered, 'roll off and take a look. Hi, there, you Herm, get out of there and fix these fellers something to eat.'

We were surrounded. I could hear the clanking of spurs and the sound of the wet, tired horses shaking themselves and rattling the saddles on every side. 'Who's in the wickiup?' I heard the sheriff ask. 'Some women and kids, — Mrs. Louderer and a friend.'

In an incredibly short time Herman had a fire coaxed into a blaze and Mat Watson and the sheriff went from bed to bed with a lantern. They searched the mess-wagon, even, although Herman had been sleeping there. The sheriff unceremoniously flung out the wood and kindling the cook had stored there. He threw back the flap of our tent and flashed the lantern about. He could see plainly enough that there were but the four of us, but I wondered how they saw outside where the rain made it worse, the lantern was so

dirty. 'Yes,' I heard the sheriff say, 'we've been pushing them hard. They're headed north, evidently intend to hit the railroad but they'll never make it. Every ford on the river is guarded except right along here, and there's five parties ranging on the other side. My party's split, — a bunch has gone on to the bridge. If they find anything they're to fire a volley. Same with us. I knew they could n't cross the river nowhere but at the bridge or here.'

The men had gathered about the fire and were gulping hot coffee and cold beef and bread. The rain ran off their slickers in little rivulets. I was sorry the fire was no better, because some of the men had on only ordinary coats, and the drizzling rain seemed determined that the fire should not blaze high.

Before they had finished eating we heard a shot, followed by a regular medley of dull booms. The men were in their saddles and gone in less time than it takes to tell it. The firing had ceased save for a few sharp reports from the revolvers, like a coyote's spiteful snapping. The pounding of the horses's hoofs grew fainter, and soon all was still. I kept my ears strained for the slightest sound. The cook and the boss, the only men up, hurried back to bed. Watson had risen so hurriedly that he had not been careful about his 'tarp' and water had run into his bed. But that would n't disconcert anybody but a tenderfoot. I kept waiting in tense silence to hear them come back with dead or wounded, but there was not a sound. The rain had stopped. Mrs. Louderer struck a match and said it was three o'clock. Soon she was asleep. Through a rift in the clouds a star peeped out. I could smell the wet sage and the sand. A little breeze came by, bringing Tex's song once more: 'Oh, it matters not, so I've been told, How the body lies when the heart grows cold.' Oh, dear!

the world seemed so full of sadness. I kissed my baby's little, downy head and went to sleep.

It seems that cowboys are rather sleepy-headed in the morning and it is a part of the cook's job to get them up. The next I knew, Herman had a tin pan on which he was beating a vigorous tattoo, all the time hollering, 'We haf cockle-berries und antelope steak for breakfast.' The baby was startled by the noise, so I attended to him and then dressed myself for breakfast. I went down to the little spring to wash my face. The morning was lowering and gray, but a wind had sprung up and the clouds were parting. There are times when anticipation is a great deal better than realization. Never having seen a cockle-berry, my imagination pictured them as some very luscious wild fruit, and I was so afraid none would be left that I could n't wait until the men should eat and be gone. So I surprised them by joining the very earliest about the fire. Herman began serving breakfast. I held out my tin plate and received some of the steak, an egg, and two delicious biscuits. We had our coffee in big enameled cups, without sugar or cream, but it was piping hot and *so* good. I had finished my egg and steak and so I told Herman I was ready for my cockle-berries.

'Listen to her now, will you?' he asked. And then indignantly, 'How many cockle-berries does you want? You haf had so many as I haf cooked for you.' 'Why, Herman, I have n't had a single berry,' I said. Then such a roar of laughter. Herman gazed at me in astonishment, and Mr. Watson gently explained to me that eggs and cockle-berries were one and the same.

N'Yawk was not yet up, so Herman walked over to his bed, kicked him a few times, and told him he would scald him if he did n't turn out. It was quite light by then. N'Yawk joined us in a

few minutes. 'What the deuce was you fellers kicking up such a rumpus fer last night?' he asked. 'You blamed blockhead, don't you know?' the boss answered. 'Why the sheriff searched this camp last night. They had a battle down at the bridge afterwards and either they are all killed or else no one is hurt. They would have been here otherwise. Ward took a shot at them once yesterday, but I guess he did n't hit; the men got away, anyway. And durn your sleepy head! you just lay there and snored. Well, I'll be danged!' Words failed him, his wonder and disgust were so great.

N'Yawk turned to get his breakfast. His light shirt was blood-stained in the back, — seemed to be soaked. 'What's the matter with your shirt, it's soaked with blood?' some one asked. 'Then that durned Daisy Belle has been crawling in with me, that's all,' he said. 'Blame his bleeding snoot. I'll punch it and give it something to bleed for.'

Then Mr. Watson said, 'Daisy ain't been in all night. He took Jesse's place when he went to town after supper.' That started an inquiry and search which speedily showed that some one with a bleeding wound had gotten in with N'Yawk. It also developed that Mr. Watson's splendid horse and saddle were gone, the rope that the horse had been picketed with lying just as it had been cut from his neck.

Now all was bustle and excitement. It was plainly evident that one of the outlaws had lain hidden on N'Yawk's bed while the sheriff was there, and that afterwards he had saddled the horse and made his escape. His own horse was found in the willows, the saddle cut loose and the bridle off, but the poor, jaded thing had never moved. By sun-up the search-party returned, all too worn-out with twenty-four hours in the saddle to continue

the hunt. They were even too worn-out to eat, but flung themselves down for a few hours' rest. The chase was hopeless anyway, for the search-party had gone north in the night. The wounded outlaw had doubtless heard the sheriff talking and, the coast being clear to the southward, had got the fresh horse and was by that time probably safe in the heavy forests and mountains of Utah. His getting in with N'Yawk had been a daring ruse but a successful one. Where his partner was, no one could guess. But by that time all the camp excepting Herman and Mrs. Louderer were so panicky that we could n't have made a rational suggestion.

N'Yawk, white around his mouth, approached Mrs. Louderer. 'I want to quit,' he said. 'Well,' she said, calmly sipping her coffee, 'you haf done it.' 'I'm sick,' he stammered. 'I know you iss,' she said, 'I haf before now seen men get sick when they iss scared to death.' 'My old daddy —' he began. 'Yes, I know, he waded the creek yone time und you has had cold feet effer since.'

Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him. I had cold feet myself just then, and I was powerfully anxious to warm them by my own fire where a pair of calm blue eyes would reassure me.

I did n't get to see the branding that was to have taken place on the range that day. The boss insisted on taking the trail of his valued horse. He was very angry. He thought there was a traitor among the posse. Who started the firing at the bridge no one knew, and Watson said openly that it was done to get the sheriff away from camp.

My own home looked mighty good to me when we drove up that evening. I don't want any more wild life on the range, — not for a while, anyway.

Your ex-Washlady,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

THE UNEXPECTED REACTIONS OF A TRAVELER IN EGYPT

BY JANE ADDAMS

WE have so long been taught that the temples and tombs of ancient Egypt are the very earliest of the surviving records of ideas and men, that we approach them with a certain sense of familiarity, quite ready to claim a share in these 'family papers and title deeds of the race.' We fancy that to know this first inheritance from the past will make it easier forevermore to adjust the things of the present to the things that have been; to realize 'where we are in regard to time,' in the words of Emerson.

The traveler in Egypt may also consider it probable that these primitive human records will stir within him certain early states of consciousness, having learned, with the readiness which so quickly attaches itself to the pseudo-scientific phrase, that every child repeats in himself the history of the race. Nevertheless, what I, at least, was totally unprepared to encounter, was the constant revival of primitive and overpowering emotions which I had experienced so long ago that they had become absolutely detached from myself and seemed to belong to some one else — to a small person with whom I was no longer intimate, and who was certainly not in the least responsible for my present convictions and reflections.

When visiting the imposing fragments of rituals and theogonies at Memphis and Thebes, or in the wonderful museum in Cairo, or when read-

ing the fascinating books recently written by historians and archaeologists, it became obvious that the ancient Egyptians had known this small person quite intimately and had most seriously and naively set down upon the walls of their temples and tombs her earliest reactions in the presence of death.

Of course Egypt meant infinitely more than this, and there were days when I experienced no such reactions. On the other hand, often when looking at the spirited portrayal in relief of the conquests of the great Ramses, or at Ikhnaton's marvelous attempt to substitute monotheism for the worship of the myriad gods of Egypt, or at the valiant efforts of the first feminist, Queen Hatshepsut, to hold her constantly disputed throne, or at the rich and varied speculations concerning the life after death accumulated through centuries of an hereditary priesthood, my adult intelligence would be unexpectedly submerged by the emotional message which was written underneath it all. Rising to the surface like a flood, this primitive emotion would sweep away both the historic record itself and the adult consciousness interested in it, leaving only a child's mind struggling through an experience which it found overwhelming.

It may have been because these records of the early Egyptians are so endlessly preoccupied with death, portraying man's earliest efforts to defeat

it, his eager desire to survive, to enter by force or by guile into the heavens of the western sky, that the mind is pushed back into that earliest childhood when the existence of the soul, its exact place of residence in the body, its experiences immediately after death, its journeyings upward, its relation to its guardian angel, so often afford material for the crudest speculation. In the obscure renewal of these childish fancies, there is nothing that is definite enough to be called memory; it is rather that Egypt reproduces a state of consciousness which has so absolutely passed into oblivion that only the most powerful stimuli could revive it.

This revival doubtless occurs more easily because these early records in relief and color not only suggest in their subject-matter that a child has been endowed with sufficient self-consciousness to wish to write down his own state of mind upon a wall, but also because the very primitive style of drawing to which the Egyptians adhered long after they had acquired a high degree of artistic freedom, is the most natural technique through which to convey so simple and archaic a message. The squared shoulders of the men, the stairways done in profile, and a hundred other details, constantly remind one of a child's drawings. It is as if the Egyptians had painstakingly portrayed everything that a child has felt in regard to death, and, having during the process gradually discovered the style of drawing naturally employed by a child, had deliberately stiffened it into an unchanging convention. The result is that the traveler, reading in these drawings which stretch the length of three thousand years the long endeavor of the Egyptians to overcome death, finds that the experiences of the two — the child and the primitive people — often become con-

fused, or rather that they are curiously interrelated.

This begins from the moment that the traveler discovers that the earliest tombs surviving in Egypt, the *mastabas*, — which resembled the natural results of a child's first effort to place one stone upon another, — are concerned only with size, as if that first crude belief in the power of physical bulk to protect the terrified human being against all shadowy evils were absolutely instinctive and universal. The *mastabas* gradually develop into the pyramids, of which Breasted says that 'they are not only the earliest emergence of organized men and the triumph of concerted effort, they are likewise a silent but eloquent expression of the supreme endeavor to achieve immortality by sheer physical force.' Both the *mastabas* at Sakkara and the pyramids at Gizeh, in the sense of Tolstoi's definition of art as that which reproduces in the spectator the state of consciousness of the artist, at once appeal to the child surviving in the traveler, who insists irrationally, after the manner of children, upon sympathizing with the attempt to shut out death by strong walls.

Certainly we can all vaguely remember, when death itself, or stories of ghosts, had come to our intimate child's circle, going about saying to ourselves that we were 'not afraid,' that it 'could not come here,' that 'the door was locked, the windows tight shut,' that 'this was a big house,' and a great deal more talk of a similar sort.

In the presence of these primitive attempts to defeat death, and without the conscious aid of memory, I found myself living over the emotions of a child six years old, saying some such words as I sat on the middle of the stairway in my own home, which yet seemed alien because all the members of the family had gone to the funeral

of a relative and would not be back until evening, 'long after you are in bed,' they had said. In this moment of loneliness and terror, I depended absolutely upon the brick walls of the house to keep out the prowling terror, and neither the talk of kindly Polly, who awkwardly and unsuccessfully reduced an unwieldy theology to child-language, nor the strings of paper dolls cut by a visitor, gave me the slightest comfort. Only the blank wall which flanked one side of the stairway seemed to afford protection in this bleak moment against the formless peril.

Doubtless these huge tombs were built to preserve from destruction the royal bodies which were hidden within them at the end of tortuous and carefully concealed passages; but both the gigantic structures in the vicinity of Memphis and the everlasting hills which were later utilized at Thebes inevitably give the traveler the impression that death is defied and shut out by massive defenses.

Even when the traveler sees that the Egyptians defeated their object by the very success of the Gizeh pyramids, — for when their overwhelming bulk could not be enlarged and their bewildering labyrinths could not be multiplied, effort along that line perforce ceased, — there is something in the next attempt of the Egyptians to overcome death which the child within us again recognizes as an old experience. The traveler who takes pains to inquire concerning the meaning of the texts which were inscribed on the inner walls of the pyramids and the early tombs finds that the familiar terror of death is still there, although expressed somewhat more subtly; that the Egyptians are trying to outwit death by magic tricks.

One who reads in translation hundreds of these texts finds that they are designed to teach the rites that re-

deem a man from death and insure his continuance of life not only beyond the grave but in the grave itself. 'He who sayeth this chapter and who has been justified in the waters of Natron, he shall come forth the day after his burial.' Because to recite them was to fight successfully against the enemies of the dead, these texts came to be inscribed on tombs, on coffins, and on the papyrus hung around the neck of a mummy. But woe to the man who was buried without the texts: 'He who knoweth not this chapter cannot come forth by day.' Access to Paradise and all its joys was granted to any one, good or bad, who knew the formulæ, for in the first stages of Egyptian civilization, as in all others, the gods did not concern themselves with the conduct of man toward other men, but solely with his duty to the gods themselves.

The value of the magic formulæ could scarcely be overestimated. They alone afforded protection against the shadowy dangers awaiting the dead man when first he entered the next world, and enabled him to overcome the difficulties of his journey. The texts taught him how to impersonate particular gods, and by this subterfuge to overcome the various foes he must encounter, because these foes, having at one time been overcome by the gods, were easily terrified by such pretense.

When I found myself curiously sympathetic with this desire 'to pretend,' and with the eager emphasis attached by the Egyptians to their magic formulæ, I was inclined to put it down to that secret sympathy with magic by means of which all children, in moments of rebellion against a humdrum world, hope to wrest something startling and thrilling out of the enviroing realm of the supernatural; but beyond a kinship with this desire to placate the evil one, to overcome him by mysterious words, I found it baffling to trace my sympa-

thy to a definite experience. Gradually, however, it emerged, blurred in certain details, surprisingly alive in others, but all of it suffused with the selfsame emotions which impelled the Egyptian to write his Book of the Dead.

To describe it as a spiritual struggle is to use much too dignified and definite a term: it was the prolonged emotional stress throughout one cold winter when revival services — protracted meetings they were called — were held in the village church night after night. I was, of course, not permitted to attend them, but I heard them talked about a great deal by simple adults and children who told of those who shouted aloud for joy or lay on the floor 'stiff with power' because they were saved; and of others — it was for those others that my heart was wrung with sympathetic understanding — who, although they wrestled with the spirit until midnight and cried out that they felt the hot breath of hell upon their cheeks, could not find salvation. Would it do to pretend? I anxiously asked myself; why did n't they say the right words so that they could get up from the mourners' bench and sit with the other people, who must feel so sorry for them that they would let them pretend? What were these words that made such a difference that to say them was an assurance of heavenly bliss, but if you failed to say them you burned in hell forever and ever? Was the preacher the only one who knew them for sure? Was it possible to find them without first kneeling at the mourners' bench and groaning? These words must certainly be in the Bible somewhere, and if one read it out loud all through, every word, one must surely say the right words in time; but if one died before one was grown up enough to read the Bible through, — to-night for instance, — what would

happen then? Surely nothing else could be so important as these words of salvation. While I did not exactly scheme to secure them, I was certainly restrained only by my impotence, and I anxiously inquired from every one what these magic words might be; and only gradually did this childish search for magic protection from the terrors after death imperceptibly merge into a concern for the fate of the soul.

Perhaps because it is so impossible to classify one's own childish experiences or to put them into chronological order, the traveler at no time feels a lack of consistency in the complicated attitude toward death which is portrayed on the walls of the Egyptian temples and tombs. Much of it seems curiously familiar; from the earliest times the Egyptians held the belief that there is in man a permanent element which survives — it is the double, the *Ka*, the natural soul in contradistinction to the spiritual soul, which fits exactly into the shape of the body but is not blended with it. In order to save this double from destruction, the body must be preserved in a recognizable form. †

This insistence upon the preservation of the body among the Egyptians, antedating their faith in magic formulæ, clearly had its origin, as in the case of the child, in a desperate revolt against the destruction of the visible man.

Owing to this continued insistence upon corporeal survival, the Egyptians at length carried the art of embalming to such a state of perfection that mummies of royal personages are easily recognized from their likenesses to portrait statues. Such confidence did they have in their own increasing ability to withhold the human frame from destruction that many of these texts inscribed on the walls of the tombs assure the very dead man himself that he is not dead, and endeavor to

convince his survivors against the testimony of their own senses; or rather, they attempt to deceive the senses. The texts endlessly repeat the same assertion, 'Thou comest not dead to thy sepulchre, thou comest living'; and yet the very reiteration as well as the decorations upon the walls of every tomb portray a primitive terror lest after all the body be destroyed and the element of life be lost forever. One's throat goes dry over this old fear of death expressed by men who have been so long dead that there is no record of them but this, no surviving document of their once keen reactions to life.

Doubtless the Egyptians in time overcame this primitive fear concerning the disappearance of the body, as we all do, although each individual is destined to the devastating experience. The memory of mine came back to me vividly as I stood in an Egyptian tomb: I was a tiny child, making pot-hooks in the village school, when one day, — it must have been in the full flush of spring, for I remember the crab-apple blossoms, — during the afternoon session, the A B C class was told that its members would march all together to the burial of the mother of one of the littlest girls. Of course, I had been properly taught that people went to heaven when they died and that their bodies were buried in the cemetery, but I was not at all clear about it, and I was certainly totally unprepared to see what appeared to be the very person herself put deep down into the ground. The knowledge came to me so suddenly and brutally that for weeks afterward the days were heavy with a nameless oppression and the nights were filled with horror.

The cemetery was hard by the schoolhouse, placed there, it had always been whispered among us, to make the bad boys afraid. Thither the A B C class, in awestruck procession,

each child carefully holding the hand of another, was led by the teacher to the very edge of the open grave and bidden to look on the still face of the little girl's mother.

Our poor knees quaked and quavered as we stood shelterless and untended by family protection or even by friendly grown-ups; for the one tall teacher, while clearly visible, seemed inexpressibly far away as we kept an uncertain footing on the freshly spaded earth, hearing the preacher's voice, the sobs of the motherless children, and, crowning horror of all, the hollow sound of three clods of earth dropped impressively upon the coffin lid.

After endless ages the service was over, and we were allowed to go down the long hill into the familiar life of the village. But a new terror awaited us even there, for our house stood at the extreme end of the street and the last of the way home was therefore solitary. I remember a breathless run from the blacksmith shop, past the length of our lonely orchard, until the carriage-house came in sight, through whose wide-open doors I could see a man moving about. One last panting effort brought me there, and after my spirit had been slightly reassured by conversation, I took a circuitous route to the house, that I might secure as much companionship as possible on the way. I stopped at the stable to pat an old horse who stood munching in his stall, and again to throw a handful of corn into the poultry yard. The big turkey gobbler who came greedily forward gave me great comfort because he was so absurd and awkward that no one could possibly associate him with anything so solemn as death. I went into the kitchen where the presiding genius allowed me to come without protest, although the family dog was at my heels. I felt constrained to keep my arms about his shaggy neck while try-

ing to talk of familiar things — would the cake she was making be baked in the little round tins or in the big square one? But although these idle words were on my lips I wanted to cry out that 'their mother was dead, whatever, whatever would the children do?' These words, which I had overheard as we came away from the graveyard, referred doubtless to the immediate future of the little family, but in my mind were translated into a demand for definite action on the part of the children against this horrible thing which had befallen their mother.

It was with no sense of surprise that I found this long-forgotten experience spread before my eyes on the walls of a tomb built four thousand years ago into a sandy hill above the Nile at Assuan. The man so long dead, who had prepared the tomb for himself, carefully ignored the grimness of death. He is portrayed as going about his affairs surrounded by his family, his friends and his servants: grain is being measured before him into his warehouse while a scribe by his side registers the amount; the herdsmen lead forth cattle for his inspection; two of them, enraged bulls, paying no attention to the sombre implication of tomb-decoration, lower their huge heads, threatening each other as if there were no such thing as death in the world. Indeed, the builder of the tomb seems to have liked the company of animals, perhaps because they were so incurious concerning death. His dogs are around him, he stands erect in a boat from which he spears fish, and so on from one marvelous relief to another, but all the time your heart contracts for him, and you know that in the midst of this elaborately prepared nonchalance he is miserably terrified by the fate which may be in store for him, and is trying to make himself believe that he need not leave all this wonted and

homely activity; that if his body is but properly preserved he will be able to enjoy it forever.

Although the Egyptians, in their natural desire to cling to the familiar during the strange experience of death, portrayed upon the walls of their tombs many domestic and social habits whose likeness to our own household life gives us that quick satisfaction with which a traveler encounters the familiar and wonted in a strange land, such a momentary thrill is quite unlike the abiding sense of kinship which is founded upon the unexpected similarity of ideas, and it is the latter which the traveler encounters in the tombs of the eighteenth-century dynasty. The paintings portray a great hall, at the end of which sits Osiris, the god who himself had suffered death on earth, awaiting those who come before him for judgment. In the centre of the hall stands a huge balance in which the hearts of men are weighed, once more reminiscent of the childish conception, making clear that as the Egyptians became more anxious and scrupulous they gradually made the destiny of man dependent upon morality, and finally directed the souls of men to heaven or hell according to their merits.

Whether or not the tremendous results of good and evil in the earliest awakening to them were first placed in the next world by a primitive people sore perplexed as to the partialities and injustices of life, this simple view is doubtless the one the child naturally takes. In Egypt I was so vividly recalled to my first apprehension of it that the contention that the very belief in immortality is but the postulate of the idea of conscience and retribution, seemed to me at the moment a perfectly reasonable one.

The incident of my childhood around which it had formulated itself

was very simple. I had been sent with a message—an important commission it seemed to me—to the leader of the church choir: that the hymn selected for the doctor's funeral was 'How blest the righteous when he dies.' The village street was so strangely quiet under the summer sun that even the little particles of dust beating in the hot air were more noiseless than ever before. Frightened by the noonday stillness and instinctively seeking companionship, I hurried toward two women who were standing at a gate talking in low tones. In their absorption they paid no attention to my somewhat wistful greeting, but I heard one of them say with a dubious shake of the head that 'he had never openly professed nor joined the church,' and in a moment I understood that she thought the doctor might not go to heaven. What else did it mean, that half-threatening tone? Of course the doctor was good, as good as any one could be. Only a few weeks before he had given me a new penny when he pulled my tooth, and once I heard his buggy pass by in the middle of the night when he took a beautiful baby to the miller's house; he drove to the farms miles and miles away when people were sick, and everybody sent for him the minute they were in trouble. How could any one be better than that?

In defiant contrast to the whispering women, there arose in my mind, composed doubtless of various 'Bible illustrations,' the picture of an imposing white-robed judge seated upon a golden throne, who listened gravely to all these good deeds as they were read by the recording angel from his great book, and then sent the doctor straight to heaven.

I dimly felt the challenge of the fine old hymn in its claim of blessings for the righteous, and was defiantly ready at the moment to combat the theology

of the entire community. Of my own claim to heaven I was most dubious, and I simply could not bring myself to contemplate the day when my black sins should be read aloud from the big book; but fortunately the claim of reward in the next world for well-doing in this thus came to me first in regard to one of whose righteousness I was quite certain, and whom I was eager to champion before all the world and even before the judges in the world to come.

This state of mind, this mood of truculent discussion, was recalled by the wall paintings in the tomb of a nobleman in the Theban hills. In an agonized posture he awaits the outcome of his trial before Osiris. Thoth, the true scribe, records on the wall the just balance between the heart of the nobleman, which is in one pan of the scale, and the feather of truth which is in the other. The noble appeals to his heart which has thus been separated from him, to stand by him during the weighing and not to bear testimony against him. 'Oh, my heart of my existence, rise not up against me; be not an enemy against me before the divine powers; thou art my *ka* that is in my body, the heart that came to me from my mother.' The noble even tries a bribe by reminding the *ka* that his own chance of survival is dependent on his testimony at this moment. The entire effort on the part of the man being tried is to still the voice of his own conscience, to maintain stoutly his innocence even to himself.

The attitude of the self-justifying noble might easily have suggested those later childish struggles in which a sense of hidden guilt, of repeated failure in 'being good,' plays so large a part, and humbles a child to the very dust. That the definite reminiscence that the tomb evoked belonged to an earlier period of rebellion may indicate

that the Egyptian had not yet learned to confess his sins, and certainly did not commune with his gods for spiritual refreshment.

Whether it is that the long days and magical nights on the Nile lend themselves to a revival of former states of consciousness, or that I had come to expect landmarks of individual development in Egypt, or, more likely still, that I had fallen into the temptation of proving a theory at all hazards, I am unable to state; but certainly, as the Nile boat approached nearer to him 'who sleeps in Philæ,' something of the Egyptian feeling for Osiris, the god to whom was attributed the romance of a hero and the character of a benefactor and redeemer, came to me through long-forgotten sensations. Typifying the annual 'great affliction,' Osiris, who had submitted himself to death, mutilation and burial in the earth, returned each spring when the wheat and barley sprouted, bringing not only a promise of bread for the body but healing comfort for the torn mind; an intimation that death itself is beneficent and may be calmly accepted as a necessary part of an ordered universe.

Day after day the traveler, seeing the rebirth of the newly planted fields on the banks of the Nile, touched by a fresh sense of the enduring miracle of spring with its inevitable analogy to the vicissitudes of human experience, comprehends how the pathetic legends of Osiris, by providing the Egyptian with an example for his own destiny, not only opened the way for a new meaning in life, but also gradually vanquished the terrors of death.

Again there came a faint memory of a child's first apprehension that there may be poetry out of doors, of the discovery that myths have a foundation in natural phenomena, and at last a more definite reminiscence.

I saw myself a child of twelve, standing stock-still on the bank of a broad flowing river, with a little red house surrounded by low-growing willows on its opposite bank, striving to account to myself for a curious sense of familiarity, for a conviction that I had long ago known it all most intimately although I had certainly never seen the Mississippi River before. I remember that, much puzzled and mystified, at last I gravely concluded that it was one of those intimations of immortality that Wordsworth had written about, and I went back to my cousin's camp in so exalted a frame of mind that the memory of the evening light shining through the blades of young corn growing in a field passed on the way, has remained with me for forty years.

Was that fugitive sense of 'having lived before' nearer to the fresher imaginations of the Egyptians as it is nearer to the mind of a child? and did the myth of Osiris make them more willing to die because the myth came to embody a confidence in this transitory sensation of continuous life?

Such ghosts of reminiscences coming to the traveler as he visits one after another of the marvelous human documents on the banks of the Nile may be merely manifestations of that new humanism which is perhaps the most precious possession of this generation, the belief that no altar at which living men have once devoutly worshiped, no oracle to whom a nation long ago appealed in its moments of dire confusion, no gentle myth in which former generations have found solace, can lose all significance for us, the survivors.

Is it due to this same humanism that, in spite of the overweight of the tomb, Egypt never appears to the traveler as world-weary, or as a land of the dead? Although the slender fellaheen whom he sees all day pouring the water of the Nile on their parched fields,

use the primitive *shaduf* of their remote ancestors, and the stately women bear upon their heads water-jars of a shape unchanged for three thousand years, modern Egypt refuses to belong to the past and continually makes the passionate living appeal of those hard-pressed in the struggle for bread.

Under the smoking roofs of the primitive clay houses lifted high above the level of the fields, because resting on the ruins of villages which have crumbled there from time immemorial, mothers feed their children, with the old fear that there is not enough for each to have his portion; and the traveler comes to realize with a pang that

the villages are built upon the bleak, barren places quite as the dead were always buried in the desert because no black earth could be spared, and that each new harvest, cut with sickles of a curve already ancient when Moses was born, in spite of its quick ripening, is garnered barely in time to save the laborer from actual starvation.

Is it through these our living brothers, or through the unexpected reactions to the records of the past, that the traveler detects the growth within of an almost mystical sense of the life common to all the centuries, and of the unceasing human endeavor to penetrate into the unseen world.

EVENING PRAYER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

SHE sang her little bedtime air,
And drowsy-wise she spoke her prayer.

And as she spoke I saw the room
Open and stretch and glow and bloom;

And in her eyes I saw a ring
Of heaven's angels, listening.

THE LADY OF LANDOR LANE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I

'TAKE your choice; I have bungalows to burn,' said the architect.

He and his ally, the real-estate man, had been unduly zealous in the planting of bungalows in the new addition beyond the college. About half of them remained unsold, and purchasers were elusive. A promised extension of the trolley line had not materialized; and half a dozen houses of the bungalow type, scattered along a ridge through which streets had been hacked in the most brutal fashion, spoke for the sanguine temper of the projectors of Sherwood Forest. The best thing about the new streets was their names, which were a testimony to the fastidious taste of a professor in the college who had frequently thundered in print against our ignoble American nomenclature.

It was hoped that Sherwood Forest would prove particularly attractive to newly married folk of cultivation who spoke the same social language. There must, therefore, be a Blackstone Road, as a lure for struggling lawyers, a Lister Avenue, to tickle the imagination of young physicians, and Midas Lane, in which the business man, sitting at his own hearthside far from the jarring city, might dream of golden harvests. To the young matron anxious to keep in touch with art and literature, what could have been more delightful than the thought of receiving her mail in Emerson Road, Longfellow Lane, Audubon Road, or any one of a

dozen similar highways (if indeed the new streets might strictly be so called) almost within sound of the college bell? The college was a quarter of a mile away, and yet near enough to shed its light upon this new colony that had risen in a strip of forest primeval, which, as the promoting company's circulars more or less accurately recited, was only thirty minutes from lobsters and head lettuce.

This was all a year ago, just as August haughtily relinquished the world to the sway of September. I held the chair of applied sociology in the college, and had taken a year off to write a number of articles for which I had long been gathering material. It had occurred to me that it would be worth while to write a series of sociological studies in the form of short stories. My plan was to cut small cross-sections in the social strata of the adjoining city, in the suburban village which embraced the college, and in the adjacent farm region, and attempt to portray, by a nice balancing of realism and romance, the lives of the people in the several groups I had been observing. I had talked to an editor about it and he had encouraged me to try my hand.

I felt enough confidence in the scheme to risk a year's leave, and I now settled down to my writing zestfully. I had already submitted three stories, which had been accepted in a cordial spirit that proved highly stimulating to further endeavor; and the first of the series, called 'The Lords of the Round House,' — a sketch of the domestic

relationships and social conditions of the people living near the railroad shops, — had been commented on favorably as a fresh and novel view of an old subject. My second study dealt with a settlement sustained by the canning industry, and under the title, 'Eros and the Peach Crop,' I had described the labors and recreations of this community honestly, and yet with a degree of humor.

As a bachelor professor I had been boarding near the college with the widow of a minister; but now that I was giving my time wholly to writing I found this domicile intolerable. My landlady, admirable woman though she was, was altogether too prone to knock at my door on trifling errands. When I had filled my notebook with memoranda for a sketch dealing with the boarding-house evil (it has lately appeared as 'Charging What the Onion Will Bear'), I resolved to find lodgings elsewhere. And besides, the assistant professor of natural sciences occupied a room adjoining mine, and the visits of strange *reptilia* to my quarters were far from stimulating to literary labor.

I had long been immensely curious as to those young and trusting souls who wed in the twenties, establish homes, and unterrified by cruel laws enacted for the protection of confiding creditors, buy homes on the installment plan, keep a cow, carry life insurance, buy theatre tickets, maintain a baby, and fit as snugly into the social structure as though the world were made for them alone. In my tramps about the city I had marked with professional interest the appearance of great colonies of bungalows which had risen within a few years, and which spoke with an appealing eloquence for an obstinate confidence in the marriage tie. In my late afternoon excursions through these sprightly suburban regions I had gazed with the frankest

admiration upon wholly charming young persons stepping blithely along new cement walks, equipped with the neatest of card-cases, or bearing embroidered bags of sewing; and maids in the smartest of caps opened doors to them. Through windows guarded by the whitest of draperies, I had caught glimpses of our native forests as transformed into the sturdiest of arts-and-crafts furniture. Flower and kitchen gardens alike were squeezed into compact plots of earth; a Gerald or a Geraldine cooed from a perambulator at the gate of at least every other establishment; and a 'syndicate' man-of-all-work moved serenely from furnace to furnace, from lawn to lawn, as the season determined. /On Sundays I saw the young husbands hieing to church, to a golf links somewhere, to tennis in some vacant lot, or aiding their girlish wives in the cheerfulest fashion imaginable to spray rose-bushes or to drive the irrepressible dandelion from the lawn of its delight. /

These phenomena interested me more than I can say. My aim was not wholly sociological, for not only did I wish in the spirit of strictest scientific inquiry to understand just how all this was possible, but the sentimental aspect of it exercised a strange fascination upon me. When I walked these new streets at night and saw lamps lighted in dozens of cheery habitations, with the lord and lady of the bungalow reading or talking in greatest contentment; or when their voices drifted out to me from nasturtium-hung verandahs on summer evenings, I was in danger of ceasing to be a philosopher and of going over bodily to the sentimentalists. Then, the scientific spirit mastering, I vulgarly haunted the doors of the adjacent shops and communed with grocers' boys and drug-clerks, that I might gain data upon which to base speculations touching this species, this

'group,' which presented so gallant a front in a world where bills are payable not later than the tenth of every calendar month.

'You may have the brown bungalow in Audubon Road, the gray one in Washington Hedge, or the dark green one in Landor Lane. Take any one you like; they all offer about the same accommodations,' said the architect. 'You can put such rent as you see fit in the nearest squirrel-box, and if you meet an intending purchaser with our prospectus in his hand I expect you to take notice and tease him to buy. We've always got another bungalow somewhere, so you won't be thrown in the street.'

I chose Landor Lane for a variety of reasons. There were as yet only three houses in the street, and this assured a degree of peace. Many fine forest trees stood in the vacant lots, and a number had been suffered to remain within the parking retained between sidewalk and curb, mitigating greatly the harsh lines of the new addition. But I think the deciding factor was the name of the little street. Landor had always given me pleasure, and while it is possible that a residence in Huxley Avenue might have been more suitable for a seeker of truth, there was the further reflection that truth, touched with the iridescent glow of romance, need suffer nothing from contact with the spirit of Walter Savage Landor.

Directly opposite my green bungalow was a dark brown one flung up rather high above the lane. The promoters of the addition had refrained from smoothing out the landscape, so that the brown bungalow was about twenty feet above the street, while my green one was reached by only half a dozen steps.

On the day that I made my choice I saw a child of three playing in the grass plot before the brown bungalow.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the typical young freeholder and householder was doing something with an axe near the woodshed; and even as I surveyed the scene the domestic picture was completed by the appearance of the inevitable young woman, who came from the direction of the trolley-terminus, carrying the usual neat card-case in her hand. Here was exactly what I wanted — a chance to study at close hand the bungalow type; and yet, Landor Lane was so quiet, its trio of houses so distributed, that I might enjoy that coveted detachment so essential to contemplative observation and wise judgments.

'I've forgotten,' mused the architect, as we viewed the scene together, 'whether the chap in that brown bungalow is Redmond, the patent lawyer, or Manderson, the tile-grate man. There's a baby of about the same vintage at both houses. If that is n't Redmond over there showing Gladstonian prowess with the axe, it's Manderson. Woman with child and cart; number 58; West Gallery; artist unknown.' — It pleased my friend's humor to quote thus from imaginary catalogues. — 'Well, I don't know whether those are the Redmonds or the Mandersons; but come to think of it, Redmond is n't a lawyer, but the inventor of a new office-system by which profit and loss are computed hourly by a device so simple that any child may operate it. A man of your cloistral habits won't care about the neighbors, but I hope that chap is n't Redmond. A man who will think up a machine like that is n't one you'd expose perfectly good garden hose to, on dark summer nights.'

II

A Japanese boy who was working his way through college offered to assume the responsibilities of my house-

keeping for his board. Banzai brought to the task of cooking the deft hand of his race. He undertook the purchase of furniture to set me up in the bungalow, without asking questions, — in itself a great relief. In a week's time he announced that all was in readiness for my transfer, so that I made the change quite casually, without other impedimenta than a suit-case.

On that first evening, as Banzai served my supper, — he was a past master of the omelet, — I enjoyed a peace my life had not known before. In collecting material for my earlier sketches I had undeniably experienced many discomforts and annoyances; but here was an adventure which could hardly fail to prove pleasant and profitable.

As I loafed with my pipe after supper, I resolved to make the most of my good fortune and perfect a study of the bungalow as an expression of American civilization which should be the final word in that enthralling subject. I was myself, so to speak, a bungalowd, — the owner or occupant of a bungalow, — and while I was precluded by my state of bachelorhood from entering fully into the life which had so aroused my curiosity, I was nevertheless confident that I should be able to probe deeply and sympathetically into the secret of the bungalow's happiness.

Having arranged my books and papers I sought the open. Banzai had secured some porch furniture of a rustic pattern, but he had neglected to provide pillows, and as the chairs of hickory boughs were uncomfortable, I strolled out into the lane. As I stood in the walk, the door of the brown bungalow opened and a man came forth and descended to the street. It was a clear night with an abundance of stars, and the slim crescent of a young moon hung in the west. My neighbor struck a match and drew the flame into his

pipe in four or five deliberate inhalations. In the match-flare I saw his face, which impressed me as sombre, though this may have been the effect of his dark, close-trimmed beard. He stood immovable for five minutes or more, then strolled aimlessly away down the lane.

Looking up, I saw a green-shaded lamp aglow in the front window of the bungalow, and almost immediately the young wife opened the door and came out hastily, anxiously. She ran half-way down the steps, with the light of the open door falling upon her, and after a hurried glance to right and left called softly, 'Tom!'

'Tom,' she repeated more loudly; then she ran back into the house and reappeared, flinging a wrap over her shoulders, and walked swiftly away in the direction taken by the lord of the bungalow.

Could it be possible, I pondered, that the happiness I had attributed to bungalow folk was after all of such stuff as dreams are made of? There had been almost a sob in that second cry of 'Tom!' and I resented it. The scene was perfectly set; the green-shaded lamp had been lighted, ready for that communing of two souls which had so deeply moved and interested me as I had ranged the land of the bungalow; yet here was a situation which rose blackly in my imagination. I was surprised to find how quickly I took sides in this unhappy drama; I was all for the woman. The glimpse I had caught of her, tripping homeward in the lane, swinging her card-case, had been wholly pleasing; and I recalled the joyous quick rush with which she had clasped her child. I was sure that Tom was a monster, eccentric, selfish, indifferent. There had been a tiff, and he had gone off to sulk in the dark like a willful, perverse child.

I was patrolling my verandah half

an hour later, when I heard steps and then voices on the walk opposite, and back they came. It is a woman's way, I reflected, to make all the advances; and this young wife had captured the runaway and talked him into good humor. A moment later they were seated beside the table in the living-room, and so disposed that the lamp did not obscure them from each other. She was reading aloud, and occasionally glanced up, whether to make sure of his attention or to comment upon the book I did not know; and when it occurred to me that it was neither dignified nor decent to watch my neighbors through their window, I went in-doors and wrote several pages of notes for a chapter which I now felt must be written, on Bungalow Shadows.

Manderson was the name; Banzai made sure of this at the grocer's. As I took the air of the lane the next morning before breakfast, I saw that the Redmonds were a different sort. Redmond, a big fellow, with a loud voice, was bidding his wife and child good-bye. The youngster toddled after him, the wife ran after the child, and there was much laughter. They all stopped to inspect me, and Redmond introduced himself and shook hands, with the baby clutching his knees. He presented me to his wife, and they welcomed me to the lane in the cheerfulest manner, to the baby's cooing accompaniment. They restored me to confidence in the bungalow type; no doubt of the Redmonds being the real thing!

III

The lady of the brown bungalow was, however, far more attractive than her sister of the red one, and the Mandersons as a group were far more appealing than the Redmonds. My notebook filled with memoranda touching the ways and manners of the Mander-

sons, and most of these I must confess related to Mrs. Manderson. She was exactly the type I sought, the veritable *dea ex machina* of the bungalow world. She lived a good deal on her verandah, and as I had established a writing-table on mine I was able to add constantly to my notes by the mere lifting of my eyes. I excused my impudence in watching her on scientific grounds. She was no more to me than a new bird to an ornithologist, or a strange plant to a botanist.

Occasionally she would dart into the house and attack an upright piano that stood by the broad window of the living-room. I could see the firm clean stroke of her arms as she played. Those brilliant, flashing, golden things of Chopin's she did wonderfully; or again it would be Schumann's spirit she invoked. Once begun, she would run on for an hour, and Banzai would leave his kitchen and crouch on our steps to listen. She appeared at times quite fearlessly with a broom to sweep the walk, and she seemed to find a childish delight in sprinkling the lawn. Or she would set off, basket in hand, for the grocer's, and would return bearing her own purchases and none the less a lady for a' that. There was about her an indefinable freshness and crispness. I observed with awe her succession of pink and blue shirt-waists, in which she caught and diffused the sun like a figure in one of Benson's pictures; and when she danced off with her card-case in a costume of solid white, and with a floppy white hat, she was not less than adorable.

Manderson nodded to me the second day, a little coldly, as we met in the walk; and thereafter nodded or waved a hand when I fell under his eye. One evening I heard him calling her across the dusk of the yard. Her name was Olive, and nothing, it seemed to me, was ever more fitting than that.

One morning as I wrote at my table on the verandah I was aroused by a commotion over the way. The girl-of-all-work appeared in the front yard screaming and wringing her hands, and I rushed across the lane to learn that the water-heater was possessed of an evil spirit and threatened to burst. The lady of the bungalow had gone to town and the peril was imminent. I reversed all the visible valves, in that trustful experimental spirit which is the flower of perfect ignorance, and the catastrophe was averted. (I returned to my work, became absorbed, and was only aroused by a tug at my smoking jacket. Beside me stood the Manderson baby, extending a handful of dahlias! Her manner was of ambassadorial gravity. No word was spoken, and she trotted off, laboriously descended my steps and toddled across the lane.)

Her mother waited at the curb, and as I bowed in my best manner, holding up the dahlias, she called, 'Thank you!' in the most entrancing of voices. Mr. James declares that the way one person looks at another may be, in effect, an incident; and how much more may 'Thank you,' flung across a quiet street have the weight of hours of dialogue! Her voice was precisely the voice that the loveliest of feminine names connotes, suggesting Tennysonian harmonies and cadences, and murmuring waters of —

Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sir-mio.

A bunch of dahlias was just the epistolary form to which a bungalow lady would resort in communicating with a gentleman she did not know. The threatened explosion of the heater had thus served to introduce me to my neighbor, and had given me at the same time a new revelation of her sense of the proprieties, her grace and charm. In my visit to the house I had observed its appointments with a discreet but

interested eye, and I jotted down many notes with her dahlias on the table before me. The soft tints of the walls, the well-chosen American rugs, the comfort that spoke in the furniture, reflected a consistent taste. There was the usual den, with a long bench piled with cushions; and near at hand a table where a tray of smoker's articles was hedged in with magazines; and there were books neatly shelved, and others, lying about, testified to familiar use. The upright piano, by the window of my frequent contemplation, bore the imprimatur of one of the most reputable makers, and a tall rack beside it was filled with music. Prone on the player's seat lay a doll — a fact I noted with satisfaction, as evidence of the bungalow baby's supremacy even where its mother is a veritable reincarnation of St. Cecilia.

The same evening Manderson came home in haste and departed immediately with a suit-case. I had hoped that he would follow the dahlias in person to discuss the housemaid's embarrassments with the plumbing and bring me within the arc of his domestic circle, but such was not to be the way of it.

He was gone three days, and while the lady of the bungalow now bowed to me once daily across the lane, our acquaintance progressed no further. Nor, I may add, did my work move forward according to the schedule by which it is my habit to write. I found myself scribbling verses, — a relaxation I had not indulged in since my college days. I walked much, surveying the other streets in Sherwood Forest Addition and gloomily comparing them with Landor Lane to their disadvantage. I tramped the shore of the little lake and saw her there once and again, at play with the baby. She and Mrs. Redmond exchanged visits frequently with bungalow informality. One afternoon half a dozen young women appeared for

tea on the deep verandah, and the Lane was gay with laughter. They were the ladies of the surrounding bungalow district, and their party was the merriest. I wondered whether she had waited for a day when her husband was absent to summon these sisters. It was a gloomy fate that had mated her with a melancholy soul like Manderson.

IV

I had written several couplets exploring the protection of the gods for the Lady of the Lane, and these I had sketched upon a large sheet of card-board the better to scrutinize them. And thereby hangs the saddest of revelations. My friend the architect had sent me a number of advertisements with a request that I should persuade Banzai to attach them to the adjacent landscape. Returning from a tramp I beheld Olive (as I shall not scruple to call her) studying a placard on a telephone post in the lane a little beyond her bungalow. It struck me as odd that she should be so interested in a mere advertisement of bungalows, when she was already cosily domiciled in the prettiest one the addition boasted. She laughed aloud, then turned guardedly, saw me, and marched demurely home without so much as glancing a second time in my direction.

After she had tripped up the steps and vanished into her house, I saw the grievous thing that Banzai had done. By some inadvertence he had thrust the card bearing my verses among the advertisements; and with all the posts and poles and tree-boxes in Christendom to choose from, he had with unconscious malevolence nailed my couplets to the telephone pole nearest the Manderson bungalow. It was an unpardonable atrocity, the enormity of which I shall not extenuate by suppressing the verses:—

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Spirits that guard all lovely things
Bend o'er this path thy golden wings.

Shield it from storms and powers malign:
Make stars and sun above it shine.

May none pass here on evil bent:
Bless it to hearts of good intent,

And when (like some bright catch of song
One hears but once though waiting long)

Lalage suddenly at the door
Views the adoring landscape o'er,

O swift let friendly winds attend
And faithful to her errands bend!

Then when adown the lane she goes
Make leap before her vine and rose!

From elfin land bring Ariel
To walk beside and guard her well.

Defend her, pray, from faun and gnome
Till through the Lane she wanders home!

It was bad enough to apostrophize my neighbor's wife in song; but to publish my infamy to the world was an even more grievous sin. I tore the thing down, bore it home, and thrust it into the kitchen range before the eyes of the contrite Banzai. Across the way Olive played, and I thought there was mockery in her playing.

Realism is, after all, on much better terms with Romance than the critics would have us believe. If Manderson had not thawed sufficiently to borrow the realistic monkey-wrench which Banzai used on our lawn-mower, and if Olive had not romantically returned it a week later with a card on which she had scribbled 'Many apologies for the long delay,' I might never have discovered that she was not in fact Manderson's wife but his sister. Hers was the neatest, the best-bred of cards, and bore the name incontrovertibly —

MISS OLIVE MANDERSON

44 *Landor Lane*

I throw this to the realists that they may chortle over it in the way of their grim fraternity. Were I cursed with the least taint of romanticism I should not disclose her maiden state at this point, but hold it for stirring dramatic use at the moment when, believing her to be the wife of the mournful tile-grate man, I should bid her good-bye and vanish forever.

The moment that card reached me by the hand of her housemaid she was playing a Chopin polonaise, and I was across the lane and reverently waiting at the door when the last chord sounded. It was late on an afternoon at the threshold of October, but not too cool for tea *al fresco*. When the wind blew chill from the lake she disappeared, and returned with her hands thrust prettily into the pockets of a white sweater.

It was amazing how well we got on from the first. She explained herself in the fewest words. Her brother's wife had died two years before, and she had helped to establish a home for him in the hope of mitigating his loneliness. She spoke of him and the child with the tenderest consideration. He had been badly broken by his wife's death, and was given to brooding. I accused myself bitterly for having so grossly misjudged him as to think him capable of harshness toward the fair lady of his bungalow. He came while I still sat there and greeted me amiably, and when I left we were established on the most neighborly footing.

Thenceforth my work prospered. Olive revealed, with the nicest appreciation and understanding of my needs, the joys and sorrows of suburban bungalowhood. The deficiencies of the trolley service, the uncertainties of the grocer's delivery, she described in the aptest phrases, and her buoyant spirit made light of all such vexations.

The manifold resources and subterfuges of bungalow housekeeping were unfolded with the drollest humor. The eternal procession of cooks, the lapses of the syndicate hired man, the fitfulness of the electric light, — all such tragedies were illuminated with her cheery philosophy. The magazine article that I had planned expanded into a discerning study of the secret which had baffled and lured me, as to the flowering of the bungalow upon the rough edges of the urban world. Peace, Hope, Love, reinforced or expressed by the upright piano, the perambulator, the new book on the arts-and-crafts table, the card-case borne through innumerable quiet lanes — all such phenomena Olive elucidated for my instruction. The shrewd economies that explained the occasional theatre tickets; the incubator that robbed the grocer to pay the milliner; the home-plied needle that accounted for the succession of crisp shirt-waists, — into these and many other mysteries Olive initiated me.

Sherwood Forest suddenly began to 'boom,' and houses were in demand. My architect friend threatened me with eviction, and to avert the calamity I signed a contract of purchase, which bound me and my heirs and assigns forever to certain weekly payments; and, blithe opportunist that I am, I based a chapter on this circumstance, with the caption 'Five Dollars a Month for Life.' I wrote from notes supplied by Olive a dissertation on 'The Pursuit of the Lemon,' — suggested by an adventure of her own in search of the fruit of the *citrus limonum* for use in garnishing a plate of canned salmon for Sunday evening tea.

Inspired by the tender wistful autumn days I wrote verses laboriously, and boldly hung them in the lane in the hope of arresting my Rosalind's eye. One of these (tacked to a tree in a

path by the lake) I here insert to illustrate the plight to which she had brought me: —

At eve a line of golden light
Hung low along the west;
The first red maple bough shone bright
Upon the woodland's breast.

The wind blew keen across the lake,
A wave mourned on the shore;
Earth knew an instant some heartache
Unknown to earth before.

The wandering ghosts of summers gone
Watched shore and wood and skies;
The night fell like a shadow drawn
Across your violet eyes.

V

Olive suffered my rhyming with the same composure with which she met the unpreluded passing of a maid-of-all-work, or the ill-natured smoking of the furnace on the first day it was fired. She preferred philosophy to poetry, and borrowed Nietzsche from the branch library. She persuaded me that the ladies of the bungalows are all practical persons, and so far as I am concerned, Olive fixed the type. It had seemed to me, as I viewed her comings and goings at long range, that she commanded infinite leisure; and yet her hours were crowded with activities. I learned from her that cooks with diplomas are beyond the purses of most bungalow housekeepers; and as Olive's brother's digestive apparatus was most delicate she assumed the responsibility of composing cakes and pastries for his pleasure. With tea (and we indulged in much teasing) she gave me golden sponge-cake of her own making which could not have failed to delight the severest Olympian critic. Her sand tarts established a new standard for that most delectable item of the cook book. She ironed with her own hands the baby's more fragile frocks. Nor did such manual employments interfere in

any way whatever with the delicacy of her touch upon the piano. She confided to me that she made a practice of reviewing French verbs at the ironing board with a grammar propped before her. She belonged to a club which was studying Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and she was secretary of a musical society, — formed exclusively of the mistresses of bungalows, who had highly resolved to devote the winter to the study of the works of John Sebastian Bach.

It gradually became clear that the romance of the American bungalow was reinforced and strengthened by a realism which was in itself romance, and I was immensely stimulated by this discovery. It was refreshing to find that there are after all no irreconcilable differences between a pie well made and a Chopin polonaise well played. Those who must quibble over the point may file their demurrers, if they so please, with the baby asleep in the perambulator on the nearest bungalow verandah, and the child, awaking, will overrule it with a puckered face and a cry that brings mamma on the run with Carlyle in her hand.

VI

Olive was twenty-five. Twenty-five is the standard age, so to speak, of bungalow matrons. My closest scrutiny has failed to discover one a day older. It is too early for any one to forecast the ultimate fate of the bungalow. The bungalow speaks for youth, and whether it will survive as an architectural type, or whether those hopeful young married persons who trustingly kindle their domestic altars in bungalow fire-places will be found there in contentment at fifty, is not for this writing. What did strike me was the fact that Olive, being twenty-five, was an anomaly as a bungalow lady by

reason of her unmarriedness. Her domesticity was complete, her efficiency indisputable, her charm ineffable; and it seemed that here was a chance to perfect a type which I, with my strong scientific bent, could not suffer to pass. By the mere process of changing the name on her visiting card and moving from a brown to a green bungalow she might become the perfect representation of the most interesting and delightful type of American women. Half of my study of bungalow life was finished, and a publisher to whom I submitted the early chapters returned them immediately with a blank contract, so that I was able to view the future in that jaunty confidence with which young folk entrust their fate to the bungalow gods.

I looked up from my writing-table, which the chill air had driven indoors, and saw Olive on her lawn engaged in some mysterious occupation. She was whistling the while she dabbed paint with a brush and a sophisticated air upon the bruised legs of the baby's high chair.

At my approach Romance nudged Realism. Or maybe it was Realism that nudged Romance. I cannot see that it makes the slightest difference, one way or another, on whose initiative I spoke: let it suffice that I did speak. Realism and Romance tripped away and left me alone with the situation. When I had spoken Olive rose, viewed her work musingly, with head slightly tilted, and still whistling touched the foot-rest of the baby-chair lingeringly with the paint-brush. These

neat cans of prepared paint which place the most fascinating of joys within the range of womankind are in every well-regulated bungalow tool-closet — and another chapter for my book began working in my subconsciousness.

A little later Romance and Realism returned and stood to right and left of us by the living-room fire. Realism, in the outward form of W.D.H., winked at Romance as represented by R.L.S. W.D.H., in a pepper-and-salt sack-suit, played with his eyeglasses; R.L.S., in a velvet jacket, toyed with his dagger-hilt.

Olive informed me that her attractive brother was about to marry a widow in Emerson Road, so there seemed to be no serious obstacle to the immediate perfecting of Olive as a type by a visit to the young clergyman in the white bungalow in Channing Lane, on the other side of Sherwood Forest Addition. Romance and Realism therefore quietly withdrew and left us to discuss the future.

'I think,' said Olive with a far-away look in her eyes, 'that there should be a box of geraniums on our verandah rail next summer, and that a hen-house could be built back of the coal-shed without spoiling the looks of the yard.'

As I saw no objection whatever to these arrangements, we took the baby for a walk, met Tom at the car, and later we all dined together at the brown bungalow. I seem to recall that there was roast fowl for dinner, a salad with the smoothest of mayonnaise, canned apricots, and chocolate layer-cake, and a Schumann programme afterward.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

DANCING and architecture are the two primary and essential arts. The art of dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person. The art of architecture is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside the person. Music, acting, poetry, proceed in the one mighty stream; sculpture, painting, all the arts of design, in the other. There is no primary art outside these two arts, for their origin is far earlier than man himself; and dancing came first.¹

That is one reason why dancing, however it may at times be scorned by passing fashions, has a profound and eternal attraction even for those one might suppose furthest from its influence. The philosopher and the child are here at one. The joyous beat of the feet of children, the cosmic play of philosophers' thoughts, rise and fall to the same rhythm. If we are indifferent to the art of dancing we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life.

The significance of dancing, in the wide sense, thus lies in the fact that it is simply an intimate concrete appeal of that general rhythm which marks all the physical and spiritual manifes-

¹ It is even possible that, in earlier than human times, dancing and architecture may have been the result of the same impulse. The nest of birds is the chief early form of architecture, and Edmund Selous has suggested that the nest may first have arisen as an accidental result of the ecstatic sexual dance of birds. — THE AUTHOR.

tations of life. Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love, — of religion from the earliest human times we know of, and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man. The art of dancing, moreover, is intimately entwined with all human traditions of war, of labor, of pleasure, of education, while some of the wisest philosophers and the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of man must be woven. To realize, therefore, what dancing means for mankind, — the poignancy and the many-sidedness of its appeal, — we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and at its deepest moments.

II

'What do you dance?' When a man belonging to one branch of the great Bantu division of mankind met a member of another, said Livingstone, that was the question he asked. What a man danced, that was his tribe, his social customs, his religion; for, as an anthropologist has recently put it, 'a savage does not preach his religion, he dances it.' There are peoples in the world who have no secular dances, only religious dances, and some investigators believe that every dance was of religious origin. That view seems too extreme, even if we admit that some even of our modern dances, like the waltz, may have been originally religious. It is more reasonable to suppose, with

Wundt, that the dance was, in the beginning, the expression of the whole man.

Yet among primitive peoples religion is so large a part of life that the dance inevitably becomes of supreme religious importance. To dance was at once both to worship and to pray. Just as we still find in our Prayer Books that there are divine services for all the great fundamental acts of life, for birth, for marriage, for death, as well as for the cosmic procession of the world as marked by ecclesiastical festivals, and for the great catastrophes of nature, such as droughts, so also it has ever been among primitive peoples. For all the solemn occasions of life, for bridals and for funerals, for seed-time and for harvest, for war and for peace, for all these things, there were fitting dances.

To-day we find religious people who in church pray for rain or for the restoration of their friends to health. Their forefathers also desired these things but, instead of praying for them, they danced for them the fitting dance which tradition had handed down, and which the chief or the medicine-man solemnly conducted. The gods themselves danced, as the stars dance in the sky, — so at least the Mexicans, and we may be sure many other peoples, have held, — and to dance is therefore to imitate the gods, to work with them, perhaps to persuade them to work in the direction of our own desires. 'Work for us!' is the song-refrain, expressed or implied, of every religious dance. In the worship of solar deities in various countries it was customary to dance around the altar, as the stars dance around the sun. Even in Europe the popular belief that the sun dances on Easter Sunday has perhaps scarcely yet died out. To dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world. Every sacred dionysian

dance is an imitation of the divine dance.

All religions, and not merely those of primitive character, have been at the outset, and sometimes throughout, in some measure saltatory. This is the case all over the world. It is not more pronounced in early Christianity and among the ancient Hebrews who danced before the ark, than among the Australian aborigines whose great *corroborees* are religious dances conducted by the medicine-men with their sacred staves in their hands. Every American Indian tribe seems to have had its own religious dances, varied and elaborate, often with a richness of meaning which the patient study of modern investigators has but slowly revealed. The Shamans in the remote steppes of Northern Siberia have their ecstatic religious dances, and in modern Europe the Turkish dervishes — perhaps of related stock — still dance in their cloisters similar ecstatic dances, combined with song and prayer, as a regular part of devotional service.

These religious dances, it may be realized, are sometimes ecstatic, sometimes pantomimic. It is natural that this should be so. By each road it is possible to penetrate toward the divine mystery of the world. The auto-intoxication of rapturous movement brings the devotee, for a while at least, into that self-forgetful union with the not-self which the mystic ever seeks. Pantomimic dances, on the other hand, with their effort to heighten natural expression and to imitate natural processes, bring the dancers into the divine sphere of creation and enable them to assist vicariously in the energy of the gods. The dance thus becomes the presentation of a divine drama, the vital reënactment of a sacred history in which the worshiper is enabled to play a real part. In this way ritual arises.

It is in this sphere — highly primitive as it is — of pantomimic dancing crystallized in ritual, rather than in the sphere of ecstatic dancing, that we may to-day in civilization witness the survivals of dance in religion. The Divine Services of the American Indian, said Lewis Morgan, took the form of 'set dances, each with its own name, songs, steps, and costume.' At this point the early Christian worshipping the Divine Body was able to enter into spiritual communion with the ancient Egyptian or the American Indian. They are all alike privileged to enter, each in his own way, a sacred mystery, and to participate in the sacrifice of a heavenly Mass.

What by some is considered to be the earliest known Christian ritual — the 'Hymn of Jesus,' assigned to the second century — is nothing but a sacred dance. Eusebius in the third century stated that Philo's description of the worship of the Therapeuts agreed at all points with Christian custom, and that meant the prominence of dancing, to which indeed Eusebius often refers in connection with Christian worship. It has been supposed by some writers that the Christian Church was originally a theatre, the choir being the raised stage, — even the word *choir*, it is argued, meaning an enclosed space for dancing. It is certain that at the Eucharist the faithful gesticulated with their hands, danced with their feet, flung their bodies about. Chrysostom, who referred to this behavior round the Holy Table at Antioch, only objected to drunken excesses in connection with it; the custom itself he evidently regarded as traditional and right.

While the central function of Christian worship is a sacred drama, a divine Pantomime, the associations of Christianity and dancing are by no means confined to the ritual of the Mass

and its later more attenuated transformations. The very idea of dancing had a sacred and mystic meaning to the early Christians, who had meditated profoundly on the text, 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.' Origen prayed that above all things there may be made operative in us the mystery 'of the stars dancing in Heaven for the salvation of the Universe.' St. Basil, who was so enamored of natural things, described the angels dancing in Heaven, and later the author of the *Dieta Salutis* (said to have been St. Bonaventura), which is supposed to have influenced Dante in assigning so large a place to dancing in the *Paradiso*, described dancing as the occupation of the inmates of Heaven, and Christ as the leader of the dance. Even in more modern times an ancient Cornish carol sang of the life of Jesus as of a dance, and represented him as declaring that he died in order that man 'may come unto the general dance.'

This attitude could not fail to be reflected in practice. Genuine and not merely formalized and unrecognizable dancing, such as the traditionalized Mass, must have been frequently introduced into Christian worship in early times. Until a few centuries ago it remained not uncommon, and it still persists in remote corners of the Christian world. In English cathedrals dancing went on until the fourteenth century. At Paris, Limoges, and elsewhere in France, the priests danced in the choir at Easter up to the seventeenth century; in Roussillon up to the eighteenth century. Roussillon is a province with Spanish traditions, and it was in Spain that religious dancing took deepest root and flourished longest. In the cathedrals of Seville, Toledo, Valencia, and Xeres there was formerly dancing, although it now survives only at a few special festivals in the first. At Alaro in Majorca, also, at the present day,

a dancing company called *Els Cosiers*, on the festival of St. Roch, the patron saint of the place, dance in the church, in fanciful costumes, with tambourines, up to the steps of the high altar, immediately after Mass, and then dance out of the church. In another part of the Christian world, in the Abyssinian Church, — an offshoot of the Eastern Church, — dancing is said still to form a part of the worship.

Dancing, we may see throughout the world, has been so essential, so fundamental a part of all vital and undegenerate religion, that whenever a new religion appears, a religion of the spirit and not merely an anæmic religion of the intellect, we should still have to ask of it the question of the Bantu: What do you dance?

III

Dancing is not only intimately associated with religion, it has an equally intimate association with love. Here indeed the relationship is even more primitive, for it is far older than man. Dancing, said Lucian, is as old as love. Among insects and among birds, for instance, it may be said that dancing is often an essential part of courtship. The male dances, sometimes in rivalry with other males, in order to charm the female; then, after a short or long interval, the female is aroused to share his ardor and join in the dance; the final climax of the dance is in the union of the lovers. This primitive love-dance of insects and birds reappears among savages in various parts of the world, notably in Africa, and in a conventionalized and symbolized form it is still danced in civilization to-day. It is indeed in this aspect that dancing has so often aroused reprobation, from the days of early Christianity until the present, among those for whom the dance has merely been, in the words of a seventeenth-

century writer, a series of 'immodest and dissolute movements by which the cupidity of the flesh is aroused.'

But in Nature and among primitive peoples it has its value precisely on this account. It is a process of courtship and, even more than that, it is a novitiate for love, and a novitiate which was found to be an admirable training for love. Among some peoples, indeed, as the Omahas, the same word meant both to dance and to love. Here we are in the sphere of sexual selection. By his beauty, his energy, his skill, the male must win the female, so impressing the image of himself on her imagination that finally her desire is aroused to overcome her reticence. That is the task of the male throughout nature, and in innumerable species besides man it has been found that the school in which the task may best be learned is the dancing school. The moths and the butterflies, the African ostrich, and the Sumatran Argus pheasant, with their fellows innumerable, have been the precursors of man in the strenuous school of erotic dancing, fitting themselves for selection by the females of their choice as the most splendid progenitors of the future race.

From this point of view, it is clear, the dance performed a double function. On the one hand, the tendency to dance, arising under the obscure stress of this impulse, brought out the best possibilities the individual held the promise of; on the other hand, at the moment of courtship, the display of the activities thus acquired developed, on the sensory side, all the latest possibilities of beauty which at last became conscious in man. That this came about we cannot easily escape concluding. How it came about, how it happens that some of the least intelligent of creatures thus developed a beauty and a grace that are enchanting even to our human eyes, is a miracle effected

by the mystery of sex, which we cannot yet comprehend.

When we survey the human world, the erotic dance of the animal world is seen not to have lost but rather to have gained influence. It is no longer the males alone who are thus competing for the love of the females. It comes about by a modification in the method of sexual selection that often not only the men dance for the women, but the women for the men, each striving in a storm of rivalry to arouse and attract the desire of the other. In innumerable parts of the world the season of love is a time which the nubile of each sex devote to dancing in each other's presence, — sometimes one sex, sometimes the other, sometimes both, in the frantic effort to display all the force and energy, the skill and endurance, the beauty and grace, which at this moment are yearning within them to be poured into the vital stream of the race's life.

From this point of view of sexual selection we may better understand the immense ardor with which every part of the wonderful human body has been brought into the play of the dance. The men and women of races spread all over the world have shown a marvelous skill and patience in imparting rhythm and music to the most unlikely, the most rebellious regions of the body, all wrought by desire into potent and dazzling images. To the vigorous races of Northern Europe in their cold damp climate, dancing comes naturally to be dancing of the legs, so naturally that the English poet, as a matter of course, assumes that the dance of Salome was a 'twinkling of the feet.' But on the opposite side of the world, in Japan and notably in Java and Madagascar, dancing may be exclusively dancing of the arms and hands, in some of the South Sea islands even of the hands and fingers alone. Dancing may even

be carried on in the seated posture, as occurs at Fiji in a dance connected with the preparation of the sacred drink, *ava*. In some districts of Southern Tunisia dancing, again, is dancing of the hair, and all night long, till they perhaps fall exhausted, the marriageable girls will move their heads to the rhythm of a song, maintaining their hair in perpetual balance and sway. Elsewhere, notably in Africa, but also sometimes in Polynesia, as well as in the dances that had established themselves in ancient Rome, dancing is dancing of the body, with vibratory or rotatory movements of breasts or flanks.

The complete dance along these lines is, however, that in which all the play of all the chief muscle-groups of the body is harmoniously interwoven. When both sexes take part in such an exercise, developed into an idealized yet passionate pantomime of love, we have the complete erotic dance. In Spain the dance of this kind has sometimes attained its noblest and most harmoniously beautiful expression. It is in the relation of these dances to the primitive mystery of sexual selection that their fascination lies. From the narratives of travelers, it would appear that it was especially in the eighteenth century that among all classes in Spain dancing of this kind was immensely popular. The Church tacitly encouraged it, as an Aragonese canon told Barette in 1770, in spite of its occasional indecorum, as a useful safety-valve for the emotions. It was not less seductive to the foreign spectator than to the people themselves. The grave traveler Peyron, toward the end of the century, growing eloquent over the languorous and flexible movements of the dance, the bewitching attitudes, the voluptuous curves of the arms, declares that when one sees a beautiful Spanish woman dance one is inclined

to fling all philosophy to the winds. And even that highly respectable Anglican clergyman, the Reverend Joseph Townsend, was constrained to state that he could 'almost persuade myself' that if the fandango were suddenly played in church the gravest worshipers would start up to join in that 'lascivious pantomime.'

There we have the rock against which the primitive dance of sexual selection suffers shipwreck as civilization advances. And that prejudice of civilization becomes so ingrained that it is brought to bear even on the primitive dance. The Pygmies of Africa are described by Sir H. H. Johnston as a very decorous and highly moral people, but their dances, he adds, are not so. Yet these dances, though in Johnston's eyes, blinded by European civilization, 'grossly indecent,' he honestly, and inconsistently, adds, are 'danced reverently.'

IV

From the vital function of dancing in love, and its sacred function in religion, to dancing as an art, a profession, an amusement, may seem, at the first glance, a sudden leap. In reality the transition is gradual, and it began to be made at a very early period in diverse parts of the globe. All the matters that enter into courtship tend to fall under the sway of art; their æsthetic pleasure is a secondary reflection of their primary vital joy. Dancing could not fail to be first in manifesting this tendency. But even religious dancing swiftly exhibited the same transformation; dancing, like priesthood, became a profession, and dancers, like priests, formed a caste. This, for instance, took place in old Hawaii. The *hula* dance was a religious dance; it required a special education and an arduous training; moreover, it involved the observance of important taboos and the exercise of

sacred rites; therefore it was carried out by paid performers, a professional caste.

In India, again, the Devadasis, or sacred dancing girls, are at once both religious and professional dancers. They are married to gods, they are taught dancing by the Brahmins, they figure in religious ceremonies, and their dances represent the life of the god they are married to, as well as the emotions of love they experience for him. Yet at the same time, they also give professional performances in the houses of rich private persons who pay for them. It thus comes about that to the foreigner the Devadasis scarcely seem very unlike the Ramedjenis, the dancers of the street, who are of very different origin, and mimic in their performances the play of merely human passions. The Portuguese conquerors of India called both kinds of dancers indiscriminately *Balheideras* (or dancers) which we have corrupted in Bayaderes.

In our modern world professional dancing as an art has become altogether divorced from religion, and even, in any vital sense, from love; it is scarcely even possible, so far as western civilization is concerned, to trace back the tradition to either source. If we survey the development of dancing as an art in Europe, it seems to me that we have to recognize two streams of tradition which have sometimes merged, but yet remain in their ideals and their tendencies essentially distinct. I would call these traditions the Classical, which is much the more ancient and fundamental, and may be said to be of Egyptian origin, and the Romantic, which is of Italian origin, chiefly known to us as the ballet. The first is, in its pure form, solo dancing, and is based on the rhythmic beauty and expressiveness of the simple human personality when its energy is concentrated in passionate movement. The second is concerted

dancing, mimetic and picturesque, wherein the individual is subordinated to the wider and variegated rhythm of the group. It may be easy to devise another classification, but this is simple and instructive enough for our purpose.

There can scarcely be a doubt that Egypt has been for many thousands of years, as indeed it still remains, a great dancing centre, the most influential dancing-school the world has ever seen, radiating its influence south and east and north. We may perhaps even agree with the historian of the dance, who terms it 'the mother-country of all civilized dancing.' We are not entirely dependent on the ancient wall-pictures of Egypt for our knowledge of Egyptian skill in the art. Sacred mysteries, it is known, were danced in the temples, and queens and princesses took part in the orchestras that accompanied them. It is significant that the musical instruments still peculiarly associated with the dance were originated or developed in Egypt; the guitar is an Egyptian instrument, and its name was a hieroglyphic already used when the Pyramids were being built; the cymbal, the tambourine, triangles, and castanets, in one form or another, were all familiar to the ancient Egyptians, and with the Egyptian art of dancing they must have spread all round the shores of the Mediterranean, the great focus of our civilization, at a very early date. Even beyond the Mediterranean, at Cadiz, dancing that was essentially Egyptian in character was established, and Cadiz became the dancing-school of Spain. The Nile and Cadiz were thus the two great centres of ancient dancing, and Martial mentions them both together, for each supplied its dancers to Rome. This dancing, alike whether Egyptian or Gaditanian, was the expression of the individual dancer's body and art; the garments played but a small part in it, they were frequently transparent,

and sometimes discarded altogether. It was, and it remains, simple, personal, passionate dancing; classic, therefore, in the same sense as, on the side of literature, the poetry of Catullus is classic.

Ancient Greek dancing was essentially classic dancing as here understood. On the Greek vases, as reproduced in Emmanuel's attractive book on Greek dancing and elsewhere, we find the same play of the arms, the same sideward turn, the same extreme backward extension of the body, which had long before been represented in Egyptian monuments. Many supposedly modern movements in dancing were certainly already common both to Egyptian and Greek dancing, as well as the clapping of hands to keep time, which is still an accompaniment of Spanish dancing.

It seems clear, however, that, on this general classic and Mediterranean basis, Greek dancing had a development so refined and so special that it exercised no influence outside Greece. Dancing became indeed the most characteristic and the most generally cultivated of Greek arts. It may well be that the Greek drama arose out of dance and song, and that the dance throughout was an essential and plastic element in it. It is said that Æschylus developed the technique of dancing, and that Sophocles danced in his own dramas. In these developments, no doubt, Greek dancing tended to overpass the fundamental limits of classic dancing and fore-shadowed the ballet.

The real germ of the ballet, however, is to be found in Rome, where the pantomime with its concerted and picturesque method of expressive action was developed; and Italy is the home of Romantic dancing. The same impulse which produced the pantomime, produced more than a thousand years later, in the same Italian region, the

modern ballet. In both cases, one is inclined to think, we may trace the influence of the same Etruscan and Tuscan race which so long has had its seat here, a race with a genius for expressive, dramatic, picturesque art. We see it on the walls of Etruscan tombs and again in pictures of Botticelli and his fellow Tuscans. The modern ballet, it is generally believed, had its origin in the spectacular pageants at the marriage of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, in 1489.

The popularity of such performances spread to the other Italian courts, including Florence; and Catherine de Medici, when she became Queen of France, brought the Italian ballet to Paris. Here it speedily became fashionable. Kings and queens were its admirers, and even took part in it; great statesmen were its patrons. Before long it became an established institution with a vital life and growth of its own, maintained by distinguished musicians, artists, and dancers.

Romantic dancing, to a much greater extent than what I have called classic dancing, which depends so largely on simple personal qualities, tends to be vitalized by transplantation and the absorption of new influences, provided that the essential basis of technique and tradition is preserved in the new development. Lulli in the seventeenth century brought women into the ballet; Camargo discarded the fashionable unwieldy costumes, so rendering possible all the freedom and airy grace of later dancing; Noverre elaborated plot unraveled by gesture and dance alone, and so made the ballet a complete art-form.

In the French ballet of the eighteenth century a very high degree of perfection seems thus to have been reached, while in Italy where the ballet had originated it decayed, and Milan which had been its source became the nursery of a tradition of devitalized technique

carried to the finest point of delicate perfection.

The influence of the French school was maintained as a living force into the nineteenth century, overspreading the world, by the genius of a few individual dancers. When they had gone the ballet slowly and steadily declined. As it declined as an art, so also it declined in credit and in popularity; it became scarcely respectable even to admire dancing. Thirty years ago, the few who still appreciated the art of dancing — and how few they were! — had to seek for it painfully and sometimes in strange surroundings. A recent historian of dancing, in a book published so lately as 1906, declared that 'the ballet is now a thing of the past, and, with the modern change of ideas, a thing that is never likely to be resuscitated.' That historian never mentioned Russian ballet, yet his book was scarcely published before the Russian ballet arrived, to scatter ridicule over his rash prophecy by raising the ballet to a pitch of perfection it can rarely have surpassed, as an expressive, emotional, even passionate form of living art.

The Russian ballet was an offshoot from the French ballet, and illustrates once more the vivifying effect of transplantation on the art of romantic dancing. The Empress Anna introduced it toward the middle of the eighteenth century, and appointed a French ballet master and a Neapolitan composer to carry it on; it reached a high degree of technical perfection during the following hundred years, on the traditional lines, and the principal dancers were all imported from Italy. It was not until recent years that this firm discipline and these ancient traditions were vitalized into an art-form of exquisite and vivid beauty by the influence of the soil in which they had slowly taken root. This contact, when

at last it was effected, involved a kind of revolution; for its outcome, while genuine ballet, has yet all the effect of delicious novelty. The tradition by itself was in Russia an exotic without real life, and had nothing to give to the world; on the other hand a Russian ballet apart from that tradition, if we can conceive such a thing, would have been formless, extravagant, bizarre, not subdued to any fine æsthetic ends.

What we see here, in the Russian ballet as we know it to-day, is a splendid and arduous technical tradition, brought at last — by the combined genius of designers, composers, and dancers — into real fusion with an environment from which during more than a century it had been held apart: Russian genius for music, Russian feeling for rhythm, Russian skill in the use of bright color, and, perhaps, above all, the Russian orgiastic temperament and the general Slav passion for folk-dancing, shown in all branches of the race, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian and Servian. The result has been that our age sees one of the most splendid movements in the whole history of romantic dancing.

V

Dancing as an art, we may be sure, cannot die out but will always be undergoing a re-birth. Not merely as an art but also as a social custom, it perpetually emerges afresh from the soul of the people. Less than a century ago the polka thus arose, extemporized by the Bohemian servant girl, Anna Slezakova, out of her own head for the joy of her own heart, and only rendered a permanent form, apt for world-wide popularity, by the accident that it was observed and noted down by an artist. Dancing had forever been in existence as a spontaneous custom, a social discipline. Thus it is, finally, that dan-

cing meets us, not only as love, as religion, as art, but also as morals.

All human work, under natural conditions, is a kind of dance. In a large and learned work, supported by an immense amount of evidence, Karl Bücher has argued that work differs from the dance not in kind but only in degree, since they are both essentially rhythmic. In the memory of those who have ever lived on a sailing ship — that loveliest of human creations now disappearing from the world — there will always linger the echo of the chanties which sailors sang as they hoisted the topsail yard or wound the capstan or worked the pumps. That is the type of primitive combined work, and it is indeed difficult to see how such work can be effectively accomplished without such a device for regulating the rhythmic energy of the muscles.

The dance-rhythm of work has thus acted socializingly in a parallel line with the dance-rhythms of the arts, and indeed in part as their inspirer. Thus, as Bücher points out, poetic metre may be conceived as arising out of work; metre is the rhythmic stamping of feet, as in the technique of verse it is still metaphorically so called; iambs and trochees, spondees and anapæsts and dactyls may still be heard among blacksmiths smiting the anvil or navvies wielding their hammers in the streets. In so far as they arose out of work, music and singing and dancing are naturally a single art. Herein the ancient ballad of Europe is a significant type. It is, as the name indicates, a dance as much as a song, performed by a singer who sang the story and a chorus who danced and shouted the apparently meaningless refrain; it is absolutely the chanty of the sailors, and is equally apt for the purposes of concerted work. And yet our most complicated musical forms

are evolved from similar dances. The symphony is but a development of a dance-suite, — in the first place folk-dances, — such as Bach and Händel composed. Indeed a dance still lingers always at the heart of music, and even at the heart of the composer. Mozart used often to say, so his wife stated, that it was dancing, not music, that he really cared for. Wagner believed that Beethoven's seventh symphony — to some of us the most fascinating of all of them, and the most purely musical — was an apotheosis of the dance, and even if that belief throws no light on the intention of Beethoven it is at least a revelation of Wagner's own feeling for the dance.

It is, however, the dance itself, apart from work and apart from the other arts, which, in the opinion of many to-day, has had a decisive influence in socializing, that is to say in moralizing, the human species. Work showed the necessity of harmonious rhythmic coöperation, but the dance developed that rhythmic coöperation and imparted a beneficent impetus to all human activities. It was Grosse, in his *Beginnings of Art*, who first clearly set forth the high social significance of the dance in the creation of human civilization. The participants in a dance, as all observers of savages have noted, exhibit a wonderful unison; they are, as it were, fused into a single being stirred by a single impulse. Social unification is thus accomplished. Apart from war, this is the chief factor making for social solidarity in primitive life; it was indeed the best training for war, as for all the other coöperative arts of life. All our most advanced civilization, Grosse insisted, is based on dancing. It is the dance that socialized man.

Thus, in the large sense, dancing has possessed peculiar value as a method of national education. As civilization

grew self-conscious this was realized. 'One may judge of a King,' according to an ancient Chinese maxim, 'by the state of dancing during his reign.' So also among the Greeks: it has been said that dancing and music lay at the foundation of the whole political and military as well as the religious organization of the Dorian states.

In the narrow sense, in individual education, the great importance of dancing came to be realized, even at an early stage of human development, and still more in the ancient civilizations. 'A good education,' Plato declared in the *Laws*, the final work of his old age, 'consists in knowing how to sing well and dance well.' And in our own day one of the keenest and most enlightened of educators has lamented the decay of dancing. The revival of dancing, Stanley Hall declares, is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, schooling to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and the intellect with the body which supports them.

It can scarcely be said that these functions of dancing are yet generally realized and embodied afresh in education. For if it is true that dancing engendered morality, it is also true that in the end, by the irony of fate, morality, grown insolent, sought to crush its own parent, and for a time succeeded only too well. Four centuries ago dancing was attacked by that spirit, in England called Puritanism, which at that time spread over the greater part of Europe, just as active in Bohemia as in England, and which has indeed been described as a general onset of developing Urbanism against the old Ruralism. It made no distinction between good and bad, nor paused to consider what would come when dancing went. So it was that, as Rémy de Gourmont remarks, the drinking-shop

conquered the dance, and alcohol replaced the violin.

But when we look at the function of dancing in life from a higher and wider standpoint, this episode in its history ceases to occupy so large a place. The conquest of dancing has never proved in the end a matter for rejoicing, even to morality, while an art which has been so intimately mixed with all the finest and deepest springs of life has always asserted itself afresh. For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. It is the only art, as Rahel Varnhagen said, of which we ourselves are the stuff.

It thus comes about that, beyond its manifold practical significance, dancing has always been felt to possess also a

symbolic significance. Marcus Aurelius was accustomed to regard the art of life as like the dancer's art, though that Imperial Stoic could not resist adding that in some respects it was more like the wrestler's art. In our own time, Nietzsche, from first to last, showed himself possessed by the conception of the art of life as a dance, in which the dancer achieves the rhythmic freedom and harmony of his soul beneath the shadow of a hundred Damoclean swords. The dance lies at the beginning of art, and we find it also at the end. The first creators of civilization were making the dance, and the philosopher of to-day, hovering over the dark abyss of insanity, with bleeding feet and muscles strained to the breaking-point, still seems to himself to be weaving the maze of the dance.

THE PROTESTANT IN ITALY

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE Protestant is to be pitied who, spending the winter in Italy, does not become, at least for the time being, a Catholic.

There are various reasons for the perhaps wholly unprecedented conformity. In the first place — to begin with the lowest considerations — the traveler can hardly expect to understand Italy at all unless he puts himself in touch with the Church which has for so many ages shaped Italy's destiny, and which still profoundly sways the lives of her people. In the second place, it is never well to neglect an opportunity of putting prejudice to the test, of

soliciting possible new aspects of truth. In the third place — but the third argument looks ahead and anticipates a result proved by many people — in the third place, there is a priceless treasure here, a heritage which no Christian can afford to overlook.

To some of us, the revelation may not be an entire surprise; for there is a strong Catholic tendency nowadays in our own country and in our Episcopal Church. But the great majority of us are of course still Protestants, and the Puritan tradition is in our blood. To us Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Methodists, the appeal of

the Roman Church comes with a shock that is disconcerting, alarming, funny, quickening, regenerating, all sorts of stimulating and excellent things.

The intensity of our Protestant prejudice is strange and bitter. Perhaps it is inevitable — and therefore not so strange after all; but it is certainly founded on misconception and ignorance; and so assured is our human ideal of reasonableness and wisdom that we must insist on counting strange those follies which defeat it. Just because the Catholic Church had faults, just because certain of our fathers lost patience and rebelled and broke away, just because a new Church has developed along different lines, must we, born members of the new, despise and condemn the old, looking on it with almost as severe a disapproval as on Mohammedanism? Ridiculous! Yet the shuddering aversion to the Scarlet Woman is common. We think her depraved, hypocritical, unscrupulous in her policy, a foe to the advance of civilization, a perverter of the teachings of Christ, a dealer in the outworn evils of superstition and mystery, a panderer to all the baser elements in the religious instinct. According to our varying temperaments, we tingle with indignation or smile with scorn at her gaudy trappings and her elaborate ceremonies. Mummery! hood-winkings! planned to entice the unwary and fool the credulous. We avoid the Catholic churches of our cities as if they were so many halls of sorcery, and really know nothing at all about them. We are as afraid of a Jesuit priest as Ulysses was of the Siren. All this, it will readily be admitted, is not an unfair description of the state of mind of the majority of American Protestants.

Then we go abroad for the winter, and what happens to us? In saying that the revelation comes with a shock,

I have perhaps seemed to imply that it is sudden. But of course it cannot be immediate. A prejudice that yielded in a moment would not do credit to any one; it would hardly be worth the pains of persuasion. An enlisted Puritan sticks to his colors a long time. And, for every reason, this is well. Thorough changes must be gradual; profound transformations creep slowly, like the dawn, awaking peak after peak, until a whole continent, looking on at the process, finds itself flooded with light. This looking on, this amazed awareness, this silent self-observation, is part of the value and moment of the experience. To see one's self change before one's own eyes is keenly interesting.

The process begins accidentally. The traveler enters one of the Roman churches in quest of a double-starred mosaic. He regards the place more as a museum than as a church. Of course he takes off his hat at the door, and, perhaps in spite of himself, he abates his swinging stride a little; but his sight-seeing eagerness of mind acknowledges no check. Crossing in front of the high altar, his heels clicking loudly on the marble floor, he takes out his opera-glass, twists and turns until he gets the mosaic focused, and then gives himself over to a prolonged contemplation and a careful study of his Baedeker. In the midst of his scrutiny, he hears a sound of chanting behind him, and, turning, sees a procession emerging into the nave. He is a little disturbed, almost annoyed. He had set aside this particular hour for an inspection of the artistic treasures of the church, and now he is going to be interrupted by some meaningless service or other.

But, whether he wants to or not, he has to yield his present position, directly in the path of the procession; and grudgingly he steps aside, his finger in his Baedeker. On comes the pro-

cession. The wide marble nave — cool and shining and white — is threaded with a stream of color and song. The flickering processional lights are vaguely reflected in the polished floor and pillars, the red or purple cassocks of the priests warmly underscore the long line of the white surplices, a great crucifix goes ahead or in the midst of the company, and perhaps a cardinal brings up the rear, his flaming meteor train borne by acolytes. The whole thing makes an impressive picture.

Again, whether he wants to or not, the traveler stands gazing at it, with riveted attention. Then, as the procession enters the choir and the solemn service begins, he draws insensibly nearer and slips his Baedeker into his pocket. He would not deliberately have 'come to church' here (perish the thought!), but now that he is surprised on the spot, he thinks that he may as well stay and see what happens next. Along with the gathering citizens and *contadini*, he elbows his way nearer to the choir-rail, and looks on with that peculiar expression of mingled curiosity, amusement, superiority, and bewilderment which marks him for what he is, an unbelieving foreigner. The only wonder to my mind is that the Church does not pitch a person with an expression like that heels over head out of doors.

Well, what does happen next is of course entirely unintelligible to him. He has no clue to the comings and goings, the genuflections, the changes of position, the carrying around of books, the blessings and incensings. And the effect upon him depends altogether upon his temperament. He may speedily become bored, and, extricating himself from the crowd of worshipers, may betake himself to the side chapels, there to study altars and frescoes until the way is clear for him to return to the mosaic. He may do a much worse

thing. Standing just where he is, conspicuous in the front rank of worshipers, he may whip out his Baedeker and resume his study over the heads of the priests, ignoring the conduct of his neighbors and the warning of bells, until perhaps some indignant Catholic plucks at him from behind. But with such dispositions and actions this paper has not to do. The more susceptible Protestant remains at attention during the whole of the mysterious service, watching with such a breathless interest that he gradually loses consciousness of himself; and when the bell rings and all the people who are not already on their knees prostrate themselves, he — well, no, he probably does not kneel down, his Puritan joints will not let him, but he bows his head and the odious expression disappears from his face. That is enough. Mother Church, seeing that, is very glad that she did not pitch him out of doors.

The chances are that, this first service being over, the traveler forgets all about his Baedeker and strolls out into the Roman sunshine, revolving many obscure cogitations. He hardly knows what to think about, what kind of an impression has been made upon him; but he is aware that something has happened to change the current of his inner life. Very likely he does not take the thing at all seriously — what should there be serious about it? — but it interests him, he wants to get to the bottom of it. How did it occur that, stopping to look at a curious spectacle, he lost himself, and, released by and by, found himself with his temper of mind completely changed? The mere effect of beauty? Perhaps. There certainly had been no lack of beauty in the recent service. But the mosaic was beautiful too, and so was the church, with the long straight lines of its grand, open nave; yet he had admired

them and had been ready to go right on to the next point in his schedule for the day. The service had upset his equilibrium, had worked some subtle change in him, so that now he has to collect and rearrange his ideas. Curious! But it does not matter. Put it down to æsthetics, curiosity, what you will, and then forget it. The whole of Rome waits to be explored, and there is no time to waste in studying accidental vagaries of one's own temperament. Resolutely, the traveler brushes the unimaginable cloud from his mind; and, pulling out his Baedeker, hurries away to the Colosseum.

It may be that these accidental seizures will have to happen again and again before their object gives them anything but a spasmodic, puzzled attention. But nothing in Rome is more frequent than such accidents. At every corner a church, in every church some treasure of art, at almost every hour of the day some Mass or Vespers or Benediction. The voice of the Church becomes gradually as familiar to the traveler as the voice of the fountains in the squares, as the solemn voice of Tiber flowing underneath the bridges.

Such familiarity may breed contempt in some people, who go strolling about the aisles with their Baedekers more and more profanely; but in the particular kind of person that we have under consideration it breeds a slow understanding and sympathy. He begins to find himself listening for the same prayers in their sonorous Latin, watching for the same gestures of adoration or benediction; and by and by — this marks a greater step than he knows — he drops in at Piale's and asks, vaguely, doubtfully, 'Have you a Roman Catholic Prayer Book? Is there such a thing?' Then, supplied with *The Key of Heaven* or some other collection of liturgies, he retires to a bench in the Pincian and gives himself over

to a careful investigation of that which has so strangely aroused his interest.

But to his surprise, he discovers that, whatever may have seemed to him strange in the outer form of the Catholic service, its actual words are as profoundly familiar as the Lord's Prayer. He is not an Episcopalian — or he would have scented this likeness before — but every one is more or less familiar with the English Prayer Book, and every one recognizes its transcendent utterances. Almost word for word its Communion service is found embedded in the Roman Mass.

Well! The traveler springs to his feet and hurries off to the nearest church; and there — if all this has not happened too late in the day — he for the first time intelligently 'assists' at a Mass.

The experience is — there is hardly a word to indicate the mysterious depth and scope of it. It goes far down into the roots of being and far back into the past, stirring all sorts of forgotten memories, lurking associations of love and penitence and forgiveness. We talk about the 'faith of our fathers.' But who are our fathers? Only the few immediately ancestral generations of Puritans? There have been three centuries of them, but they themselves were begotten by eight or ten centuries of Catholics; and the early loyalties are in our blood as well as the later. Nay, many of us, through the various strains of our heritage, reach obscurely back to the very foundation of the Christian Church. It may perhaps be suggested that, as the early Catholics are our fathers, so are the Druids; but the Christian religion was of an authority to shatter all previous sources when once it appeared. At any rate, there is no doubt about it, that the susceptible mind of the latter-day Presbyterian makes a profound echo and response to every word of the

solemn ritual of the Catholic Church; and, following it, he loses himself and his present day in the whole history of humanity.

That does very well for the hour. A Catholic Mass, intelligently followed, precludes all immediate questionings and hesitations. But there comes a reaction when the traveler returns to his hotel, laden with as many books of Catholic doctrine as he can lay hands on; and a period of conflict begins. The poor Puritan finds himself horribly 'in for it' when he seriously sets himself to study the Roman Church. For, though his remote ancestors may be persistent in their influence upon him, their voices have nothing like the clamorous power of his more immediate forebears; and the latter rush to rescue him from what they conceive to be the peril of his soul.

For a little while he sits reading serenely, his face full of eager interest. Then he begins to frown and shake his head. By and by, he restlessly changes his position, or perhaps gets up and takes a turn about the room. He ends, according to his temperament, either by flinging his book into a corner or by laying it firmly and resolutely aside. No use! no good! Well, he might have known that no modern, enlightened Protestant can scratch the surface of the Roman Church without coming upon gross impossibilities. This 'deposit of faith,' these dogmatic articles of belief — how absurd to expect a twentieth-century mind to credit them! He is very sorry, quite unreasonably cast down. The detection of error is usually rather exhilarating, but this prompt disillusionment is distinctly disappointing. It is well that it came so promptly, however; for he was evidently building higher hopes than he knew, hopes for which there could not possibly be any foundation. He will learn his lesson and profit by it.

Now that he has proved to himself that he cannot share the beliefs on which the Catholic ceremony rests, it would be dishonest in him further to haunt the altar-rails. So, with an immense determination, he puts his recent interest away, and does not even enter a church for several days.

But how many churches there are in Rome! Their ubiquity had once been grateful to the traveler, but now he finds it cruel. He has to pass them at every turn; and always their doors are open, and people are thronging in. Sometimes he hears a sound of chanting or catches a whiff of incense; and every evening, when he returns to his hotel, the doors of the church at the head of the street are thrown wide and the high altar blazes for Benediction. Blazes and beckons. Yes, he has all he can do to resist it, all he can do to remind himself that he is not, cannot be, of this fold, and that to visit it is to try to deceive himself and God and man. He is really unhappy. He had had no idea that this new interest was taking such a hold upon him and that he was going to miss it so when he gave it up.

Then some evening it happens that he has had disturbing letters from home, or perhaps has had no letters at all, and is feeling lonely; and, as he approaches the beckoning church and looks up suddenly to catch the gleam of its many candles through the dusk, he can no longer stand it to remain outside. He does not stop to reason the matter, he does not even decide it; he simply crosses the street, runs up the steps, enters the door, and falls on his knees among the crowding people just as the sacred Host is elevated. Oh! then with what a rush does God come down into his heart! He covers his face, he bends, he bows, he holds his breath in a suspension of thought, and prays as he has not prayed in

many days. He cannot help it, he is possessed, carried out of himself.

A few minutes later, erect on his feet, soberly descending the steps, he takes a somewhat bewildered counsel with himself. He is a little ashamed. Had he not fully decided that he could not honestly attend Catholic services? Had he not conscientiously promised God and himself to stay away? Yet here behold him, prone on his knees before that which he knew could be no more divine than any other broken bit of bread! He has perjured himself, he ought to feel false and unclean, he takes himself bitterly to task. But the curious fact is that he does not feel false in the very least; he has seldom known a more wonderful lightness of heart, a more blessed sense of relief and well-being. God is not punishing him at all, but is rewarding him.

It is all so strange that he has to resume his investigation of the mystery. He begins to go to church again, not as a worshiper (if he can help it!) but as a spectator and student. There is something here that he has not fathomed by his scrutiny and rejection of dogma. He must try to find out what it is that lays such imperative hold on the spirit, ignoring its doubts and denials as if they were so much thin air. He is immensely glad to be able to give himself a respectable reason for renewing his altar-hauntings.

Being now so familiar with the forms of service that he does not have to concentrate his whole attention upon them in order to understand them, he adopts a different method of inquiry. He turns his attention to the worshippers. After all, they represent half of the significance of the ceremony. It is for them that the Church exists; for their sakes every Mass and Benediction is celebrated. If one does not understand what the service means to them, one cannot understand what it

may mean to any one — even to God. Moreover, the traveler has been humbled by his recent failure to shape a correct analysis and to arrive at a solid conclusion from his own unsupplemented point of view. Having startled himself by his own refusal to abide by his own decisions, he thinks that he may just as well try to see how the matter under discussion looks to other people.

They are a heterogeneous lot, an Italian congregation, if indeed they are to be called by such an orderly word. The New England Congregationalist is at first inclined to be shocked by their casualness. They run in and out of their churches as if they were so many children darting home to have mother tie their apron-strings, and then, with a flying kiss, bounding away to their play once more. The figure seems to preclude reverence, and there is little awe in the demeanor of Italian worshippers. They are as much at home in their churches as in their kitchens or streets, and they treat the one precinct with just about as much deference as the other. Glorious marble pavements, dirt-floors, rough cobble paving-stones — these are all equally the highway of life. They bring all sorts of things to church with them: market-baskets, bundles, babies, even now and then a dog. They never think of 'dressing up' in honor of Heaven; a handkerchief thrown over the heads of the hatless women is the only change of costume a church-door requires. Rags and velvets, handkerchiefs and ostrich plumes make no demur at kneeling side by side, apparently unconscious of their own disparity. The clothes in which one habitually faces life are the most appropriate clothes in which to worship God. Even the grave and stately priests, in their magnificent vestments, inspire no deference. When the choir-rail does not intervene, the flock presses

close on the heels of the shepherd, crowding to the very steps of the altar. Many a little child runs and peers over the shoulder of an officiating Father, steadying himself, unreprieved, by the clutch of his tiny fingers at the gorgeous embroidered folds of cope or chasuble.

All this, as I suggested, is at first rather disconcerting to the New Englander, used to the punctual precision of his native congregations and to their solemnly respectful demeanor. In a church like Santa Maria Maggiore, where there are no seats at all,—let alone pews,—the whole body of the nave is pervaded with a shifting restlessness, a continual coming and going which seems open to the interpretation of sheer irreverence. How can people at the same time wander about and worship God?

Well, they can; there is no doubt about it. See them bend the knee every time they pass the significant red lamp before an altar; watch how swiftly they prostrate themselves at the first sound of the sanctus bell. They know what they are here for, and they attend to all the monitions of the Church; but they do it easily, naturally, from the ordinary level of their daily lives. They make no more ado about greeting God than about greeting their next-door neighbor. They treat Him carelessly simply because they feel so at home with Him.

Does He like it? One wonders. There is a tribute in our northern awe and veneration, a significance in our special, occasional services, for which we prepare ourselves and to which we bring our earnest, thorough attention. We make every effort to treat Heaven with respect. But perhaps Heaven, having first created man in its image and then having entered his flesh the better to redeem him, prefers love and confidence to veneration, would rather

see its worship a natural part of everyday experience than relegated to certain formal occasions. What does the Incarnation mean if not the complete condescension of Divinity, the perfect sharing of God with man?

This is the point which makes the first intellectual impression upon the inquiring traveler. He seizes upon it eagerly as a golden clue. For we Protestants have not for nothing exalted our intellects; we are now hag-ridden by the precious things, and cannot comfortably solve any problem without their coöperation. If it is true that the methods of the Catholic Church embody the principle of the Incarnation better than any other, then that is reason enough for its power. On solid ground at last (so he thinks), the traveler haunts his churches more diligently than ever and watches with wide interest.

It is certainly true that the Catholic Church as a whole is in touch with her children during every hour of the day. Not only through the many stated services, but, more significantly, when no bell rings an invitation, when altar and choir are deserted by the chanting priests. These silent intervals between Masses and Benedictions are more fruitful of love and conviction to the traveler than anything else. For never does he enter a church—no matter how obscure, how remote, how unadvertised—that he does not find some man or woman kneeling before an altar or a shrine, lost in supplication. There is reverence and concentration enough in these private worshippers. They prostrate, they abandon themselves, 'clinging Heaven by the hems'; they pour out their souls in adoration or in entreaty.

The traveler is greatly moved by them. Sometimes, with his finger on his lips, he steals away and leaves them to their communion; sometimes, averting

his face, he kneels at a distance and joins his prayer with theirs. Of the two actions, the latter is the truer — only that he really need not trouble to avert his face. For the Catholic sentiment is frank and open, knowing no shame, no selfconsciousness. It does not mind expressing itself in the face of the world.

Realizing this, the traveler also realizes, with something of a shock, how unconsciously he himself has already been moulded by Catholic influence. Now that he comes to think about it, when did he take to kneeling at altars or in corners of churches? When did he begin crossing himself, — as he suddenly finds himself doing, with all the swift spontaneity of long habit? Astonishing! He is surprised at himself, and also he is a little alarmed. Can it be that he is becoming a Catholic unawares?

The question is an arresting one. Protestant circumspection feels bound to consider it carefully, to apply the usual methods of analysis and judgment to the situation. But a lifelong habit of being on one's guard can pall sometimes, can even irritate. The traveler does not want to pull himself up short, to watch and weigh, to sift and criticize. He is enjoying his new experience, and he would like to give himself up to it, to let himself go. Let himself go! It is a big moment in a Protestant's spiritual life when he contemplates the possibility of doing such a thing.

After all, what harm can ensue? There are other faculties in human nature besides judgment and intelligence. Every one knows that; but now and then it appears to an individual that there is a host of hidden and quite unsuspected faculties lurking in him. Where did they come from? What do they mean? How shall he deal with them? They are so shy, so unused to

the open, that the limelight of the intelligence (ah, the brave intelligence!) turned on them, disperses and shatters them at once; they will not stay to be analyzed. Therefore, even from the intellectual point of view, is it not better to leave them alone, to let them come out and assert themselves, and then, when they are in full action, turn on the light and investigate them? Time enough for judgment when the case is in hand.

Having, by such reasoning, characteristically fortified himself on the side of conscience as well as of desire, the traveler enters upon the happiest phase of his experience: he does, for almost the first time in his religious life, completely let himself go. He fairly lives in his favorite church; he is as much at home there as the beggars who have their regular seats at the door. He comes to know the Mass by heart. He sways with the rest of the worshipers, kneeling, prostrating himself, adoring the Host. Between services, he seeks an altar before which hangs a red lamp, and, kneeling again, gives himself over to a feeling of the Presence of God. Tired with sight-seeing in the late afternoon, he seeks the nearest church, and, at the showing of the Host, feels all his weariness slip from him and a wonderful refreshment of peace descend upon him. He does not question or argue now; he simply — lets himself go.

Once in a while, to be sure, it happens that he is caught by some statement of dogma in a sermon, and his recent ancestors rush in upon him, striving to save him, to rouse him to a proper sense of his intellectual dignity. 'Oh! that is not true, you know it is not,' they cry, urging him. 'Come away! This is no place for you.' But he pacifies them as well as he can. 'Wait,' he says. 'Your turn will come later. I am waiting too.' It is a great

experience. There has never been anything like it for completeness of abandon, for ecstasy.

It lasts — well, of course it might last forever, it has eternity in it. But the traveler does not allow that — at least, not without interruption; he has given his word to his intelligence and to his ancestors. After some glorious weeks or months of unreflecting worship, when he is thoroughly steeped in the spirit of the Catholic Church, when its services are as familiar to him as the processes of his own mind, he calls a halt and sits down to consider, once more on his guard, with all his wits about him. Surely by this time those strange faculties which evaded his scrutiny three months ago are sufficiently heartened by food and exercise to stand still and let him study them.

Indeed they are! No sooner does he turn on the valued limelight which he has reserved so carefully for the last three months than he discovers a positive wealth of material for it to play upon. It is amazing how fast and how greatly the aspect of one's mind can change, under the stress of experience, if one leaves it alone. Here are needs and hopes and aspirations, humilities and obediences, abnegations and resolutions, of whose existence the traveler had never dreamed. They are all very brave and confident too; and when he challenges them gently, loving them so at first sight that he holds his breath for fear of frightening and losing them, they answer back securely. It appears that, though it may be well to judge things in the light of reason, it is desirable first to let life supply the things.

In the light of reason, what can the Protestant make of the spiritually and emotionally convincing worship of the Catholic Church? This is the question which the traveler sets himself, and which he summons all his faculties, old and new, to help him answer. To his

joy, he finds that the ensuing phase of his experience is almost as exciting as that which immediately preceded it; for, instead of plucking his dream down from the sky, it hastens to build an unexpected foundation under it.

Take that cardinal doctrine, that belief on which the whole ceremony rests: the peculiar, actual Presence of God in the Sacrament. Can a Protestant justify the adoration of the Host? Yes, if only from the point of view of symbolism. God is everywhere — all Catholics as well as all Protestants understand that fully. But, such creatures of time and space are we mortals that that which is everywhere might almost as well be nowhere; we have to limit and define things before we can apprehend them. It is immensely valuable to us to be able, as it were, to focus God, to conceive Him as peculiarly present in one spot. The universe speaks of Him, but it also speaks of man and the devil. The red lamp before an altar speaks of but One Presence, and before it we do well to prostrate heart and body. Moreover, the Sacrament gives us the human joy of seeking God. A lover is glad to take some pains, to put himself to some trouble, for his beloved. It is blessed to long after God at a distance from any church, and, rising, make one's way over the streets, hurrying, running, scarce able to wait. 'Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!' That is the burden of the ages before Christ, the natural burden of all humanity. Christ understood it, and his Church has set itself to minister first of all to the thirsty need.

The Incarnation! Again it seems that the Catholic Church embodies the principle better than any other. The miracle is repeated each day; with the revolving sun, it is at every moment taking place somewhere on the earth. The Word is perpetually being made

flesh and dwelling among us. And the great sacrifice is forever accomplished. The Catholic Church has caught the spirit of eternity, in that it refuses to relegate the Birth and the Passion to their set periods, far in the past, but insists on regarding them as continually happening. Christ is as actually with us as He was with Peter and John.

The stateliness of the Catholic worship springs naturally from its conception of its august function. That which brings God to pass every day must behave itself very seemly, must use all possible means of impressing its significance upon the people. To that end the elaborate ceremonies, the symbolism of vestments and lights and incense, the gestures of authority and adoration. To that end also the over-decoration, even the tawdriness. For comparatively few people care for the finer, severer aspects of beauty, whereas hundreds of thousands love paper garlands and gaudy hangings and bright pictures. The Catholic Church exists for the multitude, and must see to it that the simple hearts are fed.

The authority of the Church is the claim over which the Protestant has the greatest difficulty. How can he bring himself to accept the doctrine of infallibility, how can he consent to have his own personal beliefs decreed for him? Very likely he cannot. On this point it is probable that his Puritan ancestors will win triumphantly. But, whether one accepts it or not, there is something to be said for the Catholic position. In all the warring, conflicting beliefs of the generations of men, something must be absolutely true and something false. It is hopeless to try to arrive at a common truth through individual dicta; for those shift not only from man to man, but also from year to year in the experience of the same person. Yet how can the world go on if it know not a common

truth? It has not gone on very well so far. Its progress has been so haphazard, so interrupted, so counter-balanced by collapse and retrogression, that many intelligent people deny that it has progressed at all. We pull too many ways. It would be interesting to try the experiment of pulling the same way for a change, of acknowledging — all of us — one standard of faith and morality, and working consciously for one end. We are at heart a great deal more alike than we are different, and we could easily and gladly work together. But somebody must set us our standard, and who is so fit to do that as the Church which has for ages concerned itself with spiritual matters, studying the teachings of Christ, interpreting them, and reconciling their inconsistencies?

The argument holds good in regard to the temporal as well as the spiritual supremacy of the Church. The two supremacies should not be sundered — that is the ultimate truth. All life is spiritual, all questions should be decided spiritually; it is not conceivable that a problem should ever arise which might not better be handled religiously than politically. The words of Christ are sufficient to cover the whole development of our civilization, and would save us from many a needless complexity if we followed them more closely.

Perhaps the idea of an infallible Church is not tenable, since popes and cardinals and priests are human. The Church's weakness undoubtedly lies in her presumption and rigidity. She forgets that the principle of all life is growth, and that if she is to maintain her vitality, she must adapt herself to changing conditions. But she is awakening to that understanding. Her Modernist movement is full of hope and promise to her well-wishers. Meantime, though she may make mistakes, she

probably makes fewer than any individual, trying out his own experiments; and her leadership is invaluable, even if her dogmatic decrees are sometimes at fault.

Her source of weakness is also her strength. There is a great force in that which has been maintained and believed for thousands of years, and the power of unity cannot be overestimated. The human heart loves tradition. Of course! Tradition builds up reality for it, helps it to find a foothold in the midst of the transient welter of immediacy. What millions of our fellow creatures have felt and have slowly shaped into expression out of their common need and understanding must have a bigger measure of truth than the uncertain guesses which any one of us is able to formulate. There is something elemental in the ritual of the Catholic Church, something of the command of the old sea and the mountains. But even the sea and the mountains change. The Church must not destroy herself by standing still.

Such a meditation as this on the part of the Protestant traveler may leave much to be desired from a Catholic point of view. But it is simply worlds removed from any meditation which he would have been able to make, or even conceive, three months before. He bears a changed heart — how deeply changed he realizes more

and more as his life goes on. When he returns to his own country and to his New England Church, he finds that all things look different to him. The nature of his reaction then (a re-reaction it is in truth), depends upon his temperament and his circumstances. He may remain unshaken in his allegiance to the denominational fellowship in which he has been brought up, or his new needs and aspirations may carry him away. In the former case, though the sectarian service will seem formal and matter-of-fact to him, he will also look deeper into it than he ever did before and he will find new echoes and meanings in its ungarnished rites. Unobtrusively, he will slip to his knees during the prayers, and he will create for himself the image of an altar and a glowing, darkling light. 'This is my body' — ah! never again can he hear those tremendous words without prostrating himself.

The conclusion? There is no conclusion. The experience is not an ordered process, with beginning and middle and end. It is a rich hue, dyeing the whole of life; or, better, it is a new light, the light of eternity, which passeth not away. The Protestant who has once learned to kneel devoutly in a Catholic Church will never thereafter wholly escape, for the altar before which he bows has been set up in his own heart.

THE CLINGING VINE

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Be calm? And was I frantic?
You'll have me laughing soon.
I'm calm as this Atlantic,
And quiet as the moon;
I may have spoken faster
Than once, in other days;
For I've no more a master,
And now — 'Be calm,' he says.

Fear not, — fear no commotion, —
I'll be as rocks and sand;
The moon and stars and ocean
Will envy my command;
No creature could be stiller
In any kind of place
Than I . . . No, I'll not kill her;
Her death is in her face.

Be happy while she has it,
For she'll not have it long;
A year, and then you'll pass it,
Preparing a new song.
And I'm a fool for prating
Of what a year may bring,
When more like her are waiting
For more like you to sing.

You mock me with denial,
You dare to call me hard?
You see no room for trial
When all my doors are barred?
You say, and you'd say dying,
That I dream what I know, —

And sighing, and denying,
You'd hold my hand and go.

You scowl — and I don't wonder;
I spoke too fast again;
But you'll forgive one blunder,
For you are like most men:
You are, — or so you've told me,
So many mortal times,
That heaven ought not to hold me
Accountable for crimes.

Be calm? Was I unpleasant?
Then I'll be more discreet,
And grant you, for the present,
The balm of my defeat:
What she, with all her striving
Could not have brought about, —
You've done. Your own contriving
Has put the last light out.

If she were the whole story,
If worse were not behind,
I'd creep with you to glory,
Believing I was blind;
I'd creep, and go on seeming
To be what I despise.
You laugh, and say I'm dreaming,
And all your laughs are lies.

Are women mad? A few are,
And if it's true you say —
If most men are as you are —
We'll all be mad some day.
Be calm — and let me finish;
There's more for you to know.
I'll talk while you diminish,
And listen while you grow.

There was a man who married
Because he could n't see;

THE CLINGING VINE

And all his days he carried
The marks of his degree.
But you — you came clear-sighted,
And found truth in my eyes;
And all my wrongs you've righted
With lies, and lies, and lies.

You've killed the last assurance
That once would have me strive
To rouse an old endurance
That is no more alive.
It makes two people chilly
To say what we have said,
But you — you'll not be silly
And wrangle for the dead.

You don't? You never wrangle?
Why scold then, — or complain?
More words will only mangle
What you've already slain.
Your pride you can't surrender?
My name — for that you fear?
Since when were men so tender,
And honor so severe?

No more — I'll never bear it.
I'm going. I'm like ice.
My burden? You would share it?
Forbid the sacrifice!
Forget so quaint a notion,
And let no more be told;
For moon and stars and ocean
And you and I are cold.

THE STREET

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

It is two short blocks from my office near Park Row to the Subway station where I take the express for Belshazzar Court. Eight months in the year it is my endeavor to traverse this distance as quickly as I can. This is done by cutting diagonally across the street traffic. By virtue of the law governing right-angled triangles I thus save as much as fifty feet and one fifth of a minute of time. In the course of a year this saving amounts to sixty minutes, which may be profitably spent over a two-reel presentation of 'The Moonshiner's Bride,' supplemented by an intimate picture of Lumbering in Saskatchewan. But with the coming of warm weather my habits change. It grows more difficult to plunge into the murk of the Subway.

A foretaste of the languor of June is in the air. The turnstile storm-doors in our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitively removed. The steel-workers pace their girders twenty floors high almost in mid-season form, and their pneumatic hammers scold and chatter through the sultry hours. The soda-fountains are bright with new compounds whose names ingeniously reflect the world's progress from day to day in politics, science, and the arts. From my window I can see the long black steamships pushing down to the sea, and they raise vague speculations in my mind about the cost of living in the vicinity of Sorrento and Fontaine-

bleau. On such a day I am reminded of my physician's orders, issued last December, to walk a mile every afternoon on leaving my office. So I stroll up Broadway with the intention of taking my train farther up-town, at Fourteenth Street.

The doctor did not say stroll. He said a brisk walk with head erect, chest thrown out, diaphragm well contracted, and a general aspect of money in the bank. But here enters human perversity. The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,—in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I stride along and see little.

And in the city, where I should swing along briskly, I lounge. What is there on Broadway to linger over? On Broadway, Nature has used her biggest, fattest type-forms. Tall, flat, building fronts, brazen with many windows and ribbed with commercial gilt lettering six feet high; shrieking proclamations of auction sales written in letters of fire on vast canvasses; railway posters in scarlet and blue and green; rotatory barber-poles striving at the national colors and producing vertigo; banners, escutcheons, crests, in all the primary colors—surely none of these things

needs poring over. And I know them with my eyes closed. I know the windows where lithe youths in gymnasium dress demonstrate the virtue of home exercises; the windows where other young men do nothing but put on and take off patent reversible near-linen collars; where young women deftly roll cigarettes; where other young women whittle at sticks with miraculously stropped razors. I know these things by heart, yet I linger over them in flagrantly unhygienic attitudes, my shoulders bent forward and my chest and diaphragm in a position precisely the reverse of that prescribed by the doctor.

Perhaps the thing that makes me linger before these familiar sights is the odd circumstance that in Broadway's shop-windows Nature is almost never herself, but is either supernatural or artificial. Nature, for instance, never intended that razors should cut wood and remain sharp; that linen collars should keep on getting cleaner the longer they are worn; that glass should not break; that ink should not stain; that gauze should not tear; that an object worth five dollars should sell for \$1.39; but all these things happen in Broadway windows. Williams, whom I meet now and then, who sometimes turns and walks up with me to Fourteenth Street, pointed out to me the other day how strange a thing it was that the one street which has become a synonym for 'real life' to all good suburban Americans is not real at all, but is crowded either with miracles or with imitations.

The windows on Broadway glow with wax fruits and with flowers of muslin and taffeta drawn by bounteous Nature from her storehouses in Parisian garret workshops. Broadway's ostrich feathers have been plucked in East Side tenements. The huge cigars in the tobacconist's windows are of wood. The enormous bottles of champagne

in the saloons are of cardboard, and empty. The tall scaffoldings of proprietary medicine bottles in the drug shops are of paper. 'Why,' said Williams, 'even the jewelry sold in the Japanese auction stores is not genuine, and the sellers are not Japanese.'

This bustling mart of commerce, as the generation after the Civil War used to say, is only a world of illusion. Artificial flowers, artificial fruits, artificial limbs, tobacco, rubber, silks, woolens, straws, gold, silver. The young men and women who manipulate razors and elastic cords are real, but not always. Williams and I once stood for a long while and gazed at a young woman posing in a drug-shop window, and argued whether she was alive. Ultimately she winked and Williams gloated over me. But how do I know her wink was real? At any rate the great mass of human life in the windows is artificial. The ladies who smile out of charming morning costumes are obviously of lining and plaster. Their smug Herculean husbands in pajamas preserve their equanimity in the severest winter weather only because of their wire-and-plaster constitution. The baby reposing in its beribboned crib is china and excelsior. Illusion everywhere.

But the Broadway crowd is real. You only have to buffet it for five minutes to feel, in eyes and arms and shoulders, how real it is. When I was a boy and was taken to the circus it was always an amazing thing to me that there should be so many people in the street moving in a direction away from the circus. Something of this sensation still besets me whenever we go down in the Subway from Belshazzar Court to hear Caruso. The presence of all the other people on our train is simple enough. They are all on their way to hear Caruso. But what of the crowds in the trains that flash by in the opposite direction? It is not a question of feel-

ing sorry for them. I try to understand and I fail. But on Broadway on a late summer afternoon the obverse is true. The natural thing is that the living tide as it presses south shall beat me back, halt me, eddy around me. I know that there are people moving north with me, but I am not acutely aware of them. This onrush of faces converges on me alone. It is I against half the world.

And then suddenly out of the surge of faces one leaps out at me. It is Williams, whose doctor has told him that the surest way of fighting down the lust for tobacco is to walk down from his office to the ferry every afternoon. Williams and I salute each other after the fashion of Broadway, which is to exchange greetings backward over the shoulder. This is the first step in an elaborate minuet. Because we have passed each other before recognition came, our hands fly out backward. Now we whirl half around, so that I who have been moving north face the west, while Williams, who has been traveling south, now looks east. Our clasped hands strain at each other as we stand there poised for flight after the first greeting. A quarter of a minute perhaps, and we have said good-bye.

But if the critical quarter of a minute passes, there ensues a change of geographical position which corresponds to a change of soul within us. I suddenly say to myself that there are plenty of trains to be had at Fourteenth Street. Williams recalls that another boat will leave Battery Place shortly after the one he is bound for. So the tension of our outstretched arms relaxes. I, who have been facing west, complete the half circle and swing south. Williams veers due north, and we two men stand face to face. The beat and clamor of the crowd fall away from us like a well-trained stage mob. We are in Broadway, but not of it.

'Well, what's the good word?' says Williams.

When two men meet on Broadway the spirit of optimism strikes fire. We begin by asking each other what the good word is. We take it for granted that neither of us has anything but a chronicle of victory and courage to relate. What other word but the good word is tolerable in the lexicon of living, upstanding men? Failure is only for the dead. Surrender is for the man with yellow in his nature. So Williams and I pay our acknowledgments to this best of possible worlds. I give Williams the good word. I make no allusion to the fact that I have spent a miserable night in communion with neuralgia; how can that possibly concern him? Another manuscript came back this morning from an editor who regretted that his is the most unintelligent body of readers in the country. The third cook in three weeks left us last night after making vigorous reflections on my wife's good nature and my own appearance. Only an hour ago, as I was watching the long, black steamers bound for Sorrento and Fontainebleau, the monotony of one's treadmill work, the flat unprofitableness of scribbling endlessly on sheets of paper, had become almost a nausea. But Williams will know nothing of this from me. Why should he? He may have been sitting up all night with a sick child. At this very moment the thought of the little parched lips, the moan, the unseeing eyes, may be tearing at his entrails; but he in turn gives me the good word, and many others after that, and we pass on.

But sometimes I doubt. This splendid optimism of people on Broadway, in the Subway and in the shops and offices — is it really a sign of high spiritual courage, or is it just lack of sensibility? Do we find it easy to keep a stiff upper lip, to buck up, to never say die, because we are brave men, or simply

because we lack the sensitiveness and the imagination to react to pain? It may be even worse than that. It may be part of our commercial gift for window-dressing, for putting up a good front.

Sometimes I feel that Williams has no right to be walking down Broadway on business when there is a stricken child at home. The world cannot possibly need him at that moment as much as his own flesh and blood does. It is not courage; it is brutish indifference. At such times I am tempted to dismiss as mythical all this fine talk about feelings that run deep beneath the surface, and bruised hearts that ache under the smile. If a man really suffers he will show it. If a man cultivates the habit of not showing emotion he will end by having none to show. How much of Broadway's optimism is — But here I am paraphrasing William James's *Principles of Psychology*, which the reader can just as well consult for himself in the latest revised edition of 1907.

Also, I am exaggerating. Most likely Williams's children are all in perfect health, and my envelope from the editor has brought a check instead of a rejection slip. It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If any one is ever inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents. In theory, the two cigars which Williams and I buy for twenty-five cents are worth fifteen cents apiece. As a matter of fact they are probably ten-cent cigars. But the shopkeeper is welcome to his extra nickel. It is a small price to pay for the seal of comradeship that stamps his pair of cigars

selling for a single quarter. Two men who have concluded a business deal in which each has commendably tried to get the better of the other may call for twenty-five cent perfectos or for half-dollar Dreadnoughts. I understand there are such. But friends sitting down together will always demand cigars that go for a round sum, two for a quarter or three for fifty (if the editor's check is what it ought to be).

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs \$2.79 is inconceivable. But I have really wandered from my point.

'Well, be good,' says Williams, and rushes off to catch his boat.

The point I wish to make is that on Broadway people pay tribute to the principle of goodness that rules this world, both in the way they greet and in the way they part. We salute by asking each other what the good word is. When we say good-bye we enjoin each other to be good. The humorous assumption is that gay devils like Williams and me need to be constantly warned against straying off into the primrose paths that run out of Broadway.

Simple, humorous, average American man! You have left your suburban couch in time to walk half a mile to the station and catch the 7.59 for the city. You have read your morning paper; discussed the weather, the tariff, and the prospects for lettuce with your neighbor; and made the office only a minute late. You have

been fastened to your desk from nine o'clock to five, with half an hour for lunch, which you have eaten in a clamorous, overheated restaurant while you watched your hat and coat. At odd moments during the day the thought of doctor's bills, rent bills, school bills, has insisted on receiving attention. At the end of the day, laden with parcels from the market, from the hardware store, from the seedman, you are bound for the ferry to catch the 5.43, when you meet Smith, who, having passed the good word, sends you on your way with the injunction to be good — not to play roulette, not to open wine, not to turkey-trot, not to joy-ride, not to haunt the stage door. Be good, O simple, humorous, average suburban American!

I take back that word suburban. The Sunday Supplement has given it a meaning which is not mine. I am speaking only of the suburban in spirit, of a simplicity, a meekness which is of the soul only. Outwardly there is nothing suburban about the crowd on lower Broadway. The man in the street is not at all the diminutive, apologetic creature with side whiskers whom Mr. F. B. Oppen brought forth and named Common People, who begat the Strap-Hanger, who begat the Rent-Payer and the Ultimate Consumer. The crowd on lower Broadway is alert and well set up. Yes, though one hates to do it, I must say 'clean-cut.' The men on the sidewalk are young, limber, sharp-faced, almost insolent young men. There are not very many old men in the crowd, though I see any number of gray-haired young men. Seldom do you detect the traditional signs of age, the sagging lines of the face, the relaxed abdominal contour, the tamed spirit. The young, the young-old, the old-young, but rarely quite the old.

I am speaking only of externals. Clean-cut, eager faces are very fre-

quently disappointing. A very ordinary mind may be working behind that clear sweep of brow and nose and chin. I have known the shock of young men who look like kings of Wall Street and speak like shoe clerks. They are shoe clerks. But the appearance is there, that athletic carriage which is helped out by our triumphant, ready-made clothing. I suppose I ought to detest the tailor's tricks which iron out all ages and all stations into a uniformity of padded shoulders and trim waist-lines and hips. I imagine I ought to despise our habit of wearing elegant shoddy where the European chooses honest, clumsy woolens. But I am concerned only with externals, and in outward appearances a Broadway crowd beats the world. Æsthetically we simply are in a class by ourselves when compared with the Englishman and the Teuton in their skimpy, ill-cut garments. Let the British and German ambassadors at Washington do their worst. This is my firm belief and I will maintain it against the world. The truth must out. *Ruat cælum. Ich kann nicht anders. J'y suis, j'y reste.*

Williams laughs at my lyrical outbursts. But I am not yet through. I still have to speak of the women in the crowd. What an infinitely finer thing is a woman than a man of her class! To see this for yourself you have only to walk up Broadway until the southward-bearing stream breaks off and the tide begins to run from west to east. You have passed out of the commercial district into the region of factories. It is well on toward dark, and the barracks that go by the unlovely name of loft buildings, are pouring out their battalions of needle-workers. The crowd has become a mass. The nervous pace of lower Broadway slackens to the steady, patient tramp of a host. It is an army of women, with here and there a flying detachment of the male.

On the faces of the men the day's toil has written its record even as on the women, but in a much coarser hand. Fatigue has beaten down the soul of these men into brutish indifference, but in the women it has drawn fine the flesh only to make it more eloquent of the soul. Instead of listlessness, there is wistfulness. Instead of vacuity you read mystery. Innate grace rises above the vulgarity of the dress. Cheap, tawdry blouse and imitation willow-plume walk shoulder to shoulder with the shoddy coat of the male, copying Fifth Avenue as fifty cents may attain to five dollars. But the men's shoddy is merely a horror, whereas woman transfigures and subtilizes the cheap material. The spirit of grace which is the birthright of her sex cannot be killed—not even by the presence of her best young man in Sunday clothes. She is finer by the heritage of her sex, and America has accentuated her title. This America which drains her youthful vigor with overwork, which takes from her cheeks the color she has brought from her Slavic or Italian peasant home, makes restitution by remoulding her in more delicate, more alluring lines, gives her the high privilege of charm—and neurosis.

Williams and I pause at the Subway entrances and watch the earth suck in the crowd. It lets itself be swallowed up with meek good-nature. Our amazing good-nature! Political philosophers have deplored the fact. They have urged us to be quicker-tempered, more resentful of being stepped upon, more inclined to write letters to the editor. I agree that only in that way can we be rid of political bosses, of brutal policemen, of ticket-speculators, of taxicab extortioners, of insolent waiters, of janitors, of indecent congestion in travel, of unheated cars in the winter and barred-up windows in summer. I am at heart with the social philoso-

phers. But then I am not typical of the crowd. When my neighbor's elbow injects itself into the small of my back, I twist around and glower at him. I forget that his elbow is the innocent mechanical result of a whole series of elbows and backs extending the length of the car, to where the first cause operates in the form of a station-guard's shoulder ramming the human cattle into their stalls. In the faces about me there is no resentment. Instead of smashing windows, instead of raising barricades in the Subway and hanging the train-guards with their own lanterns about their necks, the crowd sways and bends to the lurching of the train, and young voices call out cheerfully, 'Plenty of room ahead.'

Horribly good-natured! We have taken a phrase which is the badge of our shame and turned it into a jest. Plenty of room ahead! If this were a squat, ill-formed proletarian race obviously predestined to subjection, one might understand. But that a crowd of trim, well-cut, self-reliant Americans, sharp-featured, alert, insolent as I have called them, that they should submit is a puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the fierce democracy of it all. The crush, the enforced intimacies of physical contact, the feeling that a man's natural condition is to push and be pushed, to shove ahead when the opportunity offers and to take it like a man when no chance presents itself—that is equality. A seat in the Subway is like the prizes of life for which men have fought in these United States. You struggle, you win or lose. If the other man wins there is no envy; admiration rather, provided he has not shouldered and elbowed out of reason. That god-like freedom from envy is passing to-day, and perhaps the good nature of the crowd in the Subway will pass. I see signs of the approaching change. People do not call out, 'Plenty of

room ahead,' so frequently as they used to.

Good-natured when dangling from the strap in the Subway, good-natured in front of baseball bulletins on Park Row, good-natured in the face of so much oppression and injustice, where is the supposed cruelty of the 'mob'? I am ready to affirm on oath that the mob is not vindictive, that it is not cruel. It may be a bit sharp-tongued, fickle, a bit mischievous, but in the heart of the crowd there is no evil passion. The evil comes from the leaders, the demagogues, the professional distorters of right thinking and right feeling. The crowd in the bleachers is not the clamorous, brute mob of tradition. I have watched faces in the bleachers and in the grand-stand and seen little of that fury which is supposed to animate the fan. For the most part he sits there with folded arms, thin-lipped, eager, but after all conscious that there are other things in life besides baseball. No, it is the leaders, the baseball editors, the cartoonists, the humorists, the professional stimulators of 'local pride,' with their exaggerated gloatings over a game won, their poisonous attacks upon a losing team, who are responsible. It is these demagogues who drill the crowd in the gospel of loving only a winner — but if I keep on I shall be in politics before I know it.

If you see in the homeward crowd in the Subway a face over which the pall of depression has settled, that face very likely is bent over the comic pictures in the evening paper. I cannot recall seeing any one smile over these long serials of humorous adventure which run from day to day and from year to year. I have seen readers turn mechanically to these lurid comics and pore over them, foreheads puckered into a frown, lips unconsciously spelling out the long legends which issue in

the form of little balloons and lozenges from that amazing portrait gallery of dwarfs, giants, shrilling viragos and their diminutive husbands, devil-children, quadrupeds, insects, — an entire zoölogy. If any stimulus rises from these pages to the puzzled brain, the effect is not visible. I imagine that by dint of repetition through the years these grotesque creations have become a reality to millions of readers. It is no longer a question of humor, it is a vice. The Desperate Desmonds, the Newly-weds, and the Dingbats, have acquired a horrible fascination. Otherwise I cannot see why readers of the funny page should appear to be memorizing pages from Euclid.

This by way of anticipation. What the doctor has said of exercise being a habit which grows easy with time is true. It is the first five minutes of walking that are wearisome. I find myself strolling past Fourteenth Street, where I was to take my train for Belshazzar Court. Never mind, Forty-Second Street will do as well. I am now on a different Broadway. The crowd is no longer north and south, but flows in every direction. It is churned up at every corner and spreads itself across the squares and open places. Its appearance has changed. It is no longer a factory population. Women still predominate, but they are the women of the professions and trades which centre about Madison Square — business women of independent standing, women from the magazine offices, the publishing houses, the insurance offices. You detect the bachelor girl in the current which sets in toward the home quarters of the undomesticated, the little Bohemias, the foreign eating-places whose fixed *table d'hôte* prices flash out in illuminated signs from the side streets. Still farther north and the crowd becomes tinged with the current of that Broadway which the outside

world knows best. The idlers begin to mingle with the workers, men in English clothes with canes, women with plumes and jeweled reticules. You catch the first heart-beat of Little Old New York.

The first stirrings of this gayer Broadway die down as quickly almost as they manifested themselves. The idlers and those who minister to them have heard the call of the dinner hour and have vanished, into hotel doors, into shabbier quarters by no means in keeping with the cut of their garments and their apparent indifference to useful employment. Soon the street is almost empty. It is not a beautiful Broadway in this garish interval between the last of the *matinée* and shopping crowd and the vanguard of the night crowd. The monster electric sign-boards have not begun to gleam and flash and revolve and confound the eye and the senses. At night the electric Niagara hides the squalid fronts of ugly brick, the dark doorways, the clutter of fire-escapes, the rickety wooden hoardings. Not an imperial street this Broadway at 6.30 of a summer's afternoon. Cheap jewelry shops, cheap tobacconist's shops, cheap haberdasheries, cheap restaurants, grimy little newspaper agencies and ticket-offices, and 'demonstration' stores for patent foods, patent waters, patent razors.

O Gay White Way, you are far from gay in the fast-fading light, before the magic hand of Edison wipes the wrinkles from your face and galvanizes you into hectic vitality; far from alluring

with your tinsel shop-windows, with your puffy-faced, unshaven men leaning against door-posts and chewing pessimistic toothpicks, your sharp-eyed newsboys wise with the wisdom of the Tenderloin, and your itinerant women whose eyes wander from side to side. It is not in this guise that you draw the hearts of millions to yourself, O dingy, Gay White Way, O Via *Lobsteria Dolorosa*!

Well, when a man begins to moralize it is time to go home. I have walked farther than I intended, and I am soft from lack of exercise, and tired. The romance of the crowd has disappeared. Romance cannot survive that short passage of Longacre Square, where the art of the theatre and of the picture-postcard flourish in an atmosphere impregnated with gasolene. As I glance into the windows of the automobile salesrooms and catch my own reflection in the enamel of Babylonian limousines I find myself thinking all at once of the children at home. They expand and fill up the horizon. Broadway disappears. I smile into the face of a painted promenader, but how is she to know that it is not at her I smile but at the sudden recollection of what the baby said at the breakfast-table that morning? Like all good New Yorkers when they enter the Subway, I proceed to choke up all my senses against contact with the external world, and thus resolving myself into a state of coma, I dip down into the bowels of the earth, whence in due time I am spewed out two short blocks from Belshazzar Court.

THE CHALLENGER

BY ALBERT KINROSS

THE city of Basel is a place you stop at and ask for hot coffee and rolls after a long night in the train. You break Italian journeys here, or wait an hour before going on to Lucerne and Interlaken and Chur and St. Moritz. The city of Basel is the gate of Switzerland, and, like most gates, it is entered and easily forgotten. Some tourists, indeed, have strolled out of the station and ventured as far as the bridge that spans the Rhine; a few have climbed to the cathedral; and fewer still have looked at the fine Holbeins in the Museum. They carried away with them the impression of a centre, mediocre and industrious, guarding placidly its sparse mediæval monuments, and possessing the oldest and most comfortable of hotels.

It was on the verandah of this hotel, overlooking the swirl of the river and the monotony of Little Basel, that I met a man to whom the city was something more than a railway junction and a gate for tourists. He had lived there, it appeared, a good many years ago, and he roamed it like a person in a cemetery.

'I could n't go through without stopping,' he said, 'though there's nothing much to stop for; and so I arranged with my wife to meet me here — she's on her way from Italy.'

He flicked a cigar-ash into the rolling Rhine, and, speaking with the drawling coolness of the Anglo-Saxon, 'You see a ghost of yourself in every little street,' he pursued; 'I was twenty when I came here — ever been twenty?'

In certain matters I was twenty still. I had got off at Basel because no one else ever gets off; I had lingered because no one else ever lingers.

'I'll show you the place — if you can stand my ghosts,' he offered. 'Things have n't altered much; I can find my way.'

And so that afternoon we sauntered out together, and he refreshed his memory; and there were reminiscences of the factory where he had been a clerk, of the university where he had matriculated, of the prison he had escaped. He peopled the cobbled streets with faces, with the curious life that attracts and is attracted by early youth. Here dwelt the man who had swindled him over a bicycle, here the young lady who had sold him cigarettes; or we paused at favorite cafés on whose billiard-tables he had performed, at beer-halls once famous for their waitresses; and in a main thoroughfare we found his hatter, his hosier, his tailor, and the shop where he had eaten fourteen cream-tarts for a wager and felt no worse. It went on pretty much as it had gone on then, a dull and rather unimaginative life in a dull and rather unimaginative city, very puritan, very thrifty, without art or the need of art.

'They're a little people,' he said, 'and the little peoples — are little. No great height, no great depths. And yet, when one's been young in a place, it counts; somehow one does n't forget it. You make your own comedy, your own tragedy, and there's no limit. It's up to you.'

I saw nothing of him the next morning, but, later on, he reappeared.

'I've been mooning about the cathedral and the cloisters,' he said, 'and I've had a turn in the swimming-bath; let's dine together if you've nothing better to do — I know a place. It's my last day,' he added; 'I've made the most of it.'

A second time we strolled, and beyond an ancient city gate, the slanting roof of which was decorated with green and white tiles, we came to the long road that leads to Alsace, and here, past a training college for missionaries, we drew up at a restaurant with a garden and summer-house and chairs and tables, where one could eat and drink and smoke and pass the evening.

'This used to be our garden,' he said, 'and the restaurant was a villa then. I lived here with a family called Fröhlich. They're dead and gone and the new owner made the change — You see, there's the garden — he's doing well, he says.'

Outdoors, in the open, we ate our meal, and Aveling's ghosts continued. That was the name on his card — Paul Treacher Aveling.

'There were the three students and I,' he pursued, 'and a cashier in a bank, and an old lady who was divorced — it's a simple matter in Switzerland. We all lived here and boarded. Old Fröhlich had been left the villa; it was too big for the family, so they started a *pension* in it. He was a man of some position in the university. The salaries are meagre, and he could n't have kept up the villa without running the *pension*. I came there because Mrs. Fröhlich was some connection of the people for whom I worked. I was an unpaid clerk — what they call a volunteer — in that factory. My father wanted me to learn French and German and see something of the world, and he was a very good customer to

those people, so they accepted me and made an arrangement with the Fröhlichs. We used to sit out here in the summer evenings, the three students with their beer, the ladies with their coffee and sewing, and me wondering what all the talk was about. For, you see, I could n't understand, and these German Swiss have a dialect which no one can understand for quite a year. I used to sit still and listen and look at Minna Fröhlich. She was the younger of the two girls, seventeen, and just finished with school, and her hair half up and half down — beautiful glossy hair it was, a dark chestnut and very fine. I would have liked to touch it. But there, I could n't even speak at first. I could only look and wonder, and feel I was n't a hundredth good enough for her.'

He paused, and I could see them in the evening light, seated round the tables brought out from the summer-house: the students with their beer; the girls, their mother, and the old lady, each with some small piece of needlework; and this young man who wondered and looked at Minna Fröhlich.

'I thought those students fine fellows,' he resumed, 'especially the two in the white caps and striped badges. They wore colors, they carried ivory-handled canes carved with the cipher of their corps; they seemed to lead a high and gallant life apart from ours, rising when they pleased, working or not working, and free of a clubhouse where they reveled, swung broadswords, and sang and sat up late. The third student, who was reading divinity, had none of this glamour. It was impossible to figure him as a duelist and carouser. He was poor, he wore an ordinary hat, and even a beard to save the cost of shaving; but he was a kind-hearted fellow, and sometimes spoke to me in English or helped me with my attempts at German.'

'When I had been there three months I discovered that the two students were perpetually making fun of me in their atrocious dialect. I don't quite know how it was I understood, but one evening, sitting in the garden, I fancied they were making fun of me to my face; criticizing my nationality, my personal appearance, my struggles with the language and my accent. They gave imitations and they laughed; perhaps a long impunity had made them overbold. Something of the kind had puzzled me for weeks, and, maybe, I had progressed more than they were aware, or I. It amused the elder girl; I caught the eye of the younger, and there was a look in her face that made a certainty of what I had suspected. In that moment I understood. I could prove nothing; I had no evidence to pin them down on; but I understood. And as it all came clear, a kind of wild joy possessed me. I had always wanted to be a hero waving a sword, to fight blazing duels, to lead a charge of cavalry, to know the glitter and the ring of steel; and here at last I had found my opportunity.

'I don't know whether other young men are the same. I am sorry for them if they are not. But a duel at twenty is irresistible. It is one of the few possible adventures left, and there is a glamour in the enterprise, a something fascinating and romantic; and, at that age, I had romance written all over me. I read romantic books, I loved Minna Fröhlich romantically, and, although in the factory I kept a day-book, journal, and ledger, and wrote letters in English, I felt that life would not end there and that one day I should do something brilliant and noble that would put my name on every tongue. What, exactly, I could not say. The aspiration was there, the vast desire. Adolescence, no doubt, nothing but adolescence — and some of my blood

is Irish and works loose. Time kills these visions, real enough, all too real, while they endure. Though my cavalry charge was still to seek, here, at length, had come my coveted duel. If those silly students showing off there had but known! I don't think it ever occurred to them that the silent and harmless young man on yonder side of the table was a hot romantic, ripe for the assault, eager for steel and the clash of it; as much in love with a duel as he was with Minna Fröhlich, and hereby given his opportunity.

'My chivalry was equal to the occasion. I chose the larger and the wittier one. Yes, I would challenge him, and, though I had never handled a broadsword in my life, I would fight him with that, his own weapon.

"Herr Grieder, may I have a word with you — alone?" I interrupted them.

'He understood me. "Certainly," he answered, and came with me to the end of the garden — just there,' said Aveling, pointing with his stick to a place where the graveled path skirted the villa and gave on to the street.

'That's the very spot. He leaned against the house, and we were on that path. I explained matters as best I could, and he neither denied nor admitted that he had insulted me openly, before those ladies.

"At home I would thrash you with a whip," I ended, "but in this country I am willing to fight a duel." I was superbly courteous.

'He grasped my meaning. "You are a clerk," he answered; "a student does not fight a duel with a clerk." He bowed and left me.

'I was speechless. I had never expected this. A moment later I heard a shout of laughter from the garden. He had returned to the others and had revealed to them my insolent challenge, that I, a clerk, had ventured to call him out.

'To-day, perhaps, I would have used other weapons and swallowed my craving for romance. But I was twenty, and with those ladies in the garden, and especially Minna, I was determined to do nothing that was not chivalrous and fine. No, I would not hit him, though I ached to do so; though it was human nature and the way I had been trained. Instead, I walked the streets and thought it out. At last I had it. I would become a student, too. I too would wear a colored cap and badge and carry an ivory-handled cane of ebony, and sport a ribbon round my chest and quaff beer and belong to a corps. I would fight him on his own ground and in his own manner. Nothing should be wanting. My chivalry carried me along, my quixotism; it was a search for the ideal, and I reveled in it. Romance, of course — sheer unadulterated romance. This duel had come, eluded me, but now I had it fast. I roamed the streets and worked it out.

The garden was all dark on my return, and, instead of going indoors, I went toward the summer-house. Some instinct led me there; or perhaps it was because I wanted to smoke a last cigarette. I lit my match, and discovered Minna. The light showed me her face, her eyes. The light went out.

"I do not wish you to think too badly of us," she said, "that we are all like that. I have waited here to say it to you."

"She spoke so slowly, so firmly; and I understood. I found her hand, and she let me kiss it, let it rest in mine.

"If you leave us," she said, "you will not think too badly of us."

"I will not leave you; I will never leave you," I answered.

"But, after that," she began.

"I am going to join the other students' corps — the red Helvetians."

'I had made my effect. I had taken her breath away. I was magnanimous

and splendid. Does it matter whether she gave me her hand once more or whether she did n't? It all happened in this garden — in that summer-house — out here — twenty or more years ago. I have never known a freshness such as hers, youth like hers. It was like holding flowers; it was the stuff of radiant dreams. I get the scent of the summer night over again, and she moving away from me like a spirit and leaving me out there to wonder whether it is true — whether it is really I — whether it was really she. Seventeen — little girls should be looked after more carefully when they are seventeen.

'I had a good allowance, enough to keep me in comfort as a student. I had to win my father's consent to the change, and I suppose I lied a little. He was a plain, straightforward man, easy-going as a rule, but unforgiving when deceived. I deceived him. I had lost all taste for business, I wrote home, and I wished to study medicine, here in Basel. I made it medicine because I had to make it something, and doctoring attracted me more than the rest. The divinity student helped me in all these matters. He was on my side; he told me so at the first opportunity; and a divinity student is the last person to shrink from a little purposeful casuistry. I obtained my father's consent after he had challenged my seriousness. As I wrote to him then, I had never been more serious in my life. He must put up with it, he answered, if I really felt that way, although he had rather counted on me in the business, which would be a soft thing, a ready-made thing, for me — most young fellows would jump at my chances. He warned me, he put it clearly, so that there could be no mistake. He, good fellow, was not a romantic, and I knew it. He would have had no sympathy with my duel; but he

would have been entirely with me if I had taken a horsewhip and applied it there and then. I had to deceive him, and I did. I have always tried to feel sorry for that part of the game; but these things are beyond us; they lie in one's nature, in one's destiny, in that part of one's life that is shaped for us, that makes itself.

'Six months later I matriculated. It was evidence of hard work; and now, I fancy, my father really became interested. The divinity student had coached me and was proud of me. So were the older Fröhlichs. The University was a shining light to them, and all that escaped its rays inferior metal. From pewter I had turned to silver, from brass to sovereign gold. These academic people have a snobbery of their own, more comic than vulgar. For, inside of me, I was the same. But outside I wore the bright red cap of the corps Helvetia, its stripes, its ribbons, its badges. I had become a personage. The white caps were the Zofingia, and hardly ranked with us. We were such notorious blood-letters! With the white caps a duel was optional; with us enforced. We were a small corps but famous, and even took our broadswords into Germany and met the fiercest blades of Heidelberg or Munich, of all the south.

'I had the whole apparatus of revenge: the smartest colors, a fighting-ground, and equal or superior rank. No one except Minna and the divinity student suspected me. The two white caps had forgotten their offense and treated me now with an ironic respect. The older girl thought me a little mad; and perhaps she was right. There was a salt in the air in those days, a savor; you catch it now in a moment of sudden zest; a passing resurgence, that mocks you with some afterglow of youth, that sets you wondering whether it is forever gone. After a

hard hour's sport, for instance; or a something in a woman's face — you have your moment of illusion. Then it was reality, permanent, and as though invulnerably secure. You were rich beyond dreams.

How we dreamed — Minna and I! The future was one long fulfillment, I its hero, she its queen. Looking backward, I know her as she was, woman at the heart of her and asking little else than love and children and a home. That was her romance — to give herself to these. No vagueness, and little of idle sentiment. The women grow that way out here, and, in all probability, they are right. I did n't see it then as I see it now. I saw what I looked to see. It was enough.

'There was a brother Helvetian, one Burckhardt, who gave me my first lessons with a sword. He had a wrist of steel, and the strokes would rain down on the cage that enclosed my head. The student's weapon, as the students use it, delivers a shower of blows. Once you have begun, there is no pause, and, if you hesitate, the fight is over, your cheek laid open or your cranium. I got the hang of it, and even some skill, before I returned to my friend the white cap and told him exactly why I had become a student.

'One afternoon I knocked at his door knowing he was inside. He looked up blandly and quite unsuspecting. He erred on the fat side and was tall and would grow pompous.

'I brought my heels together and made my bow. "You declined my challenge last summer," I said, "because I was a clerk. Now I am no longer a clerk and you can accept it."

"But I thought that was all forgotten and over," he said.

"I have not forgotten, and it is by no means over," I replied.

"But this is too ridiculous," he said.

"It is so ridiculous that I have thrown up one career and am playing with another."

"Is — is that the reason you left the factory?"

"It had dawned upon him at last.

"It is the one and only reason."

"He had nothing more to say, apparently.

"And now you will meet me according to your corps rules and mine — when?" I prompted him.

"Is this necessary?" he asked.

"It is so necessary that if you do not fight I will have to treat you as I would treat — a clerk."

"Good, I will let you have my answer," he replied.

"You will receive a very bad insult, in public, unless it comes promptly," said I.

"Before Miss Minna, for instance?" he sneered.

"Before several ladies — that is how you yourself arrange such matters."

"I left him, and, instead of meeting my challenge, the wretched fellow went to old Fröhlich. I was a swash-buckling foreigner, he said, who wished to make trouble in the house. If I wanted a duel, why could I not seek some one outside? It was not that he was afraid, but he did not think it wise that there should be duels between the *pensionnaires*. Nor did old Fröhlich. He spoke to me very kindly, quite paternally. I had been insulted? It was so long ago, and, after all, the Swiss were not like the Germans, who made a great point of what they called honor.

"I could not discuss the question. The fellow should fight his duel. I left the matter to my friend Burckhardt, who reported that the white cap had declined to fight because it was, "against his principles."

Aveling had paused and ordered

fresh supplies of beer. Lights were shining from the villa that was now a restaurant. One heard the click of the billiard-balls and saw the players move against the open windows. The waiter began a round of illumination when he had done with us.

'Pros't,' said Aveling, holding aloft his mug.

"What about that student?" I asked.

"I thrashed him. I beat him with his own stick, with my fists, with my open hand. I beat him till I was sick and disgusted; and when I was done with him, I started on the second white cap, who was kind enough to run away. I had just seen Burckhardt, and I came upon them hot, in this garden. They were going out together. I met them in the place where the big one had carried his despicable point last summer. He made no resistance. He seemed held down by fear. Under all the swagger and gilt of him he was the most abject coward I have ever known. And the other one, who ran away, except for that faint glimmer of reason, was just as bad. Between them, with their ivory-handled canes, they ought to have broken my head open. It was n't very nice of me; it was neither chivalrous nor romantic, nor any of the other things upon which I had plumed and prided myself. It was sheer savagery. But after all those months, and all those visions and manipulations — to have the bottom knocked out of my scheme like that! I suppose I reverted to myself, to the natural human man in me who all this time had been obscured. Why had n't I thrashed him at first and been done with him? It would have been wiser; it would have saved us all a deal of trouble.

"The first effect of this castigation was that old Fröhlich kicked me out. The other student, who ran away, had alarmed the whole household. I was, so

to speak, caught red-handed, and dismissed red-handed; and nobody made more fuss than the elderly divorcée. You have forgotten her? I never will. The row she made! She had watched it all from her bedroom window, and Herr Grieder was a gentleman and I was not. No gentleman would use his fists; that was good for butchers' assistants, for common people; and if she had n't seen it, with her own eyes! — Herr Grieder slunk off. I was left alone in this garden with that eloquent female and Professor Fröhlich who kicked me out. I remember Minna and her sister in the background, vague shapes in that blur of passion. I was heated and roused. I felt like taking all the white-capped students in Switzerland and bashing their heads together. By the evening I had packed my trunks and was out of the villa. I went to a small hotel near here, one of those opposite, that face the Rhine. The divinity student found me out there with a note from Minna. I was to be prosecuted for assault and battery; I would be fined and sent to prison — they mixed both punishments — unless, for there was an alternative — unless I apologized to the two students, which she knew I would never do, and must not do — not even for her sake, she ended. That was impossible — *unmöglich*.

'I met her secretly, behind the cathedral, in the cloisters. Go there one day, and you will find a quiet, a coolness, a remoteness from the busy world below. Sometimes a tourist comes, but nobody of Basel. You have those stone arcades to yourself, the mural tablets, with their scutcheons of the patrician families that once ruled here. Half a dozen times I met her there, and then a warrant was out for me and I had to scamper; for I had declined to apologize, and I was not going to prison, and I would not pay a fine. Those two rascally students should have no

such satisfaction. I crossed the frontier into Germany and snapped my fingers at them.

'I went to a little place called Lörrach on the edge of the Black Forest, a dull hole and a lonely, except when Minna escaped and met me on the frontier. These visits ceased; they caught her, and she was sent away to an aunt who lived in one of the French towns. I might have followed her; but now my father stepped in too, and there were ructions. I had deceived him, he began; he had heard all about my goings on from one of my former business principals, the one who was some connection of Mrs. Fröhlich. I had brawled and fought and got entangled with the Professor's daughter, a child of seventeen; and my reason for giving up business was not that I wanted to study medicine, as I had persuaded him, but that I wanted to fight a duel. And now I had fought with my fists and the police were after me and I had cleared the country. What did I mean by it? he asked. I had disgraced him and myself — there were several pages of it. He had his story from a Swiss source, seen their way, not mine. He was pretty hard on me and I was in no mood for argument. We quarreled. We quarreled so bitterly that over went my allowance. I think I rejected it — I was fool enough for anything. I would make my own way, I thundered. "Well, make it," said he. I was raw from failure, from the loss of Minna Fröhlich — raw all over.

My father and I parted, and for six years we had no word. I wrote to Minna, and there was no answer. I wrote again, with the same result. They had put an effectual stopper on that. The bottom had tumbled out of my world! I had to make another.

'I sometimes think that these things have to be. A man, in the end, will

express himself and not the wishes of his father. I was never really cut out for commerce; as a student I was ridiculous. I came home. I spoke English once again; I was frightened at first, so many times I went near to utter shipwreck; but I held out; my craving for romance sustained me and upheld me. I owe it something. Your true romantic is flexible and as if made of India-rubber. I could not be broken, and so at last they let me in. I've made some kind of a reputation — journalism, law, politics — they lead to one another. My father was reconciled to me when he saw that I could stand without his help and had found my feet. It took me a good many years.'

Aveling had paused, and his words had obliterated the garden and all the little life of this Swiss city, roused by him into a sudden and transient animation. He had stepped out of Basel

into the bigger and more passionate worlds beyond. He sat there, silent, as though looking backward on the throes and mists of a career.

'It all came about because you had that row here,' I suggested.

'If it had n't been for that row — yes, I've often wondered what, precisely, would have happened.'

'And Miss Fröhlich?' I asked.

'She married a very good husband and lives now at Rorschach on the Lake of Constance. She wrote to me a long time afterwards, to my father's address, when she became engaged. She was free to write then, she said, and she owed me some explanation.'

'And you?'

'I congratulated her. I hardly had the money to buy the stamp — I was out of a job at the time, counting on a better one which I had just missed.'

IN NEW YORK WITH NINE CENTS

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY¹

I

It was no easy task for me on the morning of that seventh of October, 1891, to believe my senses when I first experienced that well-nigh overwhelming feeling that I was really in the great city of New York. As our little party proceeded on across Castle Garden up toward Washington Street, I felt the need of new faculties to fit my new environment. A host of questions besieged my mind. Was I really in New

York? Was I still my old self, or had some subtle, unconscious transformation already taken place in me? Could I utter my political and religious convictions freely, unafraid of either soldier or priest? What were the opportunities of the great New World into which I had just entered? What was awaiting me in America whose life, as I had been told, was so vast, so complex, and so enlightened? Whatever the future had 'of wonder or surprise,' it seemed that merely being in the United States was enough of a blessing to call forth my profoundest gratitude.

¹ Mr. Rihbany's autobiography began in the November number. — THE EDITORS.

But my revelry in such delicious fancies could not continue very long. The realization of the fact that my assets were only nine cents and my liabilities forty dollars quickly silenced my muse. My two good friends, having fulfilled their promise to lend me enough money to defray my necessary expenses until I reached New York, could do no more for me than recommend me to Abraham,¹ their townsman and the proprietor of the chief restaurant and lodging-house in the Syrian colony. Their recommendation was decidedly flattering, and it was not their fault that the beautiful picture of my character and attainments, which they put before the proprietor, contrasted distressingly with my actual financial circumstances. The forty dollars that I owed those friends being equally divided between them, I gave each of them a note (attested by two witnesses) for twenty dollars, for six months, they promising to extend the time further, if it was found necessary when the notes fell due.

When I handed the notes to my creditors, and we all understood that from henceforth so far as business matters were concerned each one of us was to go his own way and work out his own salvation, a distressing sense of loneliness came over me. Aside from my two companions I was not aware that I had an acquaintance within a thousand miles. I had the name of a young man whose family I had known in Syria, and who was in business in New York, but I would not seek him. My poverty made me feel as if every Syrian in New York would look upon me as a beggar and shun my acquaintance. It was, however,

by a fortunate accident that I met this young man on the street the next day after I landed. Perceiving my need, he offered to lend me a 'little money.' I accepted a loan of five dollars from him, which sum I vowed I would make last until I found work.

But what I was most keenly aware of when I first went into Abraham's restaurant with my 'load of cares,' was hunger. My protracted sickness and the lack of suitable nourishment on the steamer had reduced me to a state of starvation. My craving at the sight of food was ferocious. For a whole week, no matter how often or how much I ate, I never felt satisfied. To face such a state of things on a capital of half a franc was by no means conducive to peaceful repose. Soon after I had been introduced to the restaurant keeper my hungry eyes fell on a dish of *maamoul* — a delicious kind of Syrian sweet cakes — which stood on the counter before him. Asking no questions I reached for one of the cakes and proceeded to eat it, with my eyes fixed on the dish. 'Fletcherizing' was unknown to me at the time, the cake swiftly disappeared, accentuating rather than appeasing my hunger. When I was about to reach for another, discretion interrupted the proceedings, and I asked, 'How much are they?' 'Ten cents each,' answered the proprietor. I reached for my half franc and said, 'This is all I have.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'we will let it go at that.'

I turned my back on the rest of the cakes.

I spent my first night in New York at Abraham's lodging-house, at an expense of fifteen cents. Besides my sleeping accommodations I enjoyed the privilege of doing my morning ablutions in a dark hall on the ground floor, where a faucet gave forth a generous supply of cold water. A large cake of coarse yellow soap, and a public towel which

¹ The Syrians invariably address a person by his given name, prefixing the title *Khawaja*, or *Effendi*, on more formal occasions. The constant use of only the given names in the Bible, such as David, Samuel, Paul, John, etc., shows the antiquity of the custom. — THE AUTHOR.

bore the marks of extensive use, completed the appointments. Compelled by the circumstances to practice 'plain living and high thinking,' I planned my first breakfast in the New World so skillfully that it cost me only five cents. It was by no means satiating.

Realizing my helplessness while unable to speak the English language, I sought to 'master it' on the very first morning after my arrival in New York. I gazed at the multitude of store 'signs' with awe. The variety in the phrasing and lettering bewildered my brain. When should I ever be able to read such hieroglyphics? Certainly I must be up and doing. The only English book I could find in the bedroom was a small copy of the Bible, which belonged to one of my friends. I turned to the Book of Psalms and searched for a very short one of the songs of Israel, believing that a short psalm must consist of simple words. By the eternal fitness of things my hand was led to the One Hundred and Thirty-First Psalm: 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.' My two companions helped me to understand the more difficult of the sacred words. They made me understand that the word 'haughty' was pronounced *hawty* and not *hufty*; they unsealed to my understanding the meanings of the words 'exercise' and 'behaved,' and, in so far as they themselves knew, they taught me how to distribute the emphasis over the measured lines of the Hebrew singer.

But my economic circumstances did not permit of extensive search for knowledge. To remain content with paying fifteen cents a night for my lodging savored of recklessness, there-

fore I went about seeking cheaper quarters in the colony. Some public-spirited countrymen, agreeing with me that a stricter exercise of economy was absolutely necessary to my welfare, informed me that another Syrian, whose name was Moses, kept a sort of lodging-house, 'good enough for a man in my circumstances,' and charged only five cents a night. Certainly that was the place for me, and I immediately sought the proprietor. Moses met me with a cordiality which made me feel that he and I had been fast friends for years. He explained to me that the chief reason why he provided lodging accommodations over his store at such low rates was to aid struggling Syrian immigrants, such as I was, to get on their feet. He explained also that he managed to maintain his establishment at these incredibly low prices by dispensing with bedsteads, soap, towels and other luxuries, and reducing the lodging-house business to the absolute essentials. And, since I had a bed (my steamer bed), he thought I would be very comfortable at his house.

I felt somewhat disquieted because of the absence of soap and towels at the new lodging-house, but the saving of ten cents a night was very compelling. It seemed to me, also, that Moses' cordiality ought to be properly valued. Lodging with him appeared to me like 'personally conducted' travel. Therefore I hastened back to the more expensive hostelry, took up my bed (tied up in a bundle), and left Abraham and went to Moses.

The jovial proprietor of the five-cent lodging-house led me up a squeaky stairway in the interior of his store, to a spacious corner off the first landing in which stood a bare board platform, which he most cordially offered to me as my sleeping quarters. The fact that the location afforded me no privacy whatever, seemed to Moses to be an

advantage rather than the reverse, as it provided me with an abundance of fresh air. I need not fear the intrusion of strangers, Moses remarked, because all those who went up and down the stairs were our own countrymen. Nor need I be disturbed by the noise which the peddlers, who came in to buy goods until late in the night, made in the store below, because I must be fully acquainted with the noisy bargaining of the Syrians. Lastly, in order to make my lot more acceptable to me, the genial Moses added, as he turned to go downstairs, 'If you should desire to wash in the morning, be sure to let me know.'

Sustained by the sense of honest economy, I spread my bed on the platform and, after casting a comprehensive look at the dingy paper on the walls and at an indescribable back yard, which I could see reasonably well through a small dirt-streaked window, I went out, promising to return after supper.

On my return in the early evening I found that two other boys had secured lodging accommodations on Moses's platform. It was wide enough for three persons, such as we were, under peaceful circumstances. But my fellow lodgers fell into a serious dispute early in the evening, over a charge and a counter-charge of stealing, which led them to intermittent fighting until late in the night. As a fellow countryman, and desiring to win the blessing promised to the peacemakers and, incidentally, a little much-needed repose, I made some attempts to restore peace between them. The nature of the belligerents, however, was such as to convince me that the vigorous urging of my arbitration measures would very likely cause them to unite their forces and attack me.

As I lay awake under Moses's roof that night I thought of all the good things

I had ever enjoyed in my life, of all the poetry I had learned, of the pride with which my breast had heaved as a 'learned man' among my kindred. Now I was in the New World, which did not seem to take immediate notice of my worth, tucked in a dingy corner, nay, crucified between two thieves!

I awoke early the next morning with a raging headache and a stiff neck, picked up my bed, and returned to Abraham. Moses was very kind and reasonable when I paid him my night's lodging and told him that I felt compelled to seek more comfortable quarters. He even pledged himself to be very diligent in looking out for some suitable employment for me in a Syrian store; and Moses was a man of his word.

II

The Syrian colony in New York consisted in those days of a few store- and restaurant-keepers, a multitude of peddlers of 'jewelry and notions,' and a few silk merchants who, although they peddled their wares, bore the more dignified designation of 'silk-sellers.' For lack of better pursuits, college men often took up silk-selling as a means of livelihood, which occupation, however, required capital and often letters of introduction to the well-to-do American families. My inquiries for something to do precipitated usually the following questions from the older colonists, who seemed to me to be steeped in wisdom:—

'Do you have money so that you can at least buy an interest in a store, or deal in silk?'

'No, I have no money at all.'

'Do you have letters of recommendation from missionaries in Syria to persons in this country?'

'No.'

'Can you speak the English language?'

'Not so that I can be understood.'

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-two.'

'Twenty-two! Too old to master the English language. The only thing you could do, and which thousands of Syrians are doing, would be to peddle "jewelry and notions."'

Call it pride, vanity, or whatever you please, whenever I thought of peddling 'jewelry and notions,' death lost its terror for me. The mere sight of those crude, greasy peddlers nauseated me. Come what might, I would not carry the 'keshah' (a colloquial Arabic name for the peddler's pack).

The period of painful suspense, which seemed to me to cover a whole year, lasted in reality only twelve days, at the end of which I found employment. During those twelve days, when not searching for work, I spent my time exploring New York, which overshadowed my soul like a vast mystery. I made my first appearance on Broadway on a Monday morning. I shall never forget the almost overwhelming impression which that great thoroughfare made upon my mind. The amazingly wide sidewalks were solid streams of humanity. Compared with the leisurely, swaying gait of Orientals, every one in that vast multitude seemed to be running. How limpid and how quiet that human mass appeared! No disputes and no demonstrative bargainings at the doors of those great stores! No shouting, 'Ho! your back! your side!' as in Beyrout. Almost complete silence prevailed, and the stupendous concourse of men and women moved as swiftly and gracefully as a perfectly adjusted and well-oiled machine.

I soon realized that while I was *in*, I was not *of* New York. I was afraid to do anything, even to walk freely, for fear of jarring the harmony of the surroundings. The memories of the

Turkish soldiery which haunted my soul made me fear every uniformed man I saw. I felt instinctively constrained to stand at attention whenever I passed a policeman. Men wearing silk hats inspired me with reverence. The close resemblance of this type of hat to the headgear of the Greek priests made me conclude that the wearers of the towering head-dress were all preachers, and confirmed in my mind what I had heard in Syria about the profound and universal religiousness of the American people.

Like a newly born babe, I needed to be completely adjusted to the new environment. In fact, it was neither to my interest, nor to that of New York, for me to act freely in public before I was properly trained. I remember very clearly when I went out to post my first letter in the great metropolis. I was directed by wise counselors to deposit the letter in a red iron box fastened to a post on the sidewalk. Reaching the first box of that description, I took hold of a shining handle and gave it a sharp turn. It was the fire alarm. An alert policeman, motioning to me vigorously with his club to stop turning the shining handle, ran to me, and, leading me to a letter-box, pointed out with some earnestness the difference between the fire-alarm box and the receptacle for missives.

Another strange situation confronted me when I visited the office of a New York business man, on the third day after my arrival in the city. One of my companions on the voyage had a letter of introduction to this man from a friend in Egypt, and we deemed it necessary that the three of us should visit the New Yorker and present the message to him in a body. Upon coming into the office building a boy admitted us into a little room—all made of iron—and closed the door. Seeing no open door anywhere in that room

I suspected some foul play. What! have I come to the great New World to have a mere boy play such a trick on me? As I was about to seize the little culprit and demand the release of the whole party, the entire room, floor and all, began to ascend. Then I remembered that in Sûk-el-Gharb, Syria, a few years before, one of the missionaries, while delivering an illustrated lecture before our school, had shown us the picture of a New York building, and told us that the Americans have such vertical means of transportation.

During my days of enforced and painful idleness in New York, Castle Garden was my chief resort. I would spend hours on those benches, either writing poetry, generally of a dolorous kind, or studying the many and varied ships which plied the deep before me, or picturing to myself the greater distress which I thought awaited me when my five dollars was all spent. But Castle Garden stands in my memory associated with much holier thoughts than these, for it was there that a spiritual vision came to me unique in my experience. It is, I believe, chiefly because of that vision that throughout my ministry I have preached with unshaken faith and unreserved devotion the precept that 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.'

Feeling deeply depressed and disheartened, late one afternoon, I strolled down to the famous park. The sea and sky were very beautiful, but I seemed to have no share in their beauty; I appeared to myself to be a fugitive in an unfriendly world. I sat on a bench and cast a vacant look on the world before me. I felt very lonely, and longed, as a babe, for my mother. But as the sun began to fade away from the sky, I began as by a miracle, to feel an inward supply of power and courage. The beauty of the sea and sky seemed to have been made for me; I was owner

of all that I saw. I seemed to myself for the moment to look upon the world through the mystic eyes of my Oriental ancestors, and see it, so far as a youth could, as the garment of God. Surely the Father was with me. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God.' I remember with perfect clearness that I said audibly, 'The God who created me and these wonders before me will never forsake me,' and arose and walked like a strong man.

Now you have the privilege of explaining this experience as 'an uprush of reserve energy from the subconscious realm,' or as 'nervous reaction,' or whatever else you please. What I know is that the abiding worth of an experience ranks higher in the world of real life than that of any philosophy *about* it. From that day to this, notwithstanding the fact that I have often stumbled and fallen, doubt in God's providence has never secured a hold upon my mind, nor do I remember that I have ever failed to trust that He is mine and I am His. In my extremity in a lonely world, without Bible, preacher, priest, or sacrament, I came into living, first-hand contact with the Eternal Reality.

My very recent friend, Moses, did not forget his promise to be on the lookout for a position for me in some Syrian store, for on my tenth day in New York he sought and found me in Castle Garden, and, with a generous smile, told me of a merchant who needed a *katib*, — bookkeeper, — and Moses thought I was the man for the place. Realizing that I had never had any experience in bookkeeping, he instructed me not to be over-conscientious in confessing my ignorance, for he was certain that I could do all the bookkeeping that the merchant needed. The customers of the store were peddlers of 'jewelry and notions,' who did business on very simple lines, and

almost all the transactions were carried on in the Arabic language. If at long intervals some orders came to us in El-Anglezy — English — Moses promised to come and help me fill them in the proper manner.

In company with my beneficent friend I proceeded to No. 5 Carlisle Street, the store of Khawaja Maron, where the position of katib awaited me. Moses introduced me to the proprietor as 'one of the most efficient book-keepers he ever knew,' and departed. Maron told me that the salary of the position I was seeking was twenty dollars per month, and that I would be expected to perform the usual duties of a katib. I accepted the offer with gladness of heart, promising to be at my 'desk' at seven o'clock the following morning.

Recalling the time when as a school-teacher in Syria my salary was three dollars a month and my board, twenty dollars, seemed to me a species of 'frenzied financiering,' I had always known the position of katib to be most conducive to dignity and elegance, and an excellent opportunity for advancement in the commercial world; therefore I had every reason to imagine that my new position at 5 Carlisle Street was the gateway to riches and honor.

III

Before seven the next morning I was at the store. The proprietor, who slept in a room in the rear end of the building, was just out of bed and about half dressed. He greeted me very pleasantly, although his appearance just then, and the fact that he slept at the store, cooled my ardor considerably. After lighting a cigarette, he handed me twelve cents, explaining that my first duties in the morning were 'to go down to the corner,' buy a scuttleful of coal for ten cents, a bundle of kindling

wood for two cents, carry the ashes out and deposit them carefully in the barrel on the sidewalk, build a fire in the stove, sweep the store and the sidewalk, see that the boxes of goods on the shelves were in proper order, and then take up my clerical duties. It was not so much the *quantity* as the *quality* of the programme that pierced my heart with many sorrows. Was this what it meant to be a katib? Was this what I had come to America for? Whatever it was, necessity was laid upon me to humble my pride and accept the situation. Did I not consent to the spirit of the One Hundred and Thirty-First Psalm, my first scriptural lesson in America, when I repeated reverently, 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty'? The seemingly menial tasks of my new office came, perhaps, to test the sincerity of my prayer.

I applied myself to my duties as katib most conscientiously. My broom searched the remotest and darkest corners of the store, and, as it seemed to me, made the sidewalk in front of it the envy of our neighbors. The boxes of 'jewelry and notions' stood on our shelves in as straight lines as any courses of stone I ever laid as a stonemason. Even Khawaja Maron noticed the orderliness and cleanliness of the surroundings and pronounced them 'exceptionally good,' and I was really proud to have it known by every one who came into our store that it was I who put the establishment in such order.

But our store was put to other uses which were not strictly commercial, but which the social habits of our Syrian customers demanded. On rainy days it fell to me to entertain groups of peddlers who sat around the stove, smoked cigarettes of 'Navy Tobacco,' and indulged themselves in their simple but boisterous pleasures. At times they would buy a wash-pitch-

erful of beer and drink to one another's health out of one common glass. They would offer the 'learned katib' a foaming glass of the beverage, which was invariably refused.

On one occasion Maron offered the store to one of his customers for the celebration of a genuine Syrian wedding. The offer was accepted and our commercial establishment resounded with joy. Other than Syrian dwellers of the neighborhood flocked to doors and windows and feasted their souls on things which their eyes had never before seen nor their ears heard. We seated the bridegroom (the bride was in another building) in the place of honor — behind the counter. Beer and *arak* flowed like water. The men sang *aataba* and the women *zelaghet*, and we all partook of a bounteous feast which was spread on benches, cases, and chairs, while the straight rows of boxes of 'Fine Combs,' 'Collar Buttons,' 'Baby Rattles,' and so forth, looked down upon us from the shelves with Occidental serenity.

My salary of twenty dollars a month did not prove so ample for my every need as I had at first thought it would. Only by the strictest economizing was I able to secure food and shelter and other necessities at an outlay of only fifty cents a day, which left me but five dollars a month as a sinking fund with which to pay my debts and fortify myself against accidents and sickness. I had only two suits of clothing, one of which I reserved for Sundays. The winter was fast approaching and I had no adequate clothing for it. I envied every man I saw wearing an overcoat. Being already forty-five dollars in debt, I resolved that I would borrow no more under any conditions. Compared with the temperature of Syria, the cold in New York was as much of a revelation to me as the skyscrapers. How to keep warm out of doors was

a question which I could not safely evade. By the advice of a well-disposed acquaintance I bought a coarse, heavy shirt which, I was told, was made of camel's hair, and therefore very warm. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with the camel, even though in such a roundabout way, as well as to bear some resemblance to John the Baptist, but the coarseness of the shirt militated strongly against all my ideas of refinement. It was, however, my chief means of defense against the rigor of my first winter in America, my memories of whose blasts remain keen and clear.

Notwithstanding my humble position as katib, I was not long in New York before I began to dream dreams and see visions. How to acquire the priceless privilege of being an American citizen, was the first and foremost question in my mind. I was told that I did not need to be in such a hurry about this matter, but I thought differently, and on November 18, 1891, not quite six weeks after I landed at Ellis Island, I appeared in the Court of Common Pleas of the County of New York, accompanied by an interpreter, and asked to be 'admitted into American citizenship.' My heart never thrilled with holier emotion than when I assented to the oath of allegiance, 'that it is *bona fide* my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty, and particularly to the Sultan of Turkey of whom I am a subject.' I felt such an inward sense of relief and exaltation that my countryman, the interpreter, appeared to me to be an alien. It seemed to me at the moment, although of course not so clearly as it does now, that by that act I had forever broken the shackles which had bound me and my forefathers for ages to the chariots of tyrants, and had become a citizen

of a country whose chief function was to make free, enlightened, useful men.

I soon also made the acquaintance of the few college men in the Syrian colony, foremost among whom stood Khawaja Najib Arbeely, the Syrian inspector of immigrants at Ellis Island, who examined me upon my arrival in New York. Being eager to enjoy the privileges which in the Turkish Empire we never dared even to talk about, I proposed the organizing of a society whose purpose should be the mutual benefit of its own members and the advancement of the various interests of the Syrians in general. The suggestion met with favor among the leaders of thought in the colony, and the 'Syrian Scientific and Ethical Society' was organized. Mr. Arbeely was elected president and, to my amazement and notwithstanding my shirt of camel's hair, I was elected vice-president. It is never an easy task to bind a large number of Syrians together in any enterprise. The oppression under which they have lived for ages has well-nigh crushed all public spirit and initiative out of them. The lifters being the very few, any attempt among them at collective action of any sort is beset with grave difficulties. But our proudly titled society flourished for a time beyond our most extravagant expectations. My deep interest in it, and in what I thought was to be its future, made me eager to serve it in almost any capacity. The subjects of our debates and discussions were large and various. History, philosophy, the good and evil of immigration, the greatness of the United States of America, the superiority of the Syrian to the Irish population of Washington Street, — these and many other subjects called forth the impassioned eloquence of the orators among us, who spoke with perfect confidence and freedom, and often regardless of the facts,

I was expected to make an 'oration' at any time and on any subject. Being one of the very few in the society who could speak the classical Arabic in extemporaneous address, I was looked upon by many of my fellow members as a 'real orator,' and credited with such a wealth of knowledge as would have dwarfed the resources of a Herbert Spencer. My most impassioned appeals in those 'orations' were for the stronger cohesion of the Syrian population in the great city in which we lived, and the endeavor on the part of our people to adopt the noble principles of American civilization, of which, however, I knew nothing at the time.

The headquarters of our society were established at Abraham's restaurant. He and his partner Abu-Khalil permitted us to hold our meetings at their eating place on condition that, after every regular session, on Wednesday evening, those of the members who were really interested in the welfare of the society, should purchase at least one plate each of a spread of Syrian sweets, such as wheat starch cooked with grape molasses, rice cooked in milk and sugar, and other dainties, which Abu-Khalil served with incredible promptness after it had been 'moved and seconded to adjourn.' Abu-Khalil's anxiety to 'do business' during the sessions greatly interfered at times with the proceedings. His customers came in at all hours, until late in the evening, and they had, of course, to be served. While our orators were toiling to round out their telling periods, Abu-Khalil would sit behind the counter smoking his *narghile*. Utterly unmindful of the significance, at least to the speaker, of an approaching climax, he would interrupt at the most critical moment by calling into the kitchen, 'One plate of stuffed squash for Khawaja Abdu-Allah!' Such behavior led the officers of the society to serious disputes with

Abu-Khalil as to how he should conduct himself during our sessions. God and Mammon could not be served together. 'The Syrian Scientific and Ethical Society' was driven out of Abraham's restaurant, and after some wandering and vain searching for a suitable shelter, perished.

While the untimely death of our society was a severe disappointment to me as one deeply interested in the welfare of the Syrian colony, individually I had every reason to be grateful for the results of my activities in it during its brief existence. I won the confidence and respect of my countrymen, which seemed to raise the level of my life and make me forget for the time being that I was a poor youth clothed in garments of camel's hair. After hearing my first 'oration' at one of the meetings, my employer, Maron, was so favorably impressed that on the next morning he informed me that he had added five dollars to my salary, declaring with childlike sincerity that he had never imagined that his katib was so 'learned.' His breast heaved with pride when many of our countrymen besought me to write letters for them to their feudal Lords in Syria, 'in my profound classical Arabic.' A month later he added another five dollars to my salary, promising, also, to give me a share in the business if I would agree to stay with him permanently. Friend Maron further concluded that I was too good to sweep the store, which duty he assigned to a peddler who lodged in the back room in the building.

All that was indeed glory and honor, and some money for me. But after having spent three months with Maron I discovered unmistakably that I was not made for a commercial career. I never could remember the prices of things from one day to another, while it was no effort at all for me to commit to memory a score of lines of poetry

by reading them only two or three times. To listen to those peddlers talk with gushing enthusiasm and satisfaction about how much money they had made on their trips, was really painful to me. Being in business for the sole purpose of making money appealed to me very faintly, even in my poverty. The ideal side of life gripped mightily at the strings of my heart. There was no idealism in the selling of hair-brushes, pipes, cuff-buttons and the like, therefore I did not deem it the proper occupation for me.

IV

While in such a frame of mind I was most naturally eager to accept another position which was offered to me early in the spring, and which seemed to me to combine both the commercial and the ideal aspects of life. About that time Mr. Arbeely, the president of our Scientific and Ethical Society, began the publication of *Kowkab America*,—the *Star of America*,—the first Arabic newspaper ever published in the Western hemisphere, and offered me the position of literary editor. He stated that my utterances in classical Arabic at the meetings of the society, and the public spirit which permeated them, convinced him that I was the man for such a position, and he hoped I might accept it.

With difficulty I restrained myself from shouting for joy. Was it possible that I was to occupy the commanding position of an editor, to become the fashioner of public opinion, so soon after my arrival in America? Certainly the supreme opportunity of my life had come; the open road to the realization of my hopes and ideals was now before me. My salary was to be the same at the start as that which I had been getting as katib, with the promise of a substantial increase in the not very far future. I was to be provided with

comfortable lodging accommodations in the office building on Pearl Street, and to have exclusive quarters, all my own, as the editor, from whom much was expected. Desirable as a larger income was, it appeared to me to be only a minor matter. The dreaming idealist in me had the upper hand of the prudent and practical commercialist.

The office of editor offered imperishable rewards. It meant intellectual expansion, moral and social victories, leadership of public opinion, and, in this case, perhaps the inauguration of a political movement in free America, which might at least mitigate the tyranny of the 'unspeakable Turk,' in our mother country. Last, but not least, was it not very probable that by virtue of my position as editor I would in due time be admitted to the circle of editors of the great New York dailies, and thus come in close touch with the highest and best in the life of America?

'Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?' Woe to that youth who does not dream on a large scale. My expectations were not only laudable but commendable. I accepted Mr. Arbeely's offer the very day after it was made, promising to take up my duties in about two weeks.

My exalted opinion of the office of editor and its social requirements made me shed my camel's hair shirt and buy a real white stiff-bosomed American shirt, a turn-down collar and a four-in-hand necktie, ready tied. That was as far as I could go in acquiring suitable wearing apparel for my new office, and it really seemed to me a big step forward in my social evolution. During my career as *katib* I had shared a bed with another man in a Syrian lodging-house, at an expense of fifteen cents a night for both of us. Our room was possessed of a peculiar type of odor, which neither my bedfellow nor I knew how to modify. When I accepted

the new position it did not seem to me that that room was the most suitable lodging for the editor of the first Arabic newspaper ever published in the Western hemisphere, even for the two weeks, at the end of which I was to enjoy the comforts of a more desirable environment. I dissolved partnership with my bedfellow immediately and in a businesslike manner, leaving to him all the bedding I had brought with me from Syria, which had increased rather than decreased by use.

Our newspaper office force consisted of Najib Arbeely, the proprietor, a Damascene; Hbib Patrekian, the publisher, an Armenian; Yusuf Hajj, the compositor, a Beyrououtine; and myself. Our journalistic enterprise began most auspiciously. Its advent was celebrated at headquarters by a large company of Syrians and a few Americans, largely reporters. The rooms, which the artful proprietor decorated with rich Oriental draperies, were packed with happy guests, and eloquence flowed no less copiously than beer and *arak*. The New York papers gave generous accounts of our undertaking, and the warm congratulations of educators, poets, and prelates poured upon us from all over Syria.

I was decidedly proud when, upon my arrival at the office to assume my editorial duties, I read on the door of a small room, 'The Editor's Room. No Admittance.' That was a justifiable and stimulating exclusiveness, which seemed to me to mark the beginning of a splendid career. My further acquaintance with the headquarters, however, tended to weaken my confidence that I was connected with a great enterprise.

Our offices occupied a small apartment, apparently intended originally for light housekeeping. It consisted of three rooms and a 'kitchenette.' The proprietor and the publisher slept in the main office, in folding beds which

were disguised in the day-time to appear as something else. The compositor slept among his type-cases, Mr. Arbee's brother in the kitchenette, and I in my 'editor's room.' Before many weeks the compositor rebelled against sleeping in the 'type room,' where the smell of benzine, oil, and paper threatened his health. By the direction of the proprietor he moved his bed into my room 'temporarily.' Soon after, the brother of the 'boss' discovered that it was utterly impossible for him to secure sufficient rest in the kitchenette, which was the wash-room for all the office force, and wondered whether he could not be accommodated 'for the present' in the editor's room. It was decided by his brother that he could. The three cots which beset my desk behind and before, with their complements of clothing and shoes, were hardly conducive to lofty flights of literary genius. But that was not all. The proprietor's other brother, who was a physician, would often bring his 'special patients' into my room for examination, and request me to 'kindly go into the other room for a few minutes.'

It soon developed also that my duties as editor had been intended by the proprietor to be as multifarious as were my duties as katib. I was required to keep the accounts, to look after the list of subscribers, attend to a large part of the business correspondence, solicit advertisements, do the work of a reporter, and even help fold the papers and prepare them for the mail, besides editing every item which went into the paper.

In the rather distressing circumstances a philosophical turn of mind came to my rescue. I tried to read the gospel of my destiny in the light of the years, and not the days and months, and to look upon the present difficulties as merely transient. Our enterprise was in its infancy, and as a healthy infant its potentialities were great. The

path of success and glory most often traverses swamps and deserts, and those who have the vision of ultimate triumph must learn to endure hardships as true soldiers. I thought of what the proprietor had often told me of the poverty and hard struggles of some great American editors at the beginning of their careers, and often quoted to myself the great saying of Mohammed, 'Heaven is under the shadow of swords!' Furthermore, by being obliged to translate the general news from the American newspapers, under the supervision of the proprietor and by the constant aid of the dictionary, I was acquiring a very serviceable English vocabulary.

I counted it a great honor also when I was sent to interview Dr. Charles Briggs, professor at Union Theological Seminary, when he was being tried for heresy by the New York Presbytery. By the aid of an interpreter I ventured to ask Dr. Briggs whether he still believed in Christ. The Professor smiled quizzically and answered me with a quotation from the First Epistle of John: "'And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" The interview was 'satisfactory,' but I still entertain the suspicion that Dr. Briggs, inwardly, treated my pretentious visit to him as a joke.

With such means of consolation in mind I addressed myself to my task, for a whole year, with unreserved devotion and with the determination of a man who was bound to succeed. No Horace Greeley ever wrote editorials with a clearer sense of his own infallibility than I did in the *Kowkab*. My objective was no less than to be the disinterested reformer of my people, to whom I directed a series of editorials, brimful of fatherly advice.

Contrary, however, to my most confident expectations, the proprietor looked upon my policy with disfavor. He contended that my bugle-calls to

the Syrians to follow the path of American civilization were bound to arouse the suspicion of the Turkish authorities. The *Kowkab*, he said, was meant to be loyal to the Sultan, if for no other reason, because the majority of its subscribers were residents of Turkey. If Abdul Hamid should for any reason stop the circulation of the paper in his empire our whole enterprise must cease to be. The publisher also protested against any show of antagonism to Turkey in our columns, chiefly because his brother held office in one of the Turkish provinces, and he had written to our office that the least manifestation of disloyalty on our part might cost him not only his office, but his liberty as a citizen. That was a severe disappointment to me. The hand of the Turk was still heavy upon me, even on Pearl Street, New York.

V

Apparently the course of my destiny lay in another direction than that of journalism. The *Kowkab* did not make the forward strides I had expected it would. My task as editor grew harder at the end of the year and less dignified, rather than the reverse. Serious differences occurred between the proprietor and the publisher, which led them one evening to a fist fight. Discord ruled our office, and I concluded to seek new pastures outside New York. By exercising strict economy I had succeeded in paying my debts and buying an overcoat (at a fire-sale) and a new suit of clothes. Otherwise I was penniless.

It should be borne in mind, however, that my decision to depart from New York altogether was only in small part the result of my dissatisfaction with my lot as editor. The real cause lay much deeper. The Syrian colony in New York seemed to me to be simply Syria on a smaller scale. During my

stay of nearly eighteen months in it I did not have occasion to speak ten sentences in English. We ate the same dishes, spoke the same language, told the same stories, indulged in the same pleasures, and were torn by the same feuds, as those that had filled our lives on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. I seemed to be almost as far from the real life of America as if I had been living in Beyrout or Tripoli. The only glimpses I had of the higher life of this country came to me through the very few enlightened Syrians who mingled extensively with the better class of Americans, and who only occasionally visited our colony.

The sum total of my year-and-a-half's experience in New York convinced me that it was most difficult, if not impossible, for a foreigner to become really Americanized while living in a colony of his own kinsmen. Just as the birth of a new species can never take place without a radical break with the parent stock, so the thorough transformation of a foreigner into an American can never be accomplished without the complete departure, inwardly and outwardly, of that individual from his kindred.

I often asked myself, in those days, where and how do the real Americans live? Who are the people who foster and maintain that American civilization of which I hear so much, but which I have not yet known? I have seen a multitude of Irish, Italians, Poles, Russians, Chinese, and other human elements which make up the community in which I am living, but where are the Americans? It seemed to me that in a cosmopolitan city like New York it was well-nigh impossible for a poor foreigner like me to come into helpful contact with its real American families. Therefore I would leave the great city and seek the smaller centres of population, where men came in friendly

touch with one another, daily. It had been made clear to me that a purely commercial career could not satisfy me, that I had a deep longing for something more in the life of America than the mere loaves and fishes, therefore *that* something would I seek.

But, as has been already stated, at the end of my year-and-a-half's labors in New York, I found myself almost penniless. I had not enough money to carry me two hundred miles from that city. Whatever my *theory* of the 'loaves and fishes' may have been, the *fact* was that I sorely needed them.

It so happened that the most intimate friend I had in America at the time was a young man, a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout, who was engaged by the Presbyterian churches of Pittsburgh as a missionary among the Syrians in that city. Amin sent me a most urgent invitation and money enough to come to him. He thought his salary would keep us both, until we had matured our plans for the future. We were 'to live and die together!'

Fortune smiled also from another direction. Several Syrian silk-merchants in New York, learning that I was about to leave the colony and that I was in straitened financial circumstances, offered to give me all the silk goods I might want to sell in my travels, 'to keep me alive until I found a more congenial occupation,' — for which goods I was to pay at my convenience. The selling of silk, or anything else, was really hateful to me, but the urgent necessity compelled me to carry with me a small quantity of the fabrics. The Syrian missionary in New York introduced me to the noted Presbyterian divine, Dr. David Gregg of Brooklyn, who gave me a letter of recommendation. In compliance with wise advice I went also to Dr. Henry van Dyke, then pastor of the Brick

Presbyterian Church, and requested his endorsement of Dr. Gregg's letter. Dr. van Dyke met me very cordially, but felt some hesitancy about giving a recommendation to one who was an entire stranger to him. But I said to him, in my broken English, not to be afraid because '*I was very good man*!' at which I saw him turn his face from me and smile. Reaching to the bookcase behind him he took out a book of a very strange character and asked me whether I could read that. I said, 'No. This must be Babylon writing.' Shaking with laughter, he said, 'It is shorthand.' He wrote on my letter, 'I join in Dr. Gregg's wish for Mr. Rihbany's success,' and so forth, and dismissed me with a 'God bless you.'

Armed with those weighty documents, on the strength of which a man of stronger commercial instincts than I possessed might have done much business, I started out of New York. Upon my arrival at the Pennsylvania Railroad station to take my first railway trip in America, the luxurious coaches seemed forbidden to me. Recalling to mind the rough and dingy 'third-class' car in which I was shipped from Marseilles to Havre, I thought certainly the plush-seated, mahogany-finished coaches which stood before me were not for penniless foreigners such as I was. Failing to find the humble conveyances I was looking for, I asked a uniformed man, 'Which the train to Pittsburgh?' Pointing to the train which I had inspected three times, he said, 'This.' Still afraid of getting into the wrong car I gazed at the man, who, perceiving my perplexed condition, took me by the arm to the door of one of those costly coaches and said, 'Get in here.' I immediately obeyed, and the moving palace carried me to Pittsburgh, where my friend Amin and I were to seek as our fortune the best things in the life of America.

(To be continued.)

FROM BEND TO BURNS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE clutch snapped in with a jump. Forward, backward shot the lever — we were rounding a corner in a whirl of dust, Bend behind us, and the auto-stage, like some giant jack-rabbit, bounding through the sage-brush for Burns, one hundred and fifty miles across the desert.

Think of starting from New York for Wilmington, Delaware, or from Boston for New Haven, Connecticut, with nothing, absolutely nothing but sage-brush and greasewood and stony laval ridges and a barely discernible trail in between! with a homesteader's shack for Providence, another shack for Norwich, then sage, sage, sage!

It was the size of the West and the spirit of the West — this combination of sage and automobile — that struck me as most unlike things back East, size and spirit commensurate. The difference was not one of race or blood. The new Northwest had very largely come out of the older East, the same blood there as here, but a different spirit. Spirit is an elastic thing; and if we had the spaciousness of that western country, we should doubtless have the soul to fill it, as the little town of Burns fills it for a hundred and fifty miles of sage, whichever way you go.

We were 'going in' from Bend, over the High Desert. We were to speak to the Rod and Gun Club of Burns. We were to visit the great Malheur Lake Reservation just south of Burns, and the vast wild lands of the Steins Mountains on farther south, which the State has since turned into a wild-animal re-

servation. We were also bringing in with us a carload of young trout to stock the Silvies River and the creeks about Burns.

Our telegram had gone around by Baker City, Sumpter, and Canyon City; thence had been relayed by telephone to Burns; our car-load of fingerling trout was to follow us by auto-truck from Bend over the desert; and we — the July morning found us heading over a horizon of gray sage into the sunrise, the purplish pine stems of the Deschutes Forest Reservation far to south and west of us, and over them, in the far northwest, the snowy peaks of Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

There was nothing else to be seen; not at this point, that is, for we were but just starting, and were using all our eyes to hang on with.

I had never ridden from Bend to Burns by auto-stage before, and I did not realize at first that you could hold yourself down by merely anchoring your feet under the rail and gripping everything in sight. It is a simple matter of using all your hands and knees and feet. But at the start I was wasting my strength, as, with eyes fixed and jaw set, I even held on to my breath in order to keep up with the car.

The desert was entirely new to me; so was the desert automobile. I had been looking forward eagerly to this first sight of the sage plains; but I had not expected the automobile, and could see nothing whatever of the sage-brush until I had learned to ride the car. I had ridden an automobile before; I

had driven one — a staid and even-going eastern car which I had left at home in the stable. I thought I knew an automobile; but I found that I had never been on one of western desert breed. The best buckar at the Pendleton Round-Up is but a rocking-horse in comparison. I doubt if you could experience death in any part of the world more times for twenty dollars than by auto-stage from Bend to Burns.

The trail takes account of every possible bunch of sage-brush and greasewood to be met with on the way. It never goes over a bunch if it can go around a bunch; and as there is nothing but bunches all the way, the road is very devious. It turns, here and there, every four or five feet, — perhaps the sage-brush clumps average five feet apart, — and it has a habit, too, whenever it sees the homesteader's wire-fences, of dashing for them, down one side of the claim, then short about the corner and down the other side of the claim, steering clear of all the clumps of sage, but ripping along horribly near to the sizzling barbs of the wire and the untrimmed stubs on the juniper posts. Then off it darts into the brush, this way, that way, every way, which in the end proves to be the way to Burns, but no one at the beginning of the trip could believe it — no one from the East, I mean.

The utter nowhere-ness of that desert trail, of its very start and finish! I had been used to starting from Hingham and arriving — and I am two whole miles from the station at that. Here at Mullein Hill I can see South, East, and North Weymouth, plain Weymouth, and Weymouth Heights, with Queen Anne's Corner only a mile away; Hanover Four Corners, Assinippi, Egypt, Cohasset, and Nantasket are hardly five miles off; and Boston itself is but sixty minutes distant by automobile, Eastern time.

It is not so between Bend and Burns. Time and space are different concepts there. Here in Hingham you are never without the impression of somewhere. If you stop you are in Hingham; if you go on you are in Cohasset, perhaps. You are somewhere always. But between Bend and Burns you are always in the sage-brush and right on the distant edge of time and space, which seems by contrast with Hingham the very middle of nowhere. Massachusetts time and space, and doubtless European, as Kant and Schopenhauer maintained, are not world-elements independent of myself, at all, but only *a priori* forms of perceiving. That will not do from Bend to Burns. They are independent things out there. You can whittle them and shovel them. They are sage-brush and sand, respectively. Nor do they function there as here in the East, determining, according to the metaphysicians, the sequence of conditions, and positions of objects toward each other; for the sage will not admit of it. The *Vedanta* well describes the 'thing-in-itself' between Bend and Burns in what it says of Brahman: 'it is not split by time and space, and is free from all change.'

That does not describe the journey; there was plenty of change in that, at the rate we went, and according to the exceeding number of sage-bushes we passed. It was all change, though all sage. We never really tarried by the side of any sage-bush. It was impossible to do that and keep the car shying rhythmically — now on its two right wheels, now on its two left wheels — past the sage-bush next ahead. Not the journey, I say; it is only the concept, the impression of the journey, that can be likened to Brahman. But that single, unmitigated impression of sage and sand, of nowhere-ness, was so entirely unlike all former impressions, that I am glad I made the journey

from Boston in order to go from Bend to Burns.

You lose no time getting at the impression. It begins in Bend — long before that, indeed, being distributed generally over all this Oregon country. At Bend the railroad terminates. The only thing you can do at Bend is to go back, — unless you are bound for Burns. The impression does not begin at Bend, and it does not end at Burns. It only deepens. For at Burns there is not so much as a railroad terminus. You cannot go back from Burns, or 'out,' as the citizens say, until there are enough of your mind to charter the auto-stage. The next railroad terminus to Burns is at Vale, one hundred and thirty-five miles of sage beyond, somewhat north by east.

Not split by time and space, and free from all change, single, deep, indelible — gray is the desert from Bend to Burns.

It was 7.10 in the morning when we started from Bend, it was after eight in the evening when we swung into Burns. At noon we halted for dinner at a rude roadhouse, half of the journey done; at one o'clock we started on with a half of it yet to go — at the same pace; over the same trail; through the same dust and sun and sage, — the other car of our party, that had followed us so far, now taking the lead. There were details enough, there was variety enough, had one but time and the eyes to see. I had neither. This was my first day in the desert; and it was the desert that I had come out to traverse — it was the sage and the sand, the roll, the reach to the horizon, the gray, sage-gray that I had come out to see. I must travel swift and look far off. For you cannot compass the desert horizon at a glance. Nor can you see at a glance this desert gray. It is so low a tone, a color so hard to fix! I must see sage-gray until it

should dye the very grain of my imagination, as the bitter flavor of the sage stains the blood, and tastes in the very flesh of sage-hen.

A day was not long enough; one hundred and fifty speeding miles could not carry me fast enough or far enough to see the desert. And if I should stop to look for the desert life, for the parts, I would miss the whole. But I had my hand instinctively upon the driver's arm when a sage sparrow darted in front of the car. It was a new bird to me. Then a sage thrasher flitted away and alighted as the car sped past — another new bird! A badger drew into its burrow — I had never seen the badger at home; a lizard, a small horned-toad, a gray-and-yellow-winged grasshopper, a sage rat — two — three of them — all new, all children of the desert! A little shriek, a cluster of squat golden-balled flowers, a patch of purple things close to the sand, giving a drop of color to the stretch of gray; a slender striped chipmunk, a small brown owl dangling between the sage clumps, and calling like a flicker, another at the mouth of an old badger's den — the burrowing owl, to be sure, and the first one I have ever seen! Whir-r-r-r — the great sage-hen! and my hand shot out again — this time at the steering wheel.

The driver only grunted, and opened the throttle a little wider if anything. He was not after sage-hens; he was on the road to Burns.

If only he would blow out a tire! He did break a rear axle later on in the afternoon, and to my amazement and chagrin pulled a spare one out of his toolbox, and had it on as if it were part of the programme. But he gave me a chance to start my first jack-rabbit and send him careening over the plain. I crept up on a western night hawk, too; gathered the most glorious of American primroses, an almost stemless flower

like all of the desert plants, white and as large as a morning-glory. I snatched and threw into the car eight other new species of desert flowers; nibbled a leaf of the sage and some of the salty Shadscale; picked up a large fragment of black obsidian, and beside it a broken Indian arrowhead of the same laval glass; saw where a coyote had been digging out picket-pins; and was trying to capture a scorpion when the mended car overtook me — and on through the sage we rolled.

Another stop like this and my desert would be lost. One cannot watch a desert. But one can a scorpion, and to leave the only live scorpion I had ever seen was hard. As we whirled past a camping freighter, his horses outspanned in the sun, I envied him the ten days he was taking to cover what I was being hurled across in one. To freight it across the High Desert! to feel the beating sun at midday, and at midnight the bite of the frost! To waken in the unspeakable freshness of the cold dawn to the singing of the sage thrasher; and at twilight, the long desert twilight, to watch the life of the silent plains awaken, to hear the quaking call of the burrowing owls, and far off through the shadows the cry of the prowling coyotes!

If something else would happen to the car — something serious — all four axles at once! But it was not to be. We were destined to sleep in Burns — a restless sleep, however. I would much rather take my chances next time with the occasional scorpions in the sage. But we were due in Burns that night. We were to speak to the Rod and Gun Club. We were to tell them that the carload of young fish would be on the road by midnight; that we had seen the truck at Bend; that they could expect the fish surely by evening of the next day.

On we sped into the sage, on into the

lengthening afternoon. The scattered juniper trees, strangely like orchard trees at a distance, becoming more numerous, the level stretches more varied and broken, with here and there a cone-like peak appearing — Glass Buttes to the south, Buck Mountain to the north, with Wagon Tire and Iron mountains farther off. Early in the forenoon we had passed several homesteaders' claims, — spots of desolation in the desert, — and now, as the afternoon wore on, the lonely settler's shack and wire fence began to appear again.

I have seen many sorts of desperation, but none like that of the men who attempt to make a home out of three hundred and fifty acres of High Desert sage. For this is so much more than they need. Three feet by six in the sage is land enough — and then there were no need of wire for a fence or a well for water. Going down to the sea in ships, or into mines by a lift, are none too high prices to pay for life; but going out on the desert with a government claim and the necessary plough, the necessary wire fence, the necessary years of residence, and other things made necessary by law, to say nothing of those required by nature and perhaps by marriage, is to pay all too dearly for death, and to make of one's funeral a needlessly desolate thing. A man ploughing the sage! his woman keeping the shack! — a patch of dust against the dust; a shadow within a shadow, and nothing then but sage and sand and space.

We were nearing Silver Creek, some forty miles, perhaps, from Burns, when ahead, and off to the right of us rose a little cloud of dust. I watched it with interest, wondering what it might be, until through the sage I made out a horseman galloping hard to intercept us, as I thought. I could not reach ahead with my eye to the

windings of our narrow road, but unless we made in his direction we should leave him far in the rear. He had measured the distance, too, for I saw him bend in the saddle and his horse sink deeper into the sage as they lay down to the race.

He was going to miss us surely, for we were driving like the wind. Then he snatched off his sombrero, waved it over his head, pulled hard to the right to catch us farther down on a curve, and sent his horse at a dead run over a ridge of laval stones, — a run to rob the rest of my automobile journey of all its terrors.

Our car slowed down, as the rider, a cowboy, lurched into the road.

'I've a dying man in here,' he began, jerking his hand toward a shanty off in the sage. 'Will you take him to the doctor in Burns?'

The driver did not open his mouth, but turned and looked at us. The car was crowded. Both running boards were piled with traps and luggage.

'He's dying of appendicitis,' said the horseman. 'An operation to-night might save him.'

The gray of the evening had already spread over the desert, and at the ominous words it darkened till it touched the sage with a loneliness that was profound.

One of us would have to get off in the sage and give the dying man a place, and I, for every reason, was the one to do it. Must I confess, that something like fear of that far-circling horizon, of the deep silence, of the pall of sage and shadow took hold upon me! Dying? A man — off yonder — alone?

Just then the second car, which we had passed some distance back, came up and a long lean man in a linen duster, who had eaten with me at the road-house, hearing the story, hurried with us over to the shack.

'I'm a doctor,' he said, leaving me

unstrapping some luggage on the car, and entered the door.

He was out again in a minute.

'On the wrong side. Bad strain in the groin, that's all. He'll soon be in the saddle.' — And we were racing on toward Burns, the purring of the engine now a song of distances, of wide slumbering plains of sage and sand, and overhead of waking stars.

The long desert dusk still lingered, but lights were twinkling as we slowed through the last sandy ruts into the main street of Burns. We were met by the local game-wardens and by some of the citizens of the town. Our talk was for to-morrow, Saturday, night. There was a 'Booster Meeting' on for to-night. The next day I picked up on the street a little flyer.

TO-NIGHT

Tonawama Theatre

The Harney County Rod and Gun Club invite their friends to meet with them at Tonawama Hall to-night at 8.30 to listen to a talk by State Game-Warden W. L. Finley, who is accompanied here by Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp. — A special invitation is extended to the ladies.

The ladies came; the children too. Not all of the thousand souls of Burns were out, for they had had the Booster Meeting the night before; but there was a considerable part of them out, to hear of the fish, the thirty thousand trout-fry, which were coming over the desert at the town's expense, to stock the Silvies River and the creeks about Burns. I say at the town's expense; at the expense, rather, of the Rod and Gun Club. But everybody belonged to the Rod and Gun Club. We had telegraphed our coming, and the gift of the fish, if the town would freight them in. The citizens got themselves together, raised the one hundred and

twenty-five dollars, sent one of their men out with a five-ton truck and met us at Bend. But the fish-train was delayed, and we came on ahead, leaving the truck to follow when the fish should get in. By this time however they should have been in Burns.

Yes, we had seen their man. He had come through. And the fish? They had been side-tracked at The Dalles, but were on the road — had arrived at Bend no doubt at 9.45 last night, and must be now nearly in. Yes — they could certainly expect them by early morning, barring accidents — a fine lot of fingerlings — Rainbows, Silver-sides and Eastern Brook trout — forty cans of them!

It was an enthusiastic meeting in spite of the aired grievances of many of the Club against the tightening game laws, for which the warden was largely responsible. Enthusiastic, and decidedly enlightened, too, it seemed to me, by the time it closed, and the warden had had a chance to explain the meaning of the relations between the sportsman, the game, and the state; and to enforce his points with that great load of young fish coming over the desert.

'Finley,' said I after the meeting, 'it's a long haul for fish.'

'So it is,' he replied.

'Suppose they don't arrive in good shape?'

'I was thinking of that; the long stop at The Dalles, to begin with; then this desert! They were shipped from the hatchery Friday. To-morrow's Sunday. They'll never make it!'

We said no more. There was a good deal at stake for the game-warden in this little town of Burns, the centre of influence over a wide region and a richer game country than, I believe, can be found anywhere else in the United States, fed as it is by the great Malheur Lake Reservation at the mouth of the Silvies, a few miles below.

At twelve o'clock that night I looked out into the sky. It was dark. The stars were shining, and a strong wind was blowing cold from the desert. The truck had doubtless been on the road now for twenty-four hours. Where was it with its living freight — its forty cans of young fish, its two wardens, dipping, dipping all day, all night, to aerate the water and keep the fry alive? Those men had had no sleep all Friday night, none all day Saturday, none to-night — all night. And the driver, the dusty, shock-headed driver who had met us at Bend! What did it mean to drive that heavy truck, with its perishing load, at top speed, without relief or sleep, over the tortuous trail and pulling sands of the High Desert, clear to Burns! And all for a few thousand fish! They had been on the road for twenty-four hours. Should they arrive before morning there still could be no rest for the wardens, for they must go from can to can, dipping, dipping, dipping, till the fish were put into the streams!

It was the dead of night, and away yonder, miles and miles over the starlit plain they were coming, a driver and a pounding engine fighting every dragging foot of the way, and two exhausted wardens fighting every dragging minute of the time for the freight in their care! Moving among the crowded cans in the lurching, plunging car, they were dipping with one hand, holding hard with the numbed fingers of the other, the desert wind piercing them and, at midnight, freezing the water as it slopped and splashed upon their clothes. And this in July!

It was a cruel haul. But it is the western way; and it is all in the day's work.

At six o'clock the next morning we scanned the sage-brush to the west for a sign of the coming car. There was no cloud of dust on the horizon. None

at eight o'clock. None at ten. Noon came and went. Little groups of men gathered at the corners or wandered in to talk with us at the 'hotel.' Buckboards and automobiles from distant ranches were waiting at the garage to take one can, or two cans, up and down the river twenty—thirty—forty miles away, when the truck should get in. The street was full of people—picturesque people, pure Americans all of them—'riders,' homesteaders, ranchers, townspeople, waiting for the fish-car. The local baseball nines announced a game; the local band came out to escort them to the grounds and, to the tune of 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' went down to the field to play until the car should come.

Four o'clock. I had ceased to look or care. I felt sick. My one hope was that the car would not get in, that it was a total wreck somewhere in the hopeless sage-brush of Crook County, where the road, I remembered, was next to impassable. They had mercifully had a break-down, I was thinking, when there came a clatter of hoofs, a yelping of dogs, a shout,—a loud *chug-chugging*,—and up to the hotel-steps ground the truck, as grim an outfit as ever pulled in from a desert.

With the town a-trailing, the car went on to the garage, where the water was quickly changed and iced down, the ranchers given their allotments of the young fish, and the unclaimed cans reloaded and hurried out to the nearest running stream.

But it was too late. I emptied the first can, and a little swirl of tiny whitish fish curled into an eddy and sank slowly to the bottom. One of them

darted away—another keeled, curved out on its side, gasped, gulped the water, snapped himself into life at the taste, and swam weakly off—two out of eight hundred! It was so with every can.

We went back to the hotel. The driver of the truck, his clothes, hair, and skin caked with dust, his eyes blood-shot, and fearful exhaustion fastened upon his face, dropped almost through my arms to a box on the sidewalk.

'Damn it!' he muttered, more to himself than to me, his head upon his knees, 'they can pay me for the gas, and that's all they shall do.'

But he got his pay for his time also. The game-warden called the Rod and Gun Club together that night, and handed them back a hundred dollars, saying the state would foot the bill this time. 'You take your money,' said he, 'and we will build some hatching troughs in Cary Garden Creek with it to-morrow. I've telegraphed for fifty thousand trout-eggs in the eyed-stage—you can ship them in that stage, around the world—and a warden to come with them to show you how they are hatched and planted. We will stock Silvies River and every stream about Burns, and do it now.'

And so they did. In true Western style they started that hatchery the next day, and before the week had passed the work was done, the eggs were on the way, every man in the town interested, and every man won over to the side of the state in its fight for game protection and honest sport.

It is a great country, that Oregon country, as any one will say who makes the trip from Bend to Burns.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CORPORATE REFORM

THE DEMOCRATIC ANTI-TRUST PLANK

BY ROBERT R. REED

To the *Atlantic* for January, 1909, I contributed a paper bearing this same title. 'American Democracy' was then used, and is still used, in its broader sense. The trend of events has made the trust remedy then advanced the declared policy of the party now in power, but the principle on which that remedy rests is the common heritage of all who believe in democracy itself. That principle demands the solution of the trust problem without destroying the fabric of our institutions. It demands the prevention of monopoly, not its regulation. This proposal, made in 1909, I shall call the Williams bill proposal, because it has become identified with the Senate bill introduced by John S. Williams of Mississippi, who from its inception has been its most effective advocate.

Senator Williams wrote me early in 1909 that this proposal furnished the key to the trust situation, and asked me to draft the bill which he later introduced. Later he wrote, 'You have the right sow by the ear; hold on to her!' but his has been the grip that held, and the credit, if there be any credit, for its present position and promise of accomplishment, is chiefly his.

The proposal itself has been so fully established that there are now a number of pending bills based upon it, introduced by leaders of the different parties and factions; it is apparently accepted without question as both con-

stitutional and practicable. It calls in its simplest terms for a federal law excluding from interstate commerce corporations which fail to comply with such conditions as Congress finds and declares necessary to preserve the freedom of that commerce from corporate monopoly, — 'an effective prohibitory law stating in detail the conditions of incorporation, management, and governing laws necessary to enable a corporation to engage in interstate commerce.' It is based on a fact which is now undisputed, that monopoly is created by government and cannot exist without its aid, and that our modern monopolies have been created by the state grants of corporate powers necessary to their existence. This view was strongly stated by ex-Attorney-General Wickersham, in his notable address of February 22, 1910, in which he said that the resulting condition is strongly analogous to that which arose in the reign of Elizabeth by the express grant of royal monopolies.

The most complete and conclusive statement of the genesis and growth of monopoly under the grant of the state corporation laws is that made at the 1911 convention of the American Bar Association by its President, Hon. Edgar H. Farrar, of New Orleans. Judge Farrar particularly condemned the holding company and the unlimited capitalization allowed to modern corporations, and said, 'Monopoly comes

to them by virtue of their size, organization and strength just as surely as monopoly went to the East India Company by royal grant'; adding that 'Congress can drive out of interstate and foreign commerce all corporations with fictitious or watered stock, all corporations whose capital stock is so great as to constitute them practical monopolies or suspects of being such, all holding companies, and all companies whose stocks are owned by holding companies or by other corporations.'

This remedy had been proposed in 1909 and was, at the time Judge Farrar spoke, embodied in the Williams bill introduced in the Senate April 20, 1911, covering the specific items mentioned.

In September, 1909, the New York *World* called this proposal to the attention of the so-called Saratoga Conference which was deliberating on the future policies of the Democratic party, and urged upon it the importance of presenting a definite policy on the trust question. The platform adopted was negative on this question, and this omission was criticised by the *Outlook* in an editorial in which it said, 'As soon as the Democratic Party takes a stand on one side or the other of the giant struggle over the whole industrial problem that is paramount in this country, it will become vitalized, but until it does that it is negligible.'

Between 1909 and 1912 the entire aspect of the trust question changed. The banner of national socialism was raised at Ossawatimie, and the Democratic party seemed still to be unable to meet the issue squarely on one side or the other. But with the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases, the situation altered. Monopoly was attacked and defeated. Its origin and its methods became more clearly defined, and in particular the fact of its creation by and dependence upon corporate

devices became more clear to the general public. The Williams bill proposal was justified by the events which followed it, and gradually acquired strong individual support and public recognition. The Attorney-General of the United States, who in court and forum had contributed so largely to this result, publicly stated on March 30, 1912, that the Williams bill was 'the most practicable and indeed I think the only clearly thought out and intelligently conceived legislation in that direction,'—in the direction, that is, of prevention of monopoly by restrictive laws. The Democratic party in July, 1912, nominated Woodrow Wilson for President, and, on the initiative of Senator Williams, made its appeal to the voters with the following anti-trust plank, embodying the proposal which had been ignored by the Saratoga Conference:—

'A private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. We therefore favor the rigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials, and demand the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. We favor the declaration by law of the conditions upon which corporations shall be permitted to engage in interstate trade, including, among others, the prevention of holding companies, of interlocking directors, of stock-watering, of discrimination in price, and the control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions.'

The *Outlook* prediction was fulfilled. Democracy was vitalized, when for the first time in any party platform the restriction of corporate evils was declared to be the specific remedy for destroying private monopoly. The

average voter, I believe, grasps quite clearly the plain general meaning of this remedy. He has, wisely or unwisely, an inherited antipathy to corporate privileges, and whoever discusses the subject with him will find ready recognition of the fact that monopoly is the outgrowth of corporate privilege, and can be destroyed by its limitation. He is surprised not at the declaration, but at the failure to apply it long ago. He knows that 'a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable.' In the words of a member of the English Long Parliament, quoted by Judge Farrar, he has found them, 'a nest of wasps—a swarm of vermin which have overcrept the land. Like the frogs of Egypt, they have gotten possession of our dwellings and we have scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup; they dip in our dish; they sit by our fire. We find them in the dye-vat, washbowl, and powdering tub. They share with the butler in his box. They will not bate us a pin. We may not buy our clothes without their brokerage. These are the leeches that have sucked the commonwealth so hard that it is almost hectic.'

It is the purpose of this article to emphasize the need and meaning of the platform remedy, in connection with the situation now existing, and with the effort now being made to dispense with this remedy or to subvert it to the perpetuation of monopoly; also to make plain the fact that the platform pledge calls for certain definite things the effect of which will be as complete as the party promise 'to make it impossible for a monopoly to exist in the United States.'

The first platform pledge is for 'the rigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials.' It was perhaps expected that the enforcement of the law would be more 'rigorous' and ef-

fective under Mr. McReynolds than under Mr. Wickersham, and the Union Pacific dissolution is cited as evidence that this has been the case. In justice to the subject, it must be said that the difference is largely one of form. In the Standard Oil case, the common-stock ownership was not disturbed, and so long as it continues the 'trust' remains. The Southern Pacific stock certificates allotted to Union Pacific stockholders were not allowed to be physically converted into actual stock by a Union Pacific stockholder, but *their exchange for actual stock by such a stockholder*, by sale and purchase on the Stock Exchange, was not restrained by the decree, and was accomplished at a cost of twenty-five cents a share brokerage. The common control has apparently been retained; if it was worth retaining it could not be destroyed by such a measure. I cite this simply to emphasize the futility of the 'rigorous enforcement' of the present law against corporate monopoly. It has not been and will not be destroyed in this way, nor, I believe, by 'the trusts eating out of the hands of the Attorney-General,' to quote the current characterization of a process that originated with the last administration and has some of the features of an 'immunity bath' for its fortunate victims.

The evil is an underlying one, and requires an underlying remedy; such was Mr. Wickersham's conclusion after four years of actual experience, and it is not apt to be ignored by his successor. If monopoly is destroyed to-day, it will be reestablished to-morrow, for the means by which it was created remains, and cannot well be controlled by judicial decree, or by adjustments similar to those of the Standard Oil and Union Pacific cases. The acceptance of such adjustments, as a permanent solution of the problem, involves

a surrender not by the trusts but by the Democratic party — a surrender in the face of an assured victory.

The platform recognizes this fact and demands 'the enactment of such *additional legislation* as may be necessary to make it *impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States.*' Monopoly is destructible, and will be destroyed. In these bold words the Baltimore Convention met the issue raised at Ossawatimie. Monopoly today is on the defensive. Its cause and the way to its removal are known to the electorate, and to the active leaders of Congress who were members of the Convention that adopted this declaration.

The platform pledge is strong and it is specific, but it is susceptible of subversion, and efforts have been and will be made to subvert it so as to effect the perpetuation of monopoly. It calls for certain definite, substantially unmistakable provisions of law, for a 'declaration by law' of certain 'conditions' which must be met.

The Williams bill proposal embodying these conditions had been thrashed out in the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce and was known to all members of Congress at Baltimore who had followed the subject. It is embodied in the platform. The 'trade commission' proposal, and various proposals to amend the Sherman Act *so as in effect to permit a 'reasonable restraint of trade' by 'good trusts,'* were also well known, — if anything, more widely known than the Williams bill. They are not embodied in the platform. The danger of the subversion of this remedy is serious. It is evidenced by the report of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, presented on February 26, 1913. Its only specific recommendation for legislation embodied the Williams bill proposal in the following words: 'Third, that it is de-

sirable to impose upon corporations now or hereafter organized under state law, and engaged in or proposing to engage in such commerce, further conditions and regulations affecting both their organization and the conduct of their business.'

The Senator who wrote the report, referring to '10 out of 20 manufacturing establishments heretofore in competition' desiring to consolidate, said: 'There ought to be a way in which the men in such a venture could submit their plan to the government, and an inquiry made as to the legality of such a transaction, and if the government was of the opinion that competitive conditions would not be substantially impaired there should be an approval, and in so far as the lawfulness of the exact thing is concerned there should be a decision, and *if favorable to the proposal there should be an end of that particular controversy for all time.*'

A more apt statement of the programme for the creation of monopoly under a federal bureaucracy could not well be made. It subverts the whole proposal adopted by the committee, and instead of 'conditions for the destruction of monopoly,' suggests 'regulations' under which it may be perpetuated '*for all time.*' Woe betide the American Republic, if combinations of industry can by executive approval make 'an end of that particular controversy for all time.' The proposal, if adopted, would be a new and greater mother of trusts. From its womb would spring, for the first time in our history, full-grown national monopolies, vested 'for all time' with the sovereign grant of the United States. There have been, and will be, many similar efforts to secure an executive discretion in the 'regulation of combinations,' issuing cards of admission or orders of exclusion directed to particular corporations.

They will be presented with great ability as authoritative embodiments of the platform plank, in several forms and from many sources. They can have but one certain result. Mr. Wickersham said in July, 1911, on the subject of federal regulation, 'It has been openly advocated quite recently by representatives of some of the largest combinations of capital, probably as a means of salvation and to preserve, under government supervision, great organizations whose continued existence is menaced by the recent interpretation of the Sherman Anti-trust Act.'

To 'preserve' them — this is the crux of the whole subject — *on the borderland of monopoly and as near to its accomplishment and rich rewards as the executive for the time being may permit.*

When the mind contemplates, in the light of history and with a knowledge of men, the vast meaning of this picture, it is small wonder that our executives, no less than our 'captains of industry,' have at times inclined to favor a power so full of possibilities. Its possibilities are different for different men. It appeals to the beneficent autocrat, with the idea of compelling industrial peace and justice through the land, a dream fit for a Marcus Aurelius. It appeals to political ambition, with its possibilities of a great political autocracy controlling the destinies of the nation. Last, but not least, it appeals to the man of large affairs, the business autocrat and monopolist, with its promise of salvation to existing combinations and of future growth. It means but one thing certainly, and that is, monopoly under the *possible* restraint of government. The sanction it will enjoy, but the restraint will not be felt. The thing is practically impossible in any government that is free and expects to remain free. It is

useless to speculate on a matter of such absolute certainty.

Ours is a republican form of government. The only problem of 'regulated monopoly' under it is to outwit, mislead, or corrupt the ever-changing powers that be, all the big brains and money, cunning and greed of the country working toward a common end, with nothing to check them but a handful of men, big and little, each holding a political office at a small salary until a better office or a better salary is offered him, and hoping for something worth while when he returns to unofficial life. Where are the presidential secretaries and bureaucrats of yesterday? The question is a fair one, and the answer tells the story of bureaucratic efficiency under a republic, of regulated monopoly in a democracy. The head of the Steel Trust is the most pronounced advocate of such a system, a system of the 'good trusts,' of great industrial combinations riveting the chains of commerce with executive permits, growing imperceptibly, but 'for all time,' and irresistibly, to the complete dominance of industry.

Fortunately the party elected to power is pledged to the destruction of monopoly, not by regulation, but by the enactment of specific legislation, which by the terms of the declaration excludes the idea and possibility of 'regulated combination.' Fortunately, also, there is one man in the United States who has kept his mind open on this question, not perhaps individually, but as President, nor has he expressed any other view but that the causes of monopoly are known, and we must act with that knowledge to destroy and prevent them. Correcting a popular impression to the contrary, he has very recently said with much emphasis, 'I conceive that to be part of the whole process of government, that I shall be spokesman for some-

body, not for myself. *I have to confine myself to those things which have been embodied as promises to the people at an election. That is the strict rule I have set for myself.*

The recent report of the Secretary of Commerce, which covered the field of possible legislation, contained no suggestion of federal regulation. Its specific recommendation of '*legislation looking to fundamental charter provisions for every corporation doing interstate business*' states the proposal and details of the Williams bill; it is the only recommendation that has not been adversely criticised by the press.

'Les hommes sont impuissants pour assurer l'avenir; les institutions seules fixent les destinées des nations.' (Men are powerless to assure the future; institutions alone fix the destinies of nations.) These were the remarkable words of Napoleon, the most powerful man of modern history. We are at the threshold of an era, the beginning and the end of which will, I believe, bear the lustre of the name of Woodrow Wilson; but it is an era remarkable, not for the man, but for the institutions which he is upbuilding and reëstablishing upon their original foundations, to bear the shocks of succeeding ages. In that work and that way lies undying fame. The other way, a Wilson or a Bryan disturbing the fabric of our institutions would soon surrender to a Debs the work and the fame of institutions yet untried.

A restored democracy triumphant over the monopoly-ruled paternalism from which we have suffered is the mission of the party now in power. The executive will not dictate the laws, nor will he ask or receive the power to enforce them 'with discretion.' Monopoly will be destroyed, but not by the officers or employees of a federal bureau, matching their knowledge and their wits against the trained special-

ists of our great trusts. The unfortunate episode of the Tennessee Coal and Iron acquisition should be sufficient as an experiment in so one-sided a programme.

The 'additional legislation' specifically demanded by the party platform is '*a declaration by law of the conditions*' necessary to the prevention of specific corporate evils. Congress is competent to exercise its prerogative of legislation, and the subject is one that can be completely covered by a remedial law. A 'declaration by law' is a political platform in itself. It disposes at once of all plans for the administrative control of business. It accords with our established principle of government, and requires a 'government of law and not of men.'

The things to be 'declared by law' are '*the conditions upon which corporations may engage in interstate trade.*' The programme of legislation is declared and does not admit of generalities. It recognizes the fact that monopoly is an act of government, and that the problem is not to prevent its growth by natural laws, for such growth is impossible, but to prevent its creation by special privileges by which alone it has its inception and fruition.

In the last five years, no one, lawyer or layman, has questioned this proposition, nor can it be questioned. Those who oppose it privately have publicly ignored it and will continue to do so. Nor has anyone ever explained just how, without the special privileges and facilities conferred by these state statutes, our modern trusts could have been created, or how, without them, they can now exist. Individuals might attempt to combine by private agreement, but such agreements never have been and never will be upheld or enforced, and without the aid of government in enforcing them they are worthless. They were uniformly held

illegal at the common law, and the original Standard Oil and Sugar trusts were destroyed by the courts of Ohio and New York, respectively, and then went to and obtained from New Jersey the statutory power to do what the courts had held illegal. Without this statutory power they could not have been created.

The Williams bill proposal is directed against the licensing of monopoly, as an un-American and sovereign abuse of governmental power, not against any proper function of the state. It is directed to the protection of commerce, to the preservation of the individual engaged in or dependent on commerce, against special privilege. It is based on the democratic function of the federal government; it demands a restrictive uniform law, and involves no vestige of grant or privilege, of executive discretion or administrative control. It removes the evil at the source, and leaves commerce and the individual free as they were before the inception of privilege and monopoly.

From one point of view, it may be said that, disregarding monopoly and competition, regulated or unregulated, and every other question affecting restraint of trade, except the undisputed fact that there are certain recognized corporate evils affecting commerce which can be corrected by federal law, it should be possible for all to unite in correcting these evils, pending their agreement or disagreement on other questions. No one can very well oppose such a law, except the few who are bold enough to demand that these corporate devices should be retained for the benefit of monopoly. Open opposition is impossible, but the trouble comes, and will come, from the attempts made, and to be made, to graft upon this simple measure one or another of the various other remedies desired by different interests. Correct

these specific 'charter-enacted' evils first, simplify the problem by reducing monopoly to its own 'inevitable evolution,' and we shall, I believe, be in a position clearly to understand and deal with 'economic combinations' and 'unfair competition.'

The proposed remedy does not demand, as some have thought, the immediate change of all the corporation laws of the states, but the amendment by the corporations themselves of their own charters under those laws, and, where necessary, their reorganization, so that they may become safe instruments of commerce. The state laws will be amended when their unsafe grants have become valueless.

The general proposal needs, I believe, little further explanation. It is not federal incorporation, although it may be taken as the democratic alternative for that remedy, and is neither so drastic nor so revolutionary in principle. It may have the effect, by restrictive provisions, of standardizing the essentials in state corporation charters. By requiring restrictive safeguards in the organization of corporations, Congress can accomplish everything that the creating state should accomplish, and yet remain entirely free to require further safeguards as they may be needed. The power asserted is one of complete control over the charter, organization, and conduct of corporations engaged in interstate trade, — a control, however, to be exercised restrictively by a general law, without any element of license or regulation, beyond requiring such publicity as may be necessary to insure compliance with the law.

The remedy no longer lies with the states, for any one of the forty-eight may perpetuate the evil; and, indeed, if they should all unite to-day to destroy it by amending their laws, we might awake to-morrow to find yesterday's

monopolies chartered by some South American republic. Congress alone can protect the commerce of the nation against this particular danger; acting for all the states and all the people, it can exclude from that commerce every corporation that is not by the law of its own being a safe and proper business agency.

What must be the prescribed conditions? The several items enumerated are, like the programme itself, specific and admit of little substantial variance in the legislation necessary to put them into complete effect. The first condition required is one to effect 'the prevention of holding companies.' At this suggestion, the Democratic member of Congress wants to consult the 1913 amendments of the New Jersey Corporation law, though President Wilson has denied that these amendments forecast in any way his idea of a federal law. His meaning is plain, when one reads in Section 49 as amended, that 'any corporation formed under this act may purchase property, real and personal, and the stock of any corporation, necessary for its business . . . provided further that the property purchased or the property owned by the corporation whose stock is purchased shall be *cognate* in character and use to the property used or contemplated to be used by the purchasing corporation in the direct conduct of its own proper business.' This amendment, the best that could be obtained with the conditions existing under the New Jersey laws, plainly furnishes no light on the problem of eliminating the holding company. On the contrary, it furnishes an instance of the charter-power under which the holding company exists; and a company with this power, as Senator Williams expresses it, is a 'potential monopoly.' According to Judge Farrar, 'The most vicious of all the provisions in the statutes above

enumerated is that authorizing one corporation to own and vote stock in another. This provision is the mother of the holding company and the trust. It provides a method for combining under one management and control corporations from one end of the nation to the other.'

Mr. Wickersham, who speaks with the authority of experience, is convinced that 'Probably no one thing has done more to facilitate restraint of trade and the growth of monopoly than the departure from the early rule of law that one corporation cannot own stock in another.' The holding company, according to President Taft's message of January 7, 1910, has been the 'effective agency in the creation of the great trusts and monopolies.'

What are the corporate conditions necessary for 'the prevention of holding companies'? Mr. Wickersham has said that if Congress should exclude them from commerce, 'the axe would indeed be laid at the root of the trust evil.' Judge Farrar would also exclude — and it is essential to exclude — 'all companies whose stocks are owned or controlled by holding companies.' It is a simple matter to exclude holding companies, though Congress has waited a long time to do it; but it is not so simple to exclude companies controlled by holding companies. The corporation cannot prevent the holding company from acquiring its stock; the latter may remain in its own state and control the commerce of the nation. Professor John Bates Clark, in his recent edition of 'Control of Trusts,' suggests a remedy when he says that 'the incentive for forming such companies would be removed if it were enacted that the shares of industrial companies owned by holding companies should have no voting power.' This, however, must be enacted by the state or by the corporation itself as

a part of its charter; and as to existing companies it would have to have the assent of the stockholders whose right to vote is to be destroyed. This right is binding upon the state and corporation which are parties to it. It is not binding upon Congress.

Conceding, as we may, that Congress cannot change the state-made grant, it can exclude from commerce any corporation that holds this grant in a form inimical to the freedom of commerce. It can exclude every corporation in which any other corporation has the right to vote, and can in effect compel the surrender of that right by any person or holding company engaging in commerce as a member of the corporation, or compel the reorganization of the corporation under a new charter denying such right (a reorganization in some cases under state laws, instead of in all cases such as would be required by federal incorporation).

In every effort to deal effectively with the problem, we are brought back to the basic proposition that, in the words of Chief Justice Marshall, a corporation *'may be correctly said to be precisely what the incorporating act has made it — to derive all its powers from that act, and to be capable of exerting its faculties only in the manner which that act authorizes.'* And Chief Justice Waite has added that *'every corporation necessarily carries its charter wherever it goes, for that is the law of its existence.'* In a very real sense, the charter is the only law that it cannot ignore or evade, but it is also a law by the aid of which, if so designed, it can successfully evade other laws. There can be no permanent solution of the matter that does not reform the charter and make the corporation a safe instrument of commerce. Mr. Justice Brown has said that *'the corporation is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public'*; and the Baltimore platform

has declared that it must be so incorporated if it is to engage in interstate trade.

This is the theory of the Williams bill, and I agree with Senator Williams that it is the only theory on which the proposal of 1909 can be made completely effective; and the only way in which monopoly, dependent for its existence on corporate devices, can be completely destroyed and prevented. It is the method indicated in the recent report of Secretary Redfield, urging *'fundamental charter provisions'* to be required of all interstate corporations.

The holding company is prevented by Senator Williams's bill, first, by requiring that the corporation shall not have the power to acquire or hold the stock of other corporations; second, by requiring a provision in its charter that no other corporation shall have any vote or voice, directly or indirectly, in its affairs. This may be supplemented, if necessary, by imposing the penalty of forfeiture on any member of the corporation who prevents it from amending its charter to conform to the law. It will, I believe, be sufficient for Congress to declare the law: its conditions will be met. The extent to which it is possible to go with charter restrictions is instanced by the following unwise provision in the charter of a Panama steamship corporation organized in New Jersey in 1911:—*'The power of any stockholder or director to vote on any question shall cease upon notice from the Postmaster-General of the United States that such a stockholder or director represents a competitive railway interest.'*

The second condition required is one to effect *'the prevention of interlocking directors.'* Here, also, the efficient remedy seems to be plain and unmistakable. It would be unjust to do as one bill introduced by a very able Senator attempted to do—exclude a

corporation from commerce if one of its directors happens to become a director of a competing company. He may do this after his election. The corporation cannot control him, and its life or death is in his hands. The corporation can be protected only by a charter provision against such an event. Senator Williams has, I believe, laid the axe at the root of the tree by requiring a charter provision declaring any director in a competing corporation ineligible as a director, extending this provision also to include any person representing any competing interest. I quote again from the charter of the existing New Jersey corporation to which I have referred: 'No person shall be eligible as a director who shall be a director in or an officer or agent of any corporation or association engaged in any competitive transportation business by rail.'

The Williams bill requires the charter to declare any person representing a competitive interest, including a director in a competing corporation, to be ineligible as a director. Such a charter provision is self-operating. The attempted election of an ineligible director is a nullity and the office remains vacant. The charter is safeguarded, and the corporation is a safe instrument of business.

The same method adapts itself to the third requirement, that of a condition preventing watered stock. It is unjust to provide, as one important Senate bill did provide, that a corporation should be excluded from commerce if it issued capital stock with a par value exceeding 'by more than ten per cent' the 'value of the property received therefor.' Under this provision, an honest business error in the valuation of the property would exclude a corporation from commerce and effect its ruin. What is needed, and all that is needed, is to nullify the dangerous

sanction that has been supposed to be given under some state laws, to issue stock at any valuation declared by the directors. Senator Williams, in the bill revised with his sanction and introduced in the lower House by Honorable William R. Smith of Texas, has entirely nullified the permissive statutory power by requiring that all stock shall be fully paid or payable, and permitting it to be paid in property only when its value has been determined on oath filed in a public office to be not less than the par value of the stock, or, in the case of stock authorized to be issued without par value, to be not less than \$5 per share. This condition applies after the passage of the law, but is required to be inserted in the charter within a limited time. It would completely nullify the permissive power offered under the state laws.

The fourth condition required by the Baltimore platform deals with 'management' rather than 'incorporation' or 'governing laws.' It must prevent 'discrimination in prices.' The Williams bill excludes any corporation which destroys competition by any unfair methods, including 'temporarily or locally reducing prices.' One of the New Jersey 'seven sisters' meets quite specifically the language of the platform. It declares it a misdemeanor 'to discriminate [in prices] between different persons . . . or sections . . . of the State . . . after making due allowance for the difference, if any, in the grade, quality or quantity, and in the actual cost of transportation . . . if the effect or intent thereof is to establish or maintain a virtual monopoly, hindering competition or restriction of trade' [*sic*]. This provision, applied to 'different persons and sections of the United States,' adapts itself admirably to the platform requirement. It is not possible to discuss here the various statutes relative to unfair competition,

or the various similar conditions that might be contained in the federal law, but I wish to express the thought that the state in creating a corporation, and Congress in admitting it to interstate commerce 'for the benefit of the public,' may well require of it the highest standard of business ethics, even as to matters with respect to which the same standard might not so justly be required as a restriction of the liberty of the individual.

The last condition demanded in the platform is one to effect 'the prevention of control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions.' This is perhaps the one item in the platform declaration which is not entirely specific. It may be met by a general condition in the language quoted, excluding a corporation from commerce if it acquires a dominance of any industry. It may, and perhaps should, be met by a provision limiting the capital to be employed in a particular industry. *Limitation of capital was originally, and in theory is still, the rule in the creation of corporations.* But today the limit is fixed by the corporation charter adopted by it under a general law, and not by a special charter granted by the legislature.

There is, of course, no question of the power of Congress to limit the capital of corporations engaged in interstate trade. Judge Smith's revision of the Williams bill asserts this power with striking efficiency. It excludes a corporation from interstate trade if its authorized capital 'exceeds \$200,000,000, unless a larger capitalization shall be permitted by special act of Congress; subject also to any lower limitation of capital which Congress may at any time prescribe for corporations engaged in any particular industry.'

Let us summarize the conditions demanded by the platform. First, the

only conditions which can be imposed on corporations engaged in interstate trade to prevent holding companies are (1) a condition that the corporation itself shall not be a holding company, that is, that it shall not have the charter power to hold stocks of other companies; (2) a condition that its stock shall not be held by any holding company, which can only be effected by requiring a charter prohibition against such holding, and may be met in part by a charter prohibition against the voting of any stock so held. Second, the only condition that will prevent interlocking directors is one that the corporation shall not have as a director a person who is a director in any competing company, and that can justly be effected only by requiring a charter provision declaring any such person ineligible as a director. Third, the only condition that will prevent watered stock is one that requires the stock to be fully paid, or payable upon an actual valuation, and the most effective ultimate condition for this purpose is to make this a charter requirement; the charter law is the only one that is incapable of evasion. Fourth, the only condition that can be imposed by a 'declaration by law,' which will prevent discrimination in prices, is one similar to that contained in the New Jersey amendment approved by Governor Wilson. And fifth, the most effective, if not the only condition to prevent the control of an industry by one corporation, is one that limits the capitalization of corporations engaged in particular industries.

These are the only conditions specifically required by the platform. They are the chief conditions necessary to the prevention of monopoly. Had they prevailed in the past, monopoly would not now exist. Would their requirement now destroy existing monopolies? For instance, what effect would they

have on the common-stock control of the 'dissolved' Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts? Is it possible to meet the recent taunt of Senator Gallinger, made on December 3, 1913, following the reading of the President's message, when he is quoted as saying that attempts to suppress private monopoly would 'be about as successful as the Standard Oil suit, which has resulted in *no change of ownership, no reduction of prices or of profits.*' The Democratic party and individual members of Congress will wish to go before the country in a situation different from that which confronted the last administration. They must present a *fait accompli* according with the letter and spirit of the anti-trust declaration.

As an aid to the solution of this question of common-stock ownership, let us go back again to the origin of the corporation, and bear in mind the basic fact that 'it is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public.' The state, in creating a corporation should, and Congress when admitting it to commerce can, write at the head of every charter and into its every provision the words, '*Salus populi suprema lex.*' The state creates a corporation on the assumption and with the intent that it shall be an independent business unit. The state has a plain right so to condition its organization as to safeguard this intent. The incorporators themselves in the first instance would be apt to desire such safeguards. The 'buying-in' privilege peculiar to a corporation is a special privilege which does not exist with respect to a partnership. The state, in granting this privilege, should protect itself and the incorporators against the facility which it presents for the acquisition of control by competitive or monopoly interests. The simplest and most workable condition for this purpose is the requirement of a

charter provision similar to that of the Williams bill, that no person representing or holding stock in a competing company should be eligible as a director or have 'any vote or voice in its affairs.' If such a provision were inserted in the charters of the various Standard Oil corporations, it would not take very long to obtain competitive conditions between them. The several interests would separate themselves very quickly to secure the control of separate corporations. The Waters-Pierce interests have pointed the way toward such action.

It has been suggested that Congress might prohibit the voting of stock by a holder in a competing company, if done with intent to prevent competition. Even if such a law were constitutional, its enforcement would be extremely difficult and partial. The burden of proof would be upon the government, or possibly the contending stockholder seeking to establish the intent. In the absence of any strong contest, the actual control would continue as it is. Here, as elsewhere, the problem can be rightly solved, and permanently solved, only by going to the root of the evil, requiring the corporation to be safeguarded by its charter law against control by competing interests. It is a safeguard which the state should require in the first instance, which experience and present conditions show to be necessary, and which Congress can require as a part of the conditions it now aims to impose on corporate organization.

The 'interlocking' of corporate interests is the real evil. It can be made impossible only by charter safeguards which shall effectively prevent ownership of stock by a competitive interest. Short of this there are three degrees of prevention, if I may so express it. The first is the prevention of interlocking directors by the charter provision

above mentioned. This is, I believe, of little practical value in cases like that of the dissolved Oil Trust, where each director remains a stockholder in all the constituent companies. Competition between companies so officered is impossible. The second degree, which would seem to be much more effective, is to require a charter provision that no person representing a competitive interest, as director, stockholder, or otherwise, shall be eligible as director. The third, and much more effective, charter provision, is that no such person shall be entitled to vote as a stockholder. The fourth and completely effective provision is that first suggested, that no such person shall acquire or hold any stock or any interest therein, directly or indirectly, placing a heavy penalty on its secret ownership with intent to exercise control. This should and could be required of a new corporation created by a state if it is to be made proof against acquisition by competitive interests. Whether the federal law should go so far as to require so drastic a condition as to either existing or future corporations, is an open question. The power is there, and if at any time its exercise seems necessary, it should be used.

We cannot meet this problem if we surrender in advance to the view that the state grants have by a process of estoppel become binding upon Congress, or that the rights acquired under them are too complex to be dealt with by an effective law. *We should, I believe, prescribe conditions to take effect at once that will disintegrate and batter down the corporate walls of existing monopoly; but we must also prescribe conditions, to take effect within one, two, or three years, that will reach the creating power and prevent for all time the use of the corporate charter, whether granted by a state or by a foreign government, as a means of circumventing the Sherman Act*

or of monopolizing the nation's commerce.

Any bill that is drawn will have to be carefully guarded as to its effect on existing corporations, first, to compel without evasion the complete disintegration within a reasonable time of all existing monopolies; second, to allow reasonable leeway for the amendment of charters of other corporations with a view to ultimate complete uniformity in the substantial safeguards to be required. With respect to holding companies it may be said, that though they owe their origin to the demand for monopoly powers, they have acquired some incidental legitimate uses which it may be possible not to destroy. I do not mean by this that they should be permitted as an institution, and prohibited only when used 'with intent to create a monopoly,' a provision that would throw us back on the existing law; but that the prohibition asserted and expressed might be accompanied by an exception, in effect permitting one corporation to operate, under subsidiary charters, separate branches of one business, treating it in other respects as a single corporation, and not permitting it to hold less than ninety per cent of its subsidiaries' stock, or to combine competing properties.

The adjustment of this far-reaching corporate reform to the actual business conditions of the country will not, I believe, be as difficult or drastic as one might at first suppose. It is directed primarily to requiring an amendment of the charters of corporations organized under the so-called liberal state laws. This can be done by each corporation for itself under the broad power given it to make or amend its own governing law. Reorganization will be necessary in some cases, but, as every corporation lawyer knows, reorganization is not a destructive or necessarily burdensome measure; it is readily effected for a business advan-

tage or profit. Amendments of state laws will naturally follow, and a large amount of leeway can safely be given by the law to corporations already organized under conservative state laws. Permanent exceptions, however, need not, and I believe should not, be allowed as to existing corporations; and the ultimate aim should be to subject all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to a uniform standard of organization fully prescribed by a general federal law. *The result should be to give Congress the same complete power to protect the commerce of the nation from corporate evils that any independent sovereignty has over corporations doing business within its territory, whether created by itself or by a foreign power.*

The remedy proposed, says Senator Williams, 'is the right one: efficient, sufficient, operating in the open and by force of prescribed law.' Fully understood, it justifies rather than condemns the genius of our form of government. The power to grant corporate privileges remains in the state, subject always to the restrictive power of the general government, *a power that can be asserted not to create special privilege, but only to protect the liberty of the individual against it.* This, I take it, is the supremely democratic function of the federal government, the bulwark of our individual liberties, protecting the liberty of each by the force of all, against any special privilege created by the state governments.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM AND COMMON SENSE

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

NOTHING marks more clearly the growth of the American people in a single generation than their attitude toward their civil service. The federal statute establishing the merit system is now thirty years old. By one of those coincidences which sometimes make a bedfellowship in reform as strange as any in politics, its chief champion in the lobby was a public-spirited citizen who had almost lost his life in fighting lobbies of an evil sort; its chief sponsor in Congress was a Democratic senator who realized that he might be perpetuating Republican control of the executive machinery of the government; and it was approved by a President who two years earlier had ranked as a

prince royal in the kingdom of spoils. All three have been long dead; but the monument of their coöperation stands where they reared it, in structure unchanged, and in aspect only mellowed by the weathering of years.

Judged by what they had expected to accomplish, the 'Act to Regulate and Improve the Civil Service of the United States' was far from satisfactory to its projectors. Most of those who had memorialized Congress in its behalf, because they wished to abolish the headsman's holiday which followed every change of administration, regarded it as at best a compromise; and their disparaging view seemed to be confirmed in a ruling made by a Federal

judge who, though quite friendly to its aim, interpreted its terms as a general declaration of policy rather than as a measure of protection of anybody's rights. Its language was permissive, not mandatory, except as to a few exclusions from its benefits and certain provisions concerning the mechanical features of the system when established. Doubtless half the Congressmen who voted for it expected it to fail, as like attempts in the past had failed. The old guard of patronage-mongers accepted with avidity the challenge of the reformers, whom they publicly derided as 'pharisees and hypocrites,' or as 'sniffle-surface de-formers,' with any other fling that would draw a laugh from the unthinking mob.

Membership in the Civil Service Commission was for a good while so unattractive that the President had difficulty in inducing men of the highest quality to accept appointment to it, and sometimes had to make his selections from a waiting-list of applicants for less unpopular positions. But, notwithstanding defects which were painfully obvious to its chief author and promoter, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, the civil-service law of 1883 was the most effective legislation that could have been got from the Congress with which he and Senator Pendleton had to labor. Indeed, I am not sure that its very weaknesses may not have helped it to success, by calling out all the vigilance and resourcefulness of its defenders; for its hold to-day upon the common sense of the people is so strong that its repeal would cost tenfold the effort that was required for its enactment.

President Arthur played a more heroic part in the fruition of the reform movement than has been generally realized. The spoilsmen in his political following, scenting trouble in the bill, advised him to veto it. Instead, he signed it. Then they urged him to take

prompt advantage of it by filling the most desirable places with his henchmen, pushing the classifications through at top speed, and thus gaining upon his probable competitors for the Presidential nomination of 1884. He disappointed them again, and they charged his defeat in convention largely to his squeamishness. Before he retired from office, he had extended the cover of the law to about 15,500 persons out of a possible 100,000. Meanwhile, the election of 1884 had resulted in the choice of Mr. Cleveland for President, and his inauguration the following spring was the signal for the descent of a horde of office-seekers upon Washington. Illustrative of the spirit of the time, a whole marching-club of loyal Democrats had themselves photographed on the steps of the Treasury, and copies of the picture were widely distributed, bearing such inscriptions as:

At home, after May first.

This is the place we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guests.

Other symptoms of a general breaking-up were manifest here and there, but came to nothing. The President read into the law the mandate it suggested rather than pronounced. He made some mistakes, but on the whole acted with great moderation, and in four years added nearly 12,000 to the total of inclusions. President Harrison's record was almost the same as President Arthur's, but was marred by one unfortunate incident. Mr. Cleveland had ordered the classification of the Railway-Mail service, setting February 15, 1889, as the date; but a clerical error in transcribing made the date March 15, which fell within Mr. Harrison's administration. A delay in winding up the business carried it over to May 1, and the spoils-

men improved the interval by emptying a couple of thousand clerkships and filling them with Republicans.

This aroused a demand for reprisals in kind by the Democrats, who, as soon as Mr. Harrison turned over the presidency again to Mr. Cleveland, made a raid upon the clerical force in the larger post-offices. In general, Mr. Cleveland withstood the pressure, but the conditions were much more trying than in his former term. He was pledged to the repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchase act; Congress was hostile to this plan, and, as he saw the situation, his only chance of success lay in so treating with the individual members of both houses as to win over as many as possible. Carl Schurz described to me an interview he had with the President when he called to sound a friendly warning against the snares of patronage. Laying a hand on the visitor's shoulder, Mr. Cleveland said, —

'Schurz, I am in a very trying situation. If I had only one interest to consider, you know how I would act. But I am working to save the American people from bankruptcy; and if, through tactlessness in handling these men who make the laws, I should lose my fight, no one would be quicker to condemn me than yourself.'

'And,' said Mr. Schurz, in recounting the incident to me, 'I was obliged to confess that that was true. All I could do was to beg him to keep his hands as free from the pitch as possible.'

Sins which the world condones when committed separately, and in the stress of a great emergency, are less easily forgiven when committed wholesale under an impression, however honestly entertained, that they are the part of wisdom. This President McKinley was destined to learn a few years later. Mr. Cleveland had tried to make up for his early derelictions by extending

the civil service rules to 39,000 persons before retiring from office for the second time in 1897. Although the central fact won wide applause, the circumstance that more than four fifths of his total came in under a single 'blanket' order gave his successor an excuse for setting aside some of the classifications as too hastily made. Then came on the war in Cuba, with the riot of patronage which was expected to keep everybody patriotic. Finally, in May, 1899, was issued the order which marked the only deliberate backward step in the series that the government had taken since 1883, removing from the classified list between 4000 and 5000 positions that Mr. Cleveland had brought into it.

That, in going thus far, Mr. McKinley had still kept well inside the line drawn for him by some of his lieutenants, I am in a position to know; but how well the reform principle was already rooted in the esteem of the people was shown by the chorus of protest his action drew from the best of the press everywhere. Even so sturdy an adherent as the New York *Tribune* could not forbear saying, —

'It is not possible to glory in this order as a concession to politics, as the breaking down of a bad system, as the restoration to the Republican party of the fruits of victory, without casting aspersions upon the honor of the party and representing the President's own words on civil service as mockery and deceit.'

A not less potent sign was the way that expert reader of the popular mind, President Roosevelt, undid the errors of his predecessor, and later made additions of his own to the classified service which brought his total up to almost 35,000, including 15,500 country postmasters, always till then the sport of politics. And the thirty years' procession ended with the retirement

of President Taft with 42,000 additions to his credit, by far the highest number reached in any single term.

President Wilson's advent was of course made the occasion for a tremendous broadside of threats, appeals and prophecies with regard to his distribution of party favors. Yet where in 1885 a hundred newspapers were urging Mr. Cleveland to 'turn the rascals out' at one merciless sweep, not a dozen are to-day concerning themselves with questions of patronage, and those which are give most of their attention to positions of some note, like posts in the diplomatic service. Even the demand for consulships has fallen off considerably since it has been discovered that a consul now is expected to know something before he goes to his station, and to do something after he gets there. The Treasury and Post-Office departments seem to be bearing the brunt of the onslaught, doubtless because they embrace so many positions which the law still hedges about with conditions that preclude their being brought under the civil-service rules.

The campaign against the spoils system of office-distribution was waged, through its first stages, under difficulties proceeding from the rear as well as from the front. There was always within the lines a large body of reformers whose sincerity expressed itself in radicalism. They were impatient of delays, and exploded with wrath at everything they could denounce as a half-way measure. When a member of the Cabinet voluntarily broke through the encrusted practice of a half-century and began to select a certain proportion of his subordinates without regard to partisan considerations, they sent up a cry of protest against his 'percentage compact with the devil.' When a President ordered the classification of 5000 positions, they clamored at his failure to make it 50,000; and be-

sides that, they roundly criticized him for 'covering in' all the persons then occupying those positions, who, they said, having been appointed under the old system, must be presumed to be unworthy.

The answer to this complaint is obvious. A clerk in a custom house, for instance, if he has been at work two or three years, probably knows the duties of his position better than a novice. If not, he can be thrown out for incompetence as well after classification as before; and then, if he attempts to procure reinstatement, he finds the door closed against him till he can prove his fitness by the same tests that are required of a new clerk. For argument's sake, however, let us suppose that, with every order of classification, the President should have to empty the positions classified, and refill them by competitive examination: what would happen? Either business would be brought to a standstill till the matter was adjusted, which would mean disaster, or the old employees would remain at work till superseded, one by one, by appointees from the civil-service registers. But the latter is in effect what takes place now, though at a somewhat slower pace. Greater expedition would be possible only at a heavy cost of administrative efficiency, since every new employee is more or less of a dead weight till he has become familiar with his task.

As to the examinations themselves, there has always been a warm controversy over the respective merits of the 'scholastic' and the 'practical' tests. As usual, neither extreme can claim a monopoly of excellence. A favorite sneer of the spoilsmen in old times was that a letter-carrier did not need to be versed in astronomy, history, or foreign affairs. Quite true. But back of his ability to read and write, shoulder a bag of mail and ring door-bells, he does

need intelligence; and I suspect that even the scoffers would prefer to trust their valuable correspondence to a man who can reason out why the sun appears to rise in the east, and who knows that Lincoln freed the slaves and that England is a monarchy, rather than to one without such intellectual qualifications.

At first, it is but fair to say, there was a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the scholastic tests for indiscriminate application. It was Theodore Roosevelt who checked it. While he was Civil-Service Commissioner, a collector of customs in Texas who used a corps of line-riders, or mounted inspectors, to prevent smuggling across the Mexican border, loudly declared his preference for one old-fashioned cow-puncher, who could handle the job, to ten college graduates who could pass all the examinations but could not bring in, or bring down, the law-breaker they were after. It took his breath away when Commissioner Roosevelt, instead of protesting, assented, and proposed an ordeal which would prove a candidate's ability to saddle and ride an unbroken mustang, shoot on the gallop, read cattle-brands, classify live stock according to age and condition, speak enough Spanish for ordinary questions and answers, and produce testimonials as to his courage and endurance and his cleverness at following difficult trails. A thrill of horror overcame many citizens of refinement at the thought of turning a dignified government function into a Wild West show; but the Commissioner carried his point, and his challenge dried up the springs of frontier sarcasm forthwith.

It is probably the competitive feature which, more than any other, has caused misapprehension of the purpose of the merit system. I hardly need say that the examinations afford no real

test of a candidate's ability to perform the duties of the position he is seeking: that can be determined only by experiment. What the examinations do effect is the elimination of the wholly unfit. The preference given, among the candidates who pass through the sieve, to the few who achieve the highest ratings, is mainly a protection for the appointing officer from importunities before he makes his choice and from charges of favoritism afterward.

Inside the service, there are many heart-burnings over promotions. A proposal to take all jurisdiction of this matter from the heads of departments and confer it upon the Civil-Service Commission was soon proved impracticable; for, although there is always danger of abuse of power, the safest broad rule is to leave the master-workman in charge of the internal discipline of his own shop, and call him to account for his transgressions as they occur. No outside body, however conscientious, can know the hundred contributory facts which go to show an employee's fitness for a higher class of duties. This is especially true when it comes to raising one from the ranks to a position of command. His efficiency record, or his examination for promotion, may tell only half the story, and not the more important half. If we are going to set him on a pedestal by way of commending his virtues to the emulation of his comrades, his obedience, his punctuality, his quickness, his industry, all are worthy of celebration; but if we are going to make him a captain, it is quite as necessary to ascertain his forcefulness, his manner of address, his general capacity for handling other men.

In his equipment for his new position, his personality will bear a notable share, and personality reveals itself but dimly, if at all, in examination papers or in office records. The very traits

which would make him an ideal high private might totally unfit him for a captaincy, long years of subordination or confined activity having extinguished the last spark of leadership in his composition.

I had this lesson brought home to me long before I became a government officer myself. President Cleveland sent for me one day and asked me in confidence to find him a man to fill a post of great responsibility and delicacy, of whose duties I had pretty intimate knowledge. After a fortnight's search I found one who seemed to fill every requirement. He had previously seen public service under former administrations, and had done his work so well and so tactfully that his political opponents were almost as enthusiastic in his praise as his associates. The President was highly pleased with the evidence I had gathered, and sent the nomination to the Senate at once.

No public functionary ever worked harder than this man to meet the expectations aroused in his behalf. Nevertheless, he proved a dismal misfit. The chief reason was that the offices in which he had formerly distinguished himself were at a distance from Washington. In them, he was surrounded by his old-time neighbors. They were, moreover, 'one-man' positions, as truly as an engineer's or a carpenter's. Thrown into the thick of great affairs at the Capital, associated with men of large calibre, maintaining direct relations with a powerful administration on the one hand, and badgered on the other by every cheapjack who could get a little advertisement by picking a grievance with him, he could not keep his footing, and soon dropped out of sight as well as out of influence.

A group of good men who in the early days helped make the fight for practical improvement difficult, were

those whose reform principles were not sturdy enough to stand up against a personal application. From a number of illustrative incidents let me relate one. A young man in the Western field-service of the Treasury Department had fallen into dissolute ways, and had been caught twice in acts of dishonesty. He was the decadent member of an eastern family in excellent social standing, who had done all that they could to make him mend, and who fancied that separation from his boon companions might strengthen him against temptation. On each of the two occasions when he had disappointed their hopes, they had made good his default as far as money would do it, and obtained another probation for him. When he committed a third offense, his chief refused further clemency. At this juncture, to the astonishment of all disinterested spectators, there suddenly came forward as champion of the culprit a civil-service reformer of wide reputation. He was a friend of the young man's family, and also of the Secretary of the Treasury, and by sheer insistence he wore out the strength of a government officer who was trying to administer real justice, and saved a scapegrace from the punishment that was his due!

Another prominent citizen who had made a considerable reputation as an enemy of bosses was called to take a cabinet portfolio. Within a month he informed me that, although in private life he had been a consistent defender of the civil-service law, a survey of things from the inside had modified his views so that he was preparing to recommend to the President that all fiduciary positions should be removed from under the rules. 'If I am going to appoint a man to take care of public funds for which I am responsible,' he explained, 'I want to know the man; I'm not satisfied to accept the

say-so of a commission over whom I have no control.'

While we were still discussing this point, there came in upon us a distinguished senator, bringing with him a Colonel X——, for whom, he said, he trusted the Secretary would 'do something handsome.' He proceeded to expatiate on the colonel's services during the Civil War, which, he thought, had never been properly recognized. The Secretary, who had become brusque with me to the verge of petulance, softened instantly, grasped the colonel's hand, and expressed a hope that the President would in a few days lift the civil-service incubus from one of the disbursing offices in his department, so that he could appoint so worthy a man to it. When the visitors withdrew, he turned to me in triumph. 'That's the kind of material I am looking for,' he exclaimed. 'I'll wager I could n't have got him through the Civil-Service Commission, in spite of his splendid war record.'

'No,' I admitted, 'for under their system his war record would have been eclipsed by his penitentiary record.' And with absolute candor I related the colonel's history, which I had known for years. All that the senator had said about his being a good soldier was true; but after the war he had drifted into politics as a professional 'veteran,' had been appointed to a place of trust under government, had conspired there with others in a mammoth scheme of fraud, had been detected, convicted, and sent to prison for a considerable term. Since his release he had lived by his wits in ways that were not creditable. For further particulars, I referred the Secretary to the principal dram-sellers in Washington. If I had struck him in the face he could not have shown greater indignation; but it was at the senator, for having dared introduce such a per-

son to him. His outburst became so violent at last that I could not forbear a word of remonstrance.

'Don't blame the senator too much,' I pleaded. 'Patronage is a part of his trade. He felt that his responsibility ceased when he had praised one of his protégés to you without telling you an affirmative lie. From that point he considered that it was your business to look out for yourself.'

Though the Secretary did not confess a change of heart as a result of this incident, I was amused to note how highly he commended, in his annual report, the usefulness of the civil-service rules. Heaven only knows to what lengths of recusancy he might not have gone but for so illuminating an experience early in his term.

Notwithstanding the imperfections of the civil-service law, its friends have never tried to amend it, lest the opening thus offered should be used by its enemies to press other amendments which would weaken the whole fabric. Its most serious defect, perhaps, is the provision for apportioning appointments 'among the several States . . . on the basis of population as ascertained at the last preceding census.' No excuse can be offered for this clause except that it was part of the price the advocates of the act had to pay for its passage. It was founded on the old pauper theory that government salaries are alms to be doled out to the needy; and the congressman who neglected to see that his constituents were sure of their share felt that he could never ask for a reëlection.

Such an apportionment bears at least its negative condemnation on its face. On what plea can it be claimed, for example, that an accountant from North Dakota can keep a set of books at Washington more accurately than an accountant from Ohio? From the point of view of common fairness, this

requirement has nothing to commend it, since the eligibles in Ohio may have made better averages in the examinations than those in North Dakota; and the competitive principle, on the faith of which all these candidates submitted to the tests prescribed, may be defeated by the apportionment. The ostensible object of the merit system being to secure for the government the pick of the applicants for appointment, where these happen to reside makes as little difference as the color of their hair; and if the best is not too good for the service of our country, why not give her the best in the United States, instead of limiting her to the best in some particular State because its 'turn' happens to have come around?

Occasionally we hear an eligible who stands high on his register hurl accusations against the appointing powers who pass him by repeatedly in order to make a selection farther down the list. It is well to give these charges wide leeway; the appointing officers may have looked over several sets of examination papers, and selected the candidates who had drawn upon their logical faculties more than upon their book-learning for their answers. If, in private life, you were in need of a clerk, and, of two candidates, one could answer glibly every question about present conditions in your business, but lacked the imagination to tell you what he would do if confronted with certain hypothetical emergencies, while the other confessed to less knowledge of current routine, but showed a broader grasp of the philosophy underlying it, whether of the twain would you select?

A too common source of trouble in old times was the disposition of classified employees to regard the merit system as a device evolved for their protection rather than for that of the government. 'I'm under civil service—

they can't touch me now!' was an exultant declaration often heard among them when a change of administration was impending. In this confidence many presumed too far, as they learned to their cost. In a Southern post-office there was a clerk who gloried in loudly whistling 'Marching through Georgia,' while sorting his mail. His immediate superior repeatedly bade him cease disturbing his fellow clerks with his noise; but he treated these admonitions with contempt, and, when dismissed for habitual insubordination, appealed his case on the ground that he was punished for being a patriot, his chief being a traitor and hating him because he was loyal to the Union. A Republican letter-carrier serving under a Democratic postmaster insisted on wearing his cap with the visor behind, defying any one to show him a word in the official regulations forbidding this practice. He, too, charged to partisanship the demand presently made for his resignation.

Instances like these recall a pithy saying of Edward Everett Hale's, that real civil-service reform depends as much on 'reforming out' as on 'reforming in.' An unfit clerk holding his place undisturbed is as noxious an influence, in his way, as a smallpox patient. The infection of his laziness or contumacy spreads among his fellow clerks, who suspect that some hidden and unwholesome power, loosely described by the cant term 'pull,' is at work in his interest. Outside censors of the merit system find in his case fresh proof either of the impotence of the civil-service law to keep poor material out, or of its use as a bulwark by the undeserving when they have once got in.

Even a rule which permits the head of a department to dismiss a valueless subordinate on filing reasons, has its distinct shortcomings; for a conscience-

less officer will not hesitate to file false charges if he has an end to gain, whereas no chief, good or bad, likes to part with a thoroughly efficient clerk, especially if he cannot supply his place with a friend or favorite. Hence it has always seemed to me that so long as we keep the entrance to the civil service well guarded, we can afford to let the door of exit swing on rather easy hinges.

A good deal has been said about making the civil service a 'career.' I doubt whether, in this respect, it will ever take its place beside medicine or letters, the pulpit or the bar. It is true that, at long intervals, a civil servant whose initiative is strong enough to withstand the morbid influence of routine, and who has a keen eye for opportunity, mounts from a low to a high level. No illustrative cases are oftener cited than those of George B. Cortelyou and Frank H. Hitchcock, who had their first taste of public life in clerical positions and retired as Cabinet officers. Yet, although both entered government employ after the enactment of the civil-service law, neither entered it through the Commission's examinations. Even Alvey A. Adee, whose worth has been recognized by his retention as an assistant secretary of state through seven administrations, started as a secretary of legation, a position fairly well up the diplomatic ladder and still in the patronage class.

The fact is, the young man who enters the service through the examinations does so, as a rule, with no conscious aspiration to achieve a career in it. The work it offers is respectable and not too hard, and the salary meets his modest needs and enables him to lay something by. If he cherishes any aim beyond the satisfactions of the moment, it is that of making his government place a stepping-stone to some profitable private occupation, or at

least a means of support while he is taking a course at a professional school. If he does care to stay in public employ, his ambition probably soars no higher than one of the better-paid departmental positions under the so-called protection of the civil-service law; and my confidence that this condition will never change, essentially, rests on two grounds. First, in the breaking-in of a new clerk, great emphasis is laid on honoring precedent. His instructor drills him in habits of minute research so that he shall know the whole history of a case before composing a letter about it; then, in the accuracy of every reference, at no matter what cost of tediousness; finally, in the most colorless and unhuman forms of expression; and, albeit such restrictions are reasonable enough under all the circumstances, they do not encourage originality of thought or stimulate invention, the chief levers by which men rise in the great world.

Again, when, in ascending the scale of official dignities, we reach the point where the domain of rules merges into the domain of policies, we shall always find partisan politics invading the public business. With every change of administration are bound to come changes of policy, few or many, designed to fulfill pledges given by the victorious party to the electors. The appointment of all officers of high enough rank to have a hand in the shaping of the policies of an administration must necessarily be left to the President, or to the President and Senate in coöperation. Any member of the clerical service, therefore, who mounts above the chiefship of a division, does so only by quitting the sphere into which the civil-service examinations admitted him, and taking his place among the class still subject to the patronage rule.

The Negro question has projected itself into the consideration of civil-

service matters many times since the act of 1883 was passed, but the crucial test bids fair to come during the present administration. The last Democratic President had been trained, his life long, in notions of the civic equality of the races. The new President has Southern antecedents and a Southern environment, and hence knows the race issue from a side unknown to Mr. Cleveland. As a fair-minded man, he will feel bound to look at it 'in the round,' as it were; and, however we may deplore the failure, all the laws we have put upon our statute-book to protect the civil rights of Americans of African descent have not been able to lay the spectre of instinctive blood-prejudice. With reason or without, white male clerks object to taking orders from colored chiefs; white women shrink from contact with colored fellow clerks in a crowded office; from isolated stations in the Indian and the Forestry and the Reclamation fields, where small groups of employees are unavoidably thrown into close companionship, there come constant protests against such compulsory mingling of races. The Railway-Mail service, in which clerks and messengers have often to share sleeping quarters, is the latest to make its voice heard.

The laws of the United States, often in letter and always in spirit, forbid race-discrimination. What, then, is a government officer to do, who is in his place, not to lead moral crusades or deliver lectures on ethnic ethics, but to accomplish certain results with the men and machinery at his command? To this end, he must maintain a proper *esprit de corps* among his subordinates; but how can he, if he undertakes to compel associations which, in the view

of those who object to them, fly in the face of nature's laws? The problem is a delicate one. Its discussion could fill many magazines and still remain inconclusive. I shall not touch it further than to crave the reader's charity for a chief here or there who, in the exercise of what he regards as tact, may blunder into something which wears a very different aspect in the sensational annals of the day.

All that I have said in this paper about civil-service reform, including criticisms of existing methods, has been offered in a sincerely friendly spirit. I have been in a position to see the effects of the old reign of patronage, and to contrast them with those of the merit system by close observation both from without and from within the great administrative army. No matter what their limitations in some respects, the government's civil servants will compare favorably with any corresponding body of citizens in private life. It is past question that the machinery of the merit system is furnishing, not always more faithfulness,—for stability of character is one of the *desiderata* for which there is no test save experience,—but a higher average of general intelligence and alertness, than the system of favor-dispensation which preceded it. And now that it is so firmly established that the most radical mutations of party control in the government fail to shake it, its strongest devotees can afford to take a common-sense view of those particulars in which its operation may have fallen short of their original ideals. The best of institutions suffers no harm from weighing its faults against its virtues, if it have virtues enough to send the other scale skyward.

GENIUS AT SCHOOL

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

To the average man there is something peculiarly daunting in the precocity of literary genius. Pope lisping in numbers; Charlotte Brontë at fourteen classifying her twenty-two manuscript volumes of 'works'; Elizabeth Barrett writing an epic when she was eleven; Macaulay composing at seven an epitome of universal history — what can the ordinary man make of such superhuman infants?

And when the ordinary person is a school-teacher by profession, and has served in the cause of all the muses (except Terpsichore) far longer than ever Jacob served for Rachel, and always in the hope that he may catch a genius young, these precocious beings begin to assume a kind of remoteness, a quality of unreality. They must have existed. Their works do follow them; the glowing pages of E. M. L. and the dogged statistics of D. N. B. equally attest their actuality; but neither the intuition of the moment, nor the retrospective wisdom which comes to the teacher when John and James and Henry have passed out of his immediate vision and made careers for themselves, has ever won for him a single glimpse through this east window of divine surprise.

Will it ever come, one wonders. And if it does, what on earth would one do? Would one help or hinder? Nay, rather, would one *know*? Ah, there's the rub. How many apparent geniuses has not the teacher seen rise through all the gradations of academic success, until in cap and gown, they mounted

the rostrum and pronounced the well-earned and well-turned lines of the valedictory!

Up the pinnaced glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

And then oblivion marked them for its own, and slowly disillusionment came to the eager teacher. Not discontent, for the work had always been worth doing, and worth enjoying; but at least so much of disillusionment as belonged to the discovery that academic attainment had not led and possibly never would lead him to that east window.

Moreover, the teacher remembered that he too had been the valedictorian of his year. He recalled the sea of faces in the great auditorium on Commencement Day, his gasping fear as he advanced to the front of the stage that he would forget the well-conned lines of his valedictory, the glow that suffused him as he got his grip again, and the way in which the audience hung upon his words. Did he not know himself to be a genius then? And in the growing wisdom of years, has he not seen the spark fade until he could not revive it, however much he blew upon the dimming embers? 'He who can, does,' says the cynical Mr. Shaw. 'He who cannot, teaches.'

No, academic attainment is not a certain way. He is proud of his good students, but he has not seen them become geniuses, and he is not so sure of his prize-winners as he used to be. How then shall he know? These real geniuses of the past once went to school, and some forgotten school-

master hugged the memory of them to his breast in his old age. May it not be that one will emerge even in this far corner of the Northwest? Stranger things have happened. But if he comes, will he seem only a queer erratic little fellow, hovering uneasily on the verge of the orderly routine? Will he remain

hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,

or shall his teacher, even he, surprise that young poetic soul into shy confidences and catch a moment's precious vision of the time when the world shall be

wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not?

But this is the stuff that dreams are made of. Every year has had its confessions, but so far there has been no hint of the east window. Meanwhile, leaving such happy chances in the lap of the gods, can he not find a standard qualification or two, an acid-test, to recognize the budding genius by? 'You defined genius, when here,' says J. R. Green in one of his letters, 'as a peculiar aptitude for a certain branch of study. Pardon me, that is talent. Genius is a much higher thing: the power of bending circumstances to our will.' That ought to do. These academic circumstances which pass into the currency of education as courses and lessons — how zealously young Artful Dodger bends them to his will! Herbert Spencer records in his autobiography that, at nine years of age, he 'rejected Latin grammar because of its lack of system.' Now the determined rejection of Latin Grammar at a comparatively tender age ought to establish a reasonable presumption that one has discovered a young Herbert Spencer. And when one reads further the same philosopher's confession, 'If ever I said a lesson correctly, it was

very rarely,' one really begins to believe that the evidence is accumulating.

And then there was Henry Thomas Buckle. The one thing which Buckle wanted was to escape the thralldom of a formal education. He did not like mathematics. His father offered him any reward he might name, if he would win the medal in that subject. The boy won it, and named as his reward — to be taken away from school. The teacher has never seen the thing accomplished in just that way in his own experience, but he has seen as much intelligence and systematic effort expended with a similar object, on more than one occasion. He knew a boy once who acted as the presiding genius (in both senses) of the court of how-not-to-do it during all the four years of his academic career, and whose right to that high office became a veritable tradition in after years. The teacher did not recognize this quality as a hallmark of genius at the time; but that boy has come nearer since to displaying the true quality of creative genius than any other person who ever fell under the teacher's personal observation.

The good obstinate rejecters! They are at least an encouragingly tangible type. The teacher is watching them, and he may catch a real genius among them some day.

And then there are the lazy ones — that ever-present horde of genial ne'er-do-wells who of the pleasant art of shirking have made avocation, and who will labor at it even as Falstaff did at purse-taking: 'Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.'

The teacher found them irritating in his younger days, and daily warned them of the wrath to come. But as he grew in years and in knowledge of the past, he learned that even in such lowly tenements genius sometimes hath its seat. And while he spurred them

no less zealously to their work, he grew to threaten them less and to scorn them not at all. He remembered the beloved Stevenson, 'pattern of an idler . . . with infinite yawning during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truancy'; and glorious old Sir Walter, 'incorrigibly idle imp' at school, who loved to tell how at the University Professor Dalzell 'pronounced upon him the severe sentence that dunce he was, and dunce was to remain.'

And when these same amiable idlers had loitered along the pleasant by-paths of an education until they were like to become a permanent part of the college landscape, and by dint of passing an easy course here, and being boosted by eleventh-hour crammers through a hard course there, had at last 'come up' for a degree, the teacher again found his attitude changing with the years. Time was when he had looked suspiciously at his older colleagues in the faculty, opposing with bitter words their tendency to weaken if ever so little the barriers that hedged about the precious parchment. But as he grew older he began to catch glimpses of the fact that education is larger than technicalities, and that the production of 'grinds' is not its perfect consummation. He remembered Swift who, as he said of himself, 'was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college "speciali gratia."'

The degree of Bachelor of Arts, Speciali Gratia — B.A.S.G. Why not? It is true that the teacher has not seen his S.G.'s turn out to be Dean Swifts, but he has seen them play their parts manfully in the world. He has seen them become good business men, good lawyers, and in one or two cases good legislators. If they have not adorned

their letters and their speeches with the flowers of rhetoric for which he used to bespeak their admiration, they have — or at least he likes to think so — won a certain fineness of spirit from those spacious humanities about which at the time they seemed to care so little.

And so the teacher has come to view these perennial idlers in the groves of Academe not merely tolerantly but with a measure of expectancy, content to write S.G. after their names in his record, if only they seem to have the making of manly men in them; and always ready to catch, if so it may be, through the cloud of laziness and inertia, a glimpse of that glorious ray of genius which will mark their kinship with the golden idlers — the Scotts and Stevensons — of bygone days.

And if, in addition to the self-directed spirits who are independent of formal 'schooling,' and the amiably idle who are indifferent to it, there remains a residuum of the incurably ignorant, not even of these need the seeker despair. There is a kind of perfection, an orbicular wholeness about ignorance, sometimes, that is akin to genius itself. They are the leaven of the whole lump, indeed, these indomitable ignoramuses. They are the geniuses in the art of getting things wrong. The student who said that churches promote the mortality of the community, and his fellow who averred that churches are supported by the tribulations of their members, had that vatic quality which savage nations are accustomed to recognize and reverence in the weak-minded. The student who said in his ignorance that Leo X sent John Knox to Scotland to sell indulgences was endowed with a finer quality of irony than all the knowledge of the curriculum would have given him. The kings of olden days did well to keep a fool at court. It is almost, if

one but dared to admit it, a matter of regret to see the shades of the prison house begin to close upon these young geniuses of the perverse, and to see the splendid vision of their wise blundering

. . . fade into the light of common day.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, were but an unfruitful subject of speculation compared to the thought of what the world would have lost had Dogberry been put through the mill of Stratford grammar school. 'Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit,' says Oscar Wilde; 'touch it and the bloom is gone.'

Yes, the splendid follies of the freshman fade into the hopeful zeal of the sophomore and the dogged precision of the junior, and Diogenes trims his lantern and continues his search. It is well to be philosophical, and the geniuses of idleness and ignorance provide their measure of consolation. But the teacher's heart is still strong in the faith that some day a real genius will emerge. And when this sense of the imminence of genius does come, will it be born of the slow and cumulative realization of perfection in all things academic, so that in after years the teacher may repeat of his own pupil those lovely words of Fulke Greville's anent Sir Philip Sidney? 'I will report no other wonder than this, that, though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity,

as carried grace and reverence above greater years: his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so that even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught.'

Or instead of this slow ripening of many perfections brought to one perfect fruitage, will the advent of the young genius have the kind of abruptness traditional in the type, as of floodgates suddenly released? Will he be a Cædmon, shrinking shyly from the music-makers till the angel touches him? 'Then Cædmon meditated all that he had heard and, like a clean animal ruminating, turned it into sweetest verse. And his songs were so winsome to hear that his teachers themselves wrote down his words and learned from him.'

Symmetrical Sidney or abruptly transmogrified Cædmon — which will it be? Whichever it may be, it is worthy of note that in the words of the venerable Bede and the reverent Greville, there is one thing in common. 'His teachers learned of him.' Shall the teacher then be wise enough to be gently helpful if so it may be, or humbly docile, if the wings are already strongly spread for flight — or shall the teacher be guilty of some atrocious sort of paranoia, due to the overstrain of long ungratified desire? There was once a certain Jane Brown, one of the early teachers of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, when fame came to her old pupil, compiled a spelling book and dedicated it to the universe! *Absit omen!*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AMATEUR SELF-SUGGESTION

THE moment I came home from the West and heard that my favorite cousin, E., had (in the family phrase) 'picked up a new fad,' I drove over to the Corners to see her; pleasantly wondering, all along the Little River Road, whether it would be the latest list of simplified spelling, or Susanna Cocroft. Not the latter, at any rate; for as I hitched Billy to the butternut tree I observed her, seated on her piazza, looking ampler and more billowy than ever, sunk in a Sleepy Hollow chair in what seemed a delectable nap. But even as I tiptoed up the steps, she opened one eye, and instantly heaved herself out of the Sleepy Hollow and kissed me in the French fashion.

'Oh, dear, I woke you up,' I pretended to lament, with the usual genial hypocrisy of the caller.

'Not at all. I was only giving my hay-fever a dose of suggestion.'

'Suggestion!' I cried eagerly. 'So *that's* it! Then you can tell me all about the Emmanuel Movement, New Thought, and psychotherapy in general, without my bothering myself to read a lot of books about it.'

My cousin smiled.

'Well, it's after twelve o'clock; but I'm afraid I can tell you all I know about it before one, and still have time to show you the dahlias. They're really wonderful this year.'

'Hurry up, then, and begin,' I urged. 'Only don't go and tell me how you were "led" to try it, and how much So-and-So has been benefited by it. The part I want to know is *what* you do, and *how* you do it.'

'When you came up just now,' she replied, 'I was saying over and over to myself, with all the application I know how to exert, and keeping every sneaking care and bother out of my mind —'

'Stop!' I commanded. 'How do you keep them out?'

'Sometimes I imagine myself putting them into the rag-bag, and sometimes I imagine myself pulling them up like weeds in the garden, and throwing them, roots up, to shrivel in the sun.'

'Don't they sneak back again?'

'Dozens of times, at first; but if you're really firm with them, they learn, in time, to stay put.'

'Well; and when you've got rid of them, what is it you say, so carefully, over and over to yourself, that gives you that contented look?'

'I Steadily — Steadfastly — Desire and WILL — I WILL! — that all the Coming Night (Long, Quiet, Drowsy Hours of the Night) and all the Day (Brisk, Busy, Pleasant Hours of the Day) I may Forget to Sneeze, Forget to Fear to Sneeze: or if fears arise in my mind, that I may calmly Sweep them out, and let them Blow Away — blow far away and be lost and forgotten . . .'

I wish that capitals and tiny print could combine to express the rousing, bracing spirit with which she WILLED, the calm, receptive intensity with which she Desired, and the dreamy, drowsy manner in which she watched, and made me watch, those fears and sneezes blowing away, like dead leaves, and being lost and forgotten!

'But before I begin to impress that, or any other formula, on my mind — (for I change my formulas very often: they wear out quickly), my cousin

resumed, 'I — rest my heart a little while, in the thought of the "Power not ourselves." Sometimes I do it by a verse from the Bible, sometimes by a line of poetry: and sometimes by reminding myself of a great picture of the Trinity I saw long ago in Italy; or of the sky clearing after a shower, in our old home valley in Vermont.'

I was listening eagerly.

'I used to think,' continued E. rather abstractedly, 'that it gave one such a rested feeling to swallow a raw egg! (And so it does.) But the preliminaries of suggesting induce a rested sensation, from top to toe, that is far more than the mere absence of fatigue; it's a positive, a literally delicious, sensation; it actually tastes sweet.'

Even to speak of it, as I could see by her expression, brought back a trace of that deep, delighting, honeyed calm.

After a short silence, I ventured, with a sense of getting back to earth, 'How much better *is* your hay-fever, anyway?'

'Well, it is n't entirely cured as yet. But it was less troublesome last year than the year before; and it's decidedly less troublesome this year than last. In short, it's slowly mending, whereas before it was slowly worsening.'

'What does the doctor think?'

'I wish I knew! He generally says, "Far be it from me to belittle the power of suggestion," and then he proceeds to belittle it. He's keeping on with the same treatment as before: only now I suggest each time that it shall be successful.'

'Do you psychotheraputists believe in doctors?'

'Indeed and indeed we do! And in medicine and surgery and diet and exercise and massage and change of air, — plus suggestion. Or rather, perhaps, in suggestion plus these. We find, as we look about us, every sort of evidence that

A man is *not* a cage of bone,
To keep a jailed soul inside,

but literally

— one inextricable whole
Of thinking flesh, of sentient soul,
Together fused by heavenly art—

She paused, and looked at me with particular earnestness while she repeated the last line of the queer little poem, —

What God thus joins, let not man part.

'But why,' I wondered aloud, 'don't the doctors, *en masse*, lay hold of this doctrine and practice of yours?'

'Why did n't Adam discover it the first time he saw Eve cry?' demanded my cousin whimsically. 'There was the mental Eve pushing drops of actual water out of the physical Eve's eyes. Tears and blushes and clenched fists, and the trembling fingers and palpitating hearts, and mouths that water at the remembrance of mincepies, — what are they all but the most obvious evidence of self-suggestion? But you see, for one thing, it was n't discovered, or discoverable, by vivisection. Nobody could deduce it from the results of sewing a rabbit's ear to the hind leg of a mouse.'

'Still, I suppose the doctors have used (consciously or unconsciously) an element of suggestion on us for centuries,' I mused aloud.

'I suppose they have. But why be so stingy with it? There was enough suggestion to go round; enough for them and for us. And there's a certain brace, one finds, in doing a thing for one's self, that ordinary human beings don't get from having some one else do it for them; even the kindest of doctors.'

'Have you told your doctor you believe you're suggesting yourself well?'

'I'm not vain enough to believe quite that. I think he and I are doing it together, with some help from "Them Above,"' she said rather solemnly. 'If you'd care to hear my

philosophy of self-suggestion — but we have n't seen the dahlias yet!'

'Never mind the old dahlias.'

'Well, then: Nature, I think, is always trying to get well. Faith and encouragement and an occupied mind and a contented spirit help her: fears and broodings and idleness and neglect and unwholesome conditions hinder her. Often and often, before I began to suggest, I put a spoke of discouragement and worry in Nature's wheels. To use a better simile, I poisoned her well. It's a great thing when one learns to take one's fruitless dwelling anxieties, like a pound weight, off the worrying symptom, and to put a fruitful productive thought somewhere else.

'Well, that's only the *a b c* of suggestion. We need n't stop with that. While Nature is thankful enough to have us stop teasing and hindering her with our fussy and panicky anxieties, we can just as well go further and help her a bit. We can call up the reserves of will and strength in our souls and bodies, and send them to reinforce the troops she's managed to raise alone. We can cry, "Lay on, Macduff!" and get into the game ourselves.'

'But do you really think self-suggestion would help all sorts of ailments, — more serious ones than yours, I mean?'

'I don't see why not.'

'But pain, for example!'

'I've found it a decided relief in both headache and toothache.'

'How about a broken bone?' I asked, — not without a grain of malice, — and was surprised at her instant and positive —

'Why, of course it would help a broken bone to knit faster, and especially it would help in keeping down the fever.'

'Ye-es, perhaps.'

'Not perhaps, but of course, if you'll excuse my correcting your inaccur-

acy. And by the way, if people only thought of suggestion as a help in all sorts of illness, they would n't be so apt to show that odd trace of resentfulness when you propose their trying it; and say, "I guess if you could *feel* my neuralgia, you'd think it was pretty real"; or, "I assure you I don't have dyspepsia for the fun of it!"'

E.'s smile was rather rueful, and a little color had come into her satiny freckled cheeks.

'I should have told you,' she resumed after a little thought, 'that it's a help, I find, in my own case at any rate, to imagine myself in a very intent, expectant attitude when I desire, and a very bold, commanding one when I will. Sometimes in desiring, I imagine myself dipping a cup in a deep spring in an evergreen forest; and often when I will, I imagine myself steering a vessel, or guiding a plough, or leading a regiment.'

'Do you ever use suggestion,' it occurred to me to inquire, 'in working out your verses?' For, surprising as it appears to all the family, E. does sometimes beguile a magazine into accepting one of her so-called poems.

'I'm glad you spoke of that. I use it very often to clarify decisions, and to help in selection; and above all, of course, in concentrating my mind; willing beforehand that I may have a clear idea of what's best to choose or leave out, and so forth. And there's one other thing. In fact, it's the most interesting, and valuable part of the whole subject. Of course you can guess what I mean — suggesting yourself good, you know.'

'How?' I asked comprehensively.

'Why, desiring and willing the qualities you most need, one or two at a time, of course. Such as bravery, and lightheartedness, and generosity and fellow-feeling, and especially, perhaps, what à Kempis calls "the quiet

single eye." This part gradually overshadows the others, and it's even a temptation to neglect the body's needs in the excitement of trying to improve your disposition.'

I partly listened, and partly followed where this idea led me, in the fields of my own thoughts.

'How is suggesting yourself good, as you call it,' I asked at length, 'in any way different from prayer?'

'I don't think it is very different. But many of my prayers used to be (like my old attitude toward doctors) quite passive. We ask for blessings to be rained down upon us when perhaps we might better gird ourselves up to find and win them. Suggestion, I should say, is a self-helpful form of prayer. I think it suits the needs of a Church Militant.'

We both sat silent a while, then my cousin rose, tied on her sunbonnet, and misquoting, under her breath, —

'Yet soul helps flesh not more than flesh helps soul,'

took me out to see the dahlias.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ALMANAC

The *Almanac* has always given me the impression of magic. The very cover speaks of mystery, through the apocalyptic signs of the zodiac. The title-page gives promise of deliberate awe in the stately phrase: 'Astronomical calculations and sundry bits of valuable Information and Admonition.' Oh, altitude of a phrase! It does n't actually disturb this 'Pia Mater of mine' any more than other supernatural influences disturbed Sir Thomas Browne's; but, nevertheless, sufficient of primitive man is left in me, a remnant of old idolatry, to feel in the *Almanac* the mighty presence of the magician.

This survival of the primitive developed, after reading the *Atlantic Monthly Almanac*, into a firm conviction.

Nothing less than magic could account for the extraordinary revelations I discovered. The shadow of the supernatural was visible in the connection which the *Almanac* revealed between the Calendar and the Presidents of these United States. Mysteries were explained, secrets were uncovered, darkness passed away.

For example, in March I read, 'Grover Cleveland born 1837.' And right above this, in bold, brave, oracular type, 'St. Patrick's Day.' Of course he would win the Democratic nomination. Of course he would be the Democratic President once, yea, twice. The reason of his victories is now unmistakably apparent. St. Patrick was his aid. But there is a string to every oracle; and so, immediately under this promise of the conqueror, we read in very small type the admonition, 'Look out for pussy willows.' And alack the day! did not his party 'sing willow, willow' for many a day thereafter?

These revelations urged me to explore the *Almanac* regarding the life and works of President Roosevelt. And what wonders were revealed! For I discovered his illustrious name printed side by side with 'St. Simon and St. Jude.' St. Simon and St. Jude! What portentous names! What a prophetic day! For, as readers of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* especially will remember, this is a day of thunder and lightning, wind and storm, with rivers and lakes demanding a human life in sacrifice. And just above his name was the significant calculation: 'The Hunter's Moon.' No wonder he was Nimrod. He was born under an auspicious influence. And on the same page I read, 'St. Denys' Day.'

'St. Denys had his head cut off,
He did n't care for that,
He took it up and carried it
Two miles without his hat.'

Hat? Hat in the ring! Had his head

cut off! This sounds very familiar. This is strikingly coincident. Does n't this quatrain, one of 'sundry bits of valuable Information,' express and explain in poetic symbol and with the beauty of the apocalypse, certain important events? Of course there are two sides to every question and every oracle, and my interpretation may be quite incorrect. I do not pretend to know. Let the author of the *Atlantic Almanac* decide. All I say is that it is certainly very mysterious. And, moreover, right below the illustrious name of President Roosevelt, in unavoidable reference, the *Atlantic Almanac* has printed these whispering italics: 'Watch for fox sparrows coming from the north.'

Such astounding revelations encouraged me to see what 'sundry bits of valuable information and admonition' might be discovered regarding President Taft. And this, behold, was what I read: 'William H. Taft born 1858. The warblers are coming back from the north. Look out for shooting stars. They are called "the tears of St. Lawrence."' "

Remembering that Mr. Roosevelt had much in common with shooting, and with stars, and with shooting stars, remembering also that Mr. Taft was in the habit of spending his summers on the St. Lawrence, is there not the shrill warning of the oracle in those words, 'Look out for shooting stars. They are called the "tears of St. Lawrence"'? I say again, I do not speak with authority as an interpreter. But it does sound very mysterious.

Last of all I searched the *Almanac* to see what things were true of President Wilson. And this dread antithesis confronted me: —

'Holy Innocents.

'Woodrow Wilson born 1856.'

That statement is in itself an exclamation and a shout. Many will declare that this describes the party in con-

trol, — 'Holy Innocents.' Others will be sure that this foretells the slaughter of the opposition, as ruthless and complete as the slaughter of the Innocents. Some within the controlling party, who have been a faithful remnant and democratic root, and have kept their hands and garments clean from the corruption of bosses and of graft, who in a word have been innocent of the great transgressions, will eagerly, gladly, and with shouts of joy interpret this auspicious antithesis as a promise of victory to Holy Innocents. On the other hand, a large number of people opposed to the income tax, convinced that it will fall heavily on the widow and the orphan, will see in this valuable information the prophecy of disaster to these Innocents.

Whatever may be our interpretations, one thing I am sure we shall all agree. There is magic in the *Atlantic Monthly Almanac*. There is mystery in these 'astronomical calculations and sundry bits of valuable information and admonition.' The voice of the oracle is heard in the land. Pythian Apollo speaks in the *Almanac*. Delphi has come to Boston.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

'The Contented Heart'

MADISON, WISCONSIN, Dec. 27, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR, — There was once a man who had a Contented Heart. No matter what happened to him he was satisfied with it. One day he was run over and both his feet were cut off. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'they always were cold, anyway.'

The above favorite story of mine was brought to mind by the article in the December *Atlantic*.

Sincerely,

ALLETTA F. DEAN.

